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From a Photograph taken in Cleveland in 1900.

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# JOHN HENRY BARROWS ✓

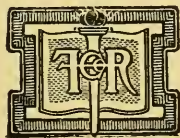
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A MEMOIR

By His Daughter

MARY ELEANOR ✓ BARROWS



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## TO MY MOTHER

*Whose unfailing wisdom and sympathy kept my father's radiance bright and whose inspiration and counsel make possible this record of his life, these pages are lovingly and admiringly dedicated.*



## PREFACE

This book makes no attempt at judicial criticism. It is not addressed to those, curious only concerning the lives of a few men of undisputed pre-eminence. My father's death is so recent and the spell cast by his personality upon those that knew him, so irresistible, as to preclude dispassionate judgment. Moreover, great and varied as were his talents and achievements, his genius was but a genius for friendship. I write, therefore, to those interested in any intensely human document and primarily in answer to the thousands of letters sent by my father's friends of all ranks and creeds and climes, whose lives are richer for his life, and whose hearts still ache because of his withdrawal from their midst.

M. E. B.





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## CHAPTER I

### PARENTAGE AND EARLY YEARS

"There is one man who has appeared under various names in all ages, from the time of Moses to our own century, who has been the wisest man, morally speaking, that history commemorates. He is sometimes called 'the prophet,' he is sometimes a statesman, he is sometimes a reformer, he is often a martyr. A later age has called him 'a Puritan.' The Puritan spirit not in its errors, not in its extravagances, but in its lofty moral wisdom, towers above the tide of time, a glorious lighthouse kept blazing by the splendor of divine holiness."

When he wrote this, my father may have been thinking of his mother, whose story he has told in these words: "She was born in Saratoga County, New York, and taught a district school before she had reached the age of fifteen. She was converted in Troy by the personal ministry of Reverend Fayette Shipherd, a brother of the founder of Oberlin. Being hungry for a college education, she went to her father and said, 'Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me that I may go West, where Professor Charles G. Finney is,' and she went. It was a journey of four hundred miles or more that she made in a stage coach to reach the forests of the Western Reserve, there to undergo the trials, the sickness, and the hardship and to gain the inspiration of student life in those stirring early days of Oberlin. It was a time when bean soup was deemed dainty fare, when a slab boarding house was

a palace of ease, and when ornaments of all kinds on the person of a young lady were indications of a carnal heart. My mother acquired some linguistic learning which nearly all vanished in later pioneer hardships. She read the New Testament through in Greek. Besides studying Latin and attaining a good knowledge of French, she read thirty chapters of the book of Genesis in Hebrew, and I think used to hush her children to sleep by repeating the deep-toned, full-voweled opening words of the old Bible. But better than the language taught was the earnest spirit breathed from the brave lives of those pioneer teachers who helped to make Oberlin perhaps the greatest single factor in the evangelization of the West. Their theology did not square altogether with the Westminster Confession, but it made revivalists, reformers, and public spirited citizens. The ambition of the early Oberlin students, exemplified by my mother as completely as by any other person I ever knew, was to be nobly useful, to sell their lives for the greatest possible good."

At Oberlin, this energetic young woman met her future husband, John Manning Barrows. His home was in Troy, New York, where his father, John Barrows, had settled when the place was a swamp-encircled village of two or three hundred inhabitants. A surveyor and engineer, John Barrows had staked out the original boundaries between Troy and Lansingburg, made the earliest map of Troy now extant, written much for the local papers, and, after his marriage with a young widow, Bertha Anthony Butler, had conducted a flourishing school. Of their five children, John Manning, born in 1808, was the only son. The boy's mother had had seven brothers, seamen of New Bedford, and privateers of the Revolution, several of whom were killed while

fighting with British ships. Her father was a merchant and shipowner, and when the British fired New Bedford, she had fled with her parents in an ox cart to Dighton, only pausing once on the brow of a hill for a backward glance at the flames from their house and store, reddening the sky. He was also descended from a certain John Barrowe, who sailed from Yarmouth to Plymouth in 1637. His grandfather, John Barrows, had left his home in Attleboro, Massachusetts, to study at Harvard for the ministry; soon after graduation was led by doubts as to the "validity of his call," to abandon preaching and to build a school-house in Cambridgeport where he prepared boys for college; and when the British burned the town, began anew with his wife, Sarah Manning, and taught school in Dighton for fifty years.

John Manning Barrows, as he grew toward manhood, tall and shy, fond of poetry and of swimming in the Hudson, came under the influence of Amos Eaton, "founder of American botany." Professor Eaton, having completed a geological survey of the Erie canal, had urged his patron, Stephen Van Rensselaer of Albany, to found a school where natural sciences should be taught. And so, in 1824, a score of years before the birth of the scientific departments of Harvard or of Yale, the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute opened at Troy with Professor Eaton as chief instructor. Here, where the studies were "chemistry, experimental philosophy, and natural history, with their applications to agriculture, domestic economy and the arts," John Manning Barrows was educated. As adjunct-professor of botany the last year of his course, he conducted the Seniors on a tour through western Massachusetts, but upon graduation, in 1829, he left Troy forever.

Up to this time, in spite of his regular attendance at the Episcopal church, his ancestral faith lay dormant. In Georgia, where he went as a teacher of the natural sciences, his first view of slavery made him a changed man. On his return to the North, he continued teaching, first at Onondaga Academy in New York, then at the Temple Hill School, Geneseo, and lastly at Chillicothe, Ohio. Often he was fortunate in his pupils. In Troy he had given her first botany lessons to Emma Willard, principal of what was then probably the best "Ladies' Seminary" in the land; and in Geneseo, Marcius Wilson, later the well known author of school histories, and Eben Horsford, to be for sixteen years professor at Harvard, were in his classes. Though successful, these years did not let him forget the man-hunt he had seen in Georgia. Too honest to attempt an impossible reconciliation between slavery and Christianity, too Puritan to shake off the burden of its unrighteousness, though he was retiring by nature, and had little talent for action, his fear of God finally cast out all other fears, and, unable to escape his conscience, he determined to study for the ministry. In 1836 he went to Oberlin, at that time burning with the Abolition fever, caught from Lyman Beecher.

In Oberlin, from whose theological department he was graduated in 1838, he was vitally touched by the tremendous spiritual power of Charles G. Finney, "the greatest of American evangelists." Here, too, he became deeply attached to Catherine Moore, who sympathised so fully with his faith and zeal that, in spite of delicate health, she consented to join him in his life as reformer and home missionary. From this determination he was turned neither by Professor Eaton's counsel to abandon the cause of slavery and accept a lucrative professorship

of science, nor by the refusal of the American Home Missionary Society to aid him unless he broke off his connection with the Congregational Association bearing the over-radical Oberlin mark, which he refused to do.

During the next ten years Mr. and Mrs. Barrows lived in St. Anns, New York; Perrysburg, Rome, and Franklin, Ohio; Medina and Woodstock, Michigan. More than once they were "egged" from town because of their anti-slavery sentiments. Although a man of great gentleness and geniality, such was Mr. Barrows's earnestness in denouncing slavery that Professor Estabrook, a leading Michigan educator, wrote of one of his sermons: "Never can I forget the burning words that fell from his mouth on that occasion. He saw with prophetic doom the fate that awaited his country if she failed to let the oppressed go free. The inspiration that I received from that sermon has never left me. It entered my life and is fresh in my memory today."

In Medina, preaching, an exceedingly precarious support for a growing family, was exchanged for teaching, and at Woodstock, where they joined a colored man named Foster in running a school, their burdens were especially heavy. To Mrs. Barrows's share, besides the housekeeping and the care of her little children, fell the teaching of all the mathematics. However, clear thinking, warm loving, and a large courage so tempered the hardness of their lot, that to their eyes it seemed always good. In fact, this husband and wife supplemented each other well. To his naturally over-sanguine nature, and mystic dreaminess, she added tireless energy, extreme conscientiousness, and rare administrative faculty, which enabled her to make their small income avail for the comfortable support of the children, to whom she gave her-



self with unsparing devotion. For both of them the poetry and pageantry of the Hebrew Scriptures were so alive that Abraham counting the stars, Jacob wrestling with the angel, Moses trembling before the burning bush, symbolised their individual experiences. In the same majestic way they thought also of their country. America's story was to them that of a chosen people.

On July 11, 1847, their son, John Henry Barrows, was born in a log cabin about five miles from Medina, Lenawee County, Michigan. My father was the fourth of five children, all but one of whom were boys. His recollections of the first thirteen years of his life clustered about schools in Michigan and Ohio. In 1849, the family, returning to Medina after a year in Woodstock, moved a few miles away into another house, still of logs, but with a frame addition, for the Medina people had formed a school company, bought a farm, built school house and boarding house, and placed Mr. and Mrs. Barrows in charge. Mr. Barrows taught during the forenoon and worked on the eighty acre farm raising corn and wheat in the afternoon, while his wife spent the mornings in housework, no easy task, since it usually meant cooking for fourteen boarders in addition to the family, and after dinner taught all the mathematics of the school. Students came from thirty miles around, and the Medina Union Seminary prospered signally, its numbers reaching and remaining about one hundred until 1856, when Mr. and Mrs. Barrows moved to West Unity, Ohio, to conduct the town school there.

Life in this family was necessarily simple. Although matches and Stewart stoves distinguished these from pioneer days, my father used to watch the candles grow under the second and third dippings. Nor was this a



strictly ordered household. With no corporal punishment or strict observance of Sunday, with its much joking and individual freedom, its life differed from that of many New England homes. Its temper may be ascribed to his parents' natural liberality and love of beauty, to which Shakespeare, Young, Hood, Kirke White, Thompson, Campbell, and Byron, jostling the Bible commentaries, school books, and biographies on the shelves of the little Medina house, bore witness.

When very young, he learned to read at home, and, except for a few terms at a district school, his instruction came either from his father, who taught him the botanical names of all the flowers in the region and drilled him well in grammar, or from his mother, who for years practiced her mathematics lessons on him before she taught them to her classes. Thus it happened that at nine, he passed an examination in Stoddard's intellectual arithmetic before a crowded house, sitting among students from eighteen to twenty-five years old. At ten, he mastered a higher algebra, and won a prize for penmanship, a joke in later years when many of his illegible sermons tried his patience. In West Unity, while his father read aloud the Waverley novels, his love of books kindled into flame. At this time, too, he heard "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from pages of old numbers of the "National Era," and through articles in the Independent and New York Ledger, to which the family subscribed, first became acquainted with Henry Ward Beecher, who was later to be a great power in his life.

## CHAPTER II

### OLIVET DAYS 1860-1867

In the spring of 1860, Professor Barrows went to Olivet, Michigan, as teacher of natural science, while his wife was made matron of "Ladies' Hall." Olivet College, which had been founded by Oberlin men, was then only a year old. It had one hundred and seventy students, most of them in the preparatory department, and but three professors, besides its president, N. J. Morrison. Professor John H. Hewitt of Williams College writes of this time: "It was my good fortune to be a member of the Barrows family for four years. It was a family of high literary ideals. It was for a long time the custom for some one to read aloud during the meal time, and thus, as a family, they came to have a wide acquaintance with the best in English Literature. The historian who will give a full account of the influences that helped Olivet most in those days of straits will give a large place to the influence of Professor and Mrs. Barrows, who gave the ripest years of their lives to the institution and whose children took their degrees there and gave distinction to its name."

My father lived from his thirteenth to his twentieth birthday in Olivet. Between 1860-1863, his previous interest in mathematics, due to the ease with which he answered its riddles, was displaced by enthusiasm for the classics. President Morrison, now of Fairmount College, says: "I first knew 'John Henry,' as his noble mother always called him, as a beginner in the elements

of Latin and Greek with his brother Walter,—*par nobile fratrum*,—in a little basement recitation room under the Ladies' Hall at Olivet College. This was in the spring of 1860, I think. He was then a slender little boy, attractive in face and manner as ever afterwards, open-eyed, eager to learn, quick to comprehend, never needing urging or reproof, never unprepared in his lessons, and, of course, winning his teacher's heart from the start. For a time he recited to me in both of the classical tongues, but later I confined my teaching to the Greek. He read Greek with me from the alphabet up through all the preparatory and college stages of study to the Junior year,—the last six months of his college study in that noblest of languages. He was the best all-round Greek scholar I ever had, fluent and accurate in translation, enthusiastic in mastering the intricacies of Greek accidence, and quick to appreciate the immortal literature enshrined in the structure of that language. His intellectual quickness in turning English sentences into Greek was my especial delight. It was my custom in teaching to question the class on matters of grammatical construction, interpretation, or historical and mythological reference, outside, or in advance of the assigned lesson, in order to stimulate the student's initiative in investigation and a habit of shrewd inference and guessing as he read. Such questions were often put to the class as a whole, but invariably answered alone, or first by this boy, the other members of the class looking up with surprised faces, as much as to say, 'Where in the world did John find answers to such questions?'

The boy's journal contains two entries in which those who knew his goodness will see the touch of unconscious humour,—“Spring term of 1861. Walter was converted

and joined the church. From this time I was growing harder and harder in sin." "Fall term of 1862. There was a revival of religion here and I trust that I submitted my selfish will to Christ's." Years later he wrote: "I shall never forget the time when the truth of my Saviour's Deity flashed into my gladdened soul and I came to know that God is no longer 'awful, remote, and inaccessible.' I had been like a man fighting in a thick mist, striking wildly at foes whose faces I did not see, whose spirit I could not understand, and suddenly I saw the mist lifted, and a new light from heaven thrown over the field, and with this disclosure, my mistaken zeal, my blameworthy ignorance were made plain, and I turned my penitent and renewed energies into a nobler battle for a nobler ideal."

One smiles, too, at the characteristic interest in public affairs, classical and literary references, and glowing rhetoric, found in a letter written before his fifteenth birthday when on a visit to a Mr. E. P. Cowles, a Chipewewa Indian and former Oberlin student, to whose farm near Dowagiac the boy had been sent for a needed change. The letter refers to the freeing by Congress of the slaves in the territories, without compensation to their owners, in June, 1862.

"Dear Father:

"In the past month we have passed through greater events than perhaps the world has seen for centuries. The prayer of millions of years has been answered; the thunderings of Garrison, Smith, and Phillips have produced an effect. Slavery is virtually at an end. Our Congress has shown in its proceedings an energy and masterly judgment which will place it in as high a position among legislative bodies as the Amphictyonic Council of Greece,

the Senate of Rome, or the Long Parliament of Britain. But in the field affairs are different. We may say McClellan drove back the rebels at Richmond, but his utter incompetency as a general has been clearly shown by our Senator in Congress. But in spite of McClellans and Hallecks, parties and factions, the truth will be at last victorious. Some one will say that the iron car of inflexible Destiny with Revolution yoked like a whirlwind to his wheels, is sweeping to the destruction of slavery. Justice must triumph! The soul of Osawatomie's immortal hero is on the breeze. The startled Hamlet shrieked to the ghost of his father 'Why have thy canonised bones, hearsed in death, burst their cerements?' But the body of John Brown is still in the tomb. Yet his heroic soul has burst from his narrow resting place among the mountains and has imbued itself into the soul of a nation, impelling them to the destruction of Tyranny with all its hydra-headed horridness."

He wrote to his sister: "'Round Lake,' which is very near to 'Crooked,' is a very beautiful body of water and I viewed it at a most auspicious time. It is almost round and about a mile in length and breadth. The declining sun turned the surface into a sea of gold. A strong wind from the south made the waters heave in billows, and the beech, oak, and hemlock trees which stretched their long branches far out into the lake formed a dark background to this sea of heaving light."

In 1863, with five others, he entered the freshman class. That he and his brother Walter were the only two of the original six graduated in 1867 shows how the student body shifted. Still, in spite of such drawbacks, Olivet was much alive. Its faculty gained such men as Professor Joseph S. Daniels, Professor J. H. Hewitt, and

Professor Frank P. Woodbury. Its curriculum contained not only Demosthenes and Tacitus, calculus and metaphysics, but natural sciences, French, German, and English Literature, while Olivet audiences listened eagerly to lectures on travel and art. Of course the opportunities which the college could offer were crude compared with those of older, well-endowed institutions, and such was the boy's natural bent toward the humanities, and so keen his later interest in the increasing of college electives and equipment, that we should expect to find him lamenting the limitations of his own college environment. That he does not, is due, perhaps, partly to his feeling of gratitude for what it gave him.

These four college years constituted for him a period of receptivity and intense feeling. He once wrote, years later: "It is sometimes a consolation in the midst of one's half-fulfilled promises and imperfect achievements to recall not only his early dreams, but those prophetic and powerful impressions made by other souls, and those early aspirations to embody in life what one found to admire and to exult in as he contemplated various forms of human excellence. How vividly I remember the impression that came from my father's love of nature, from my mother's spirit of self-sacrifice, and from the marvelous mental accuracy which I discovered in her. How vividly I remember the shock of mental excitement with which I came into contact with accomplished speakers and how rebuked and yet inspired I was in college days, when, with tears rolling down his face, the good president pictured the heroism of Paul and the self-effacing martyrdom of spirit with which great men had done their greatest work. How I learned by heart the speeches of Wendell Phillips, and marvelled over their brilliancy, their



directness, their pungency and their strange blending of sweetness and severity, till the orator seemed to me like a golden vase 'that burned with concentrated and perfumed fire.' "

We are told that—"In those days one of the important events of the Olivet commencement season was the public oral examination of the classes. A board of visitors, representing the Presbyterian and Congregational churches of Michigan, was always present to attend and report upon the character of the examinations. One of the striking features of these examinations was the recitations of John and Walter Barrows. On one occasion when the subject of the examination was Guizot's History of Civilization, John had drawn as his topic the lecture on the Reformation. After he had recited two or three pages, almost word for word, and the instructor had pronounced it sufficient, the visitors, impressed by the brilliancy of the exhibition, requested that the student be allowed to proceed, which he did to the close of a lecture of several pages."

Though Olivet then lacked the organized athletics, college periodicals, and fraternity rivalries of the more modern educational machine, he managed to develop both his muscles and his social faculties. One winter he drilled three nights a week in a military company and rose to the lofty rank of second corporal: for a part of his course he took fencing lessons; long tramps with his father and brothers for rare plants were not infrequent; farm work often filled his summers, and in his Junior year he writes with ardor of joining a "base ball club" just formed.

To these years belonged also his first longer journeys, among them those to Ann Arbor, for the commencement of '64, to Ogdensburg with his father the same summer to

attend the National Teachers' Convention, thence to Montreal, the White Mountains, Portland, and Boston; in '67 to Chicago, where he was delighted with his first opera, Meyerbeer's "*L'Africaine*." In connection with these trips his journal gives most space to the sermons and addresses which he heard. Public speaking early became his passion. He threw himself into the work of the Phi Alpha Phi Society, of which he was a charter member, and which aimed both to develop the oratorical talent of its members and also to conduct a good lecture course. From a record of the addresses he heard, often including elaborate abstracts of the discourses, as well as comments on the speakers, come the following quotations: January 30th, 1867. "Fifth lecture before the association, by Theodore Tilton, on the 'Cornerstone of Reconstruction,' the finest specimen of oratory it has ever been my pleasure to enjoy—in fact Tilton is the only orator I ever heard. He spoke to us two hours, which seemed but a few minutes. He is a tall, youthful, very handsome man of thirty-one. His style of speaking is like that of Wendell Phillips. He reviewed the subject of reconstruction—the different plans, the true plan, looked at the whole subject of suffrage, was very logical, very convincing, his language perfect, no hesitation in utterance, did not take back a word, perfect respiration, gestures very forceful, his word pictures always conveyed a piercing truth. His references and personal conversations added force to his argument. His power over an audience is marvelous. 'Long may he wave.'"

February 14th, 1867. "Frederick Douglass spoke on the 'Sources of Danger to the Republic.' House crowded. Mr. Douglass was evidently much pleased. He spoke to us two hours and a half. His great power is in logical,



forcible statement and appeal. His language is potent—manifestly a great man, a mixture of Webster and Randolph. His effective sarcasm is another element in his greatness. \* \* \* \* His peroration was sublime, some of his word pictures equal to Tilton's. A noble, useful, great man."

March 4th, 1867. "Wendell Phillips lectured this evening on 'Reconstruction.' He was unable to give 'Toussaint' on account of a cold. Mr. Phillips was in no trim for speaking, and those who have heard him frequently say they never knew him to speak so indifferently, yet it was not difficult to see the elements of his marvelous power. His style was conversationally argumentative, his language strong, picturesque Saxon, his earnestness quiet, his repose perfect, his position that of a pleader before judges, his object to convince, not to display himself. He began by giving his views of the Lyceum system and so gradually moved off into reconstruction that no one could see where he began his real theme. He developed the difference between northern and southern ideas, showed in what southern statesmanship had been the wiser. He gave Beecher some friendly blows; showed that the constitutional amendment as a basis of reorganization was a swindle: justly criticised Grant, approved the new military bill, but demanded the impeachment and removal of Johnson to carry it out. No one went away saying 'magnificent,' but all were convinced, and wondered how the time had passed so rapidly."

Professor Daniels writes: "I can never forget what a red letter day it was for Olivet when Wendell Phillips was the orator of the evening and the honored guest of the Barrows home. Mr. Phillips had done his great life work. Slavery was abolished. The war had ended. He

had won his laurels. To some of us who had heard his philippics in the days of John Brown, the address on "Reconstruction" seemed somewhat tame.

"But what an inspiration there was in meeting the *man*, in sitting with him at the same table, in seeing the gleam of his genial eye and feeling the electric touch of his great soul. What a thrilling hour for a young man with aspirations for a like service to humanity in the field of oratory.

"Mr. Phillips was in his best humor that memorable evening. He was the 'Autocrat' of the table. He forgot himself and his supper, while he feasted us with stories about Webster and Gough and the men and events of his time. John Henry Barrows had a new baptism and consecration to oratory that night."

Besides his other work, he taught in the preparatory department, sometimes history, sometimes Greek, oftener Latin, and for a while was assistant Librarian. The library hours were among his happiest. Of these experiences he later wrote: "For many months in every year I felt toward the Olivet collection of two or three thousand volumes much as Dominie Sampson did to the Bishop's library placed in Guy Mannering's hall. To my youthful eyes this number seemed, as the Dominie would say, 'prodigious': and although my tastes did not lead me to devour such leather bound, antique, and ponderous tomes as he revered, the Chrysostoms and Aquinases, I was often discovered, pausing, like him, on the step ladder with an open book in my hand, oblivious of that tocsin of the juvenile soul—the call to the dinner table.

"There was Sir Edgerton Brydges's complete edition of Milton's poems, which, with its learned notes, was an

endless fascination. In spite of his fiery Toryism, Sir Edgerton yielded to no one in his estimation of England's greatest master of epic and lyric poetry, and many years afterward, while reverently musing by Milton's grave in Saint Giles's Church, Cripplegate, I recalled those days in happy far-off summers, when I listened so constantly to this

'Mighty mouthed inventor of harmonies.'

Among the books read from the old library, which make it dear to my recollection, are Motley's 'Rise of the Dutch Republic,' which no student should leave college without reading; Parkman's fascinating histories, (the series was not then complete) which have encircled the primeval wilderness of America with a girdle of romance; Prescott's 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' Louis Napoleon's Caesar, which is now as dead as the Napoleonic Empire; Voltaire's 'Charles the Twelfth'; Tytler's 'Universal History,' an exceedingly arid account of Germany, which I now deem a grievous insult to one of the greatest of nations; Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding'; Forsythe's 'Life of Cicero'; Emerson's 'Representative Men'; Lord Derby's rather un-Homeric Homer; Macaulay's 'England,' which gives no sign of being superseded, and Tocqueville's 'Democracy in America,' of immense stimulating and corrective wisdom, but now giving place to Bryce's 'America Commonwealth.' And I remember with great pleasure Bulwer's 'Athens,' a book enriched with spirited translations from the Greek tragedians. Lord Bacon's essays and Thomas Arnold's lectures on history were among the treasures of the old library, and there were Webster's speeches from which came the moral ammunition wherewith our soldiers shot the slaveholders' rebellion. I recall also how I used to turn the curious

pages of Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' loaded with Latin quotations, a book which Emerson assigns to the category of vocabularies: 'To read it is like reading a dictionary.' And I used to delve into Sir William Hamilton's essays, and to wonder at the wide scholarship which, as Dr. Samuel Johnson would say, 'Turned over a whole library to make one book.' I shall not forget the crisis in my mental life which came from reading Young's 'Christ in History,' wherein I learned not only the Deity of the world's Saviour, but what it is to love God with the mind as well as the heart. And in the old library I read a famous biography which brightened my path toward the Christian ministry; I mean the 'Life of Frederick W. Robertson,' the most suggestive of modern preachers, and such was my thankfulness for that book that I went to the ugliest chapel in London, to hear a sermon from its author, the Reverend Stopford Brooke, and to express my gratitude for the moral service which he had unconsciously rendered to a young student in a far-off western college."

The following rules for reading, from the journal of his Sophomore year, are of interest, because he followed most of them through life. "I have decided on this plan in reading: First, have a systematic course, reading works which are somewhat connected,—as Smith's 'Greece,' Bulwer's 'Athens,' and Cleveland's 'Compendium of Classical Literature.' Secondly, never pass over a word which I do not understand, a historical or fictitious reference which is new, and, especially in classical reading, a geographical locality which I cannot point out. Thirdly, seldom mark passages in books, take but few notes while reading, but at the close of the day recall some important fact, date, or thought and write it in my daily memoran-

dum. Fourthly, when finding anything valuable for future reference, mark it in this note-book. Fifthly, keep a list of books read, with comments." The list of books for the four college years contains but a hundred and twenty-one names; many of the volumes, however, are long, the whole number of pages being about fifty thousand. He was never a rapid reader; he remembered much that he read word for word,—especially poetry, and was for years able to recite without hesitation the first three books of "Paradise Lost."

His social needs were largely met by his responsive and affectionate family. With his teachers, too, his intercourse was far more intimate and constant than is possible in larger colleges. But his closest attachment was to his brother Walter, fifteen months his senior. The natural rivalry between two high-spirited boys spurred them both; and is expressed in the following selections from Walter's diary, written in '61. "I commenced this year for the first time to write a diary. I have written one page a day with one exception (and I wrote that the next day) and on the Sabbath two pages. John began at the same time and he has missed nine or ten times." And again, he writes of his dislike for school: "I had rather stay at home and work all day upon the farm, and I very often did so, as in summer time Father would want help, and I could ride horse-back, drive oxen and even plow, and John could do none of these things." Walter was physically the stronger of the two, could more easily do manual work, had a conscience more exacting than John's, and a will equally rigid. Though Walter found Latin and Greek difficult at first, through energetic and persistent work, his scholarship eventually equalled his brother's. This college competition never impaired

their friendship, for, as President Morrison writes: "As the brothers approached the close of their college career an incident occurred which finely illustrated the nobility of John Henry's nature, as well as the perfect harmony and sympathy of the brothers. John's class-room record was a fraction higher than Walter's; Walter was a calendar or two the elder; John was entitled to the valedictory oration at the graduating exercises, the chief honor of his class. With a rare magnanimity he declined the honor, and asked that the valedictory be given to Walter, which was done."

Professor Hewitt writes that—"On his graduation, John appeared twice on the same program. He opened the speaking by an address in Latin. My recollection is that this was something more than the stereotyped form of salutation; it was a discussion in classical Latin of some of the principles of democratic government. His second oration was on Samuel Adams.

"The class of 1867 consisted of but six members, but it was a marked class, not only for the ability of the members, but because it was the first class of men which the college had graduated. In those days, when the isolation of Olivet was greater than it is today, and when the chief means of conveyance to and from the college was the old stage-coach from Marshall, the graduation of a class of six young men marked an epoch for the young college. The presence in the college for four years of two such young men as the Barrows boys meant very much for the small college in giving it prestige. The repute of their fine scholarship and oratorical ability was of far more worth to the college than would have been the endowment of two professorships.

"John Henry Barrows was gifted with intellectual

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qualities of a high and varied order,—qualities which indicated a peculiar fitness for any one of three distinct fields of activity,—the field of scholarship, of literature, or of oratory. With high ethical standards and a burning hatred for every form of human oppression, he was an ardent champion of the rights of the down-trodden. He always had a large faith in the capacity of the human race for progress, and in the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. This faith, joined with a large capacity for friendship and the most catholic sympathy with other forms of belief than his own, made him an optimist in an age of doubt and criticism. It was easy for a teacher to predict for a student of such qualities and traits the career of the eloquent preacher and the scholarly and efficient college president."



## CHAPTER III

### PREPARATION FOR THE MINISTRY—NEW HAVEN AND NEW YORK 1867-1869

To prepare for their life work, my father and his like-minded brother Walter left Olivet in 1867, for New Haven. They stopped at Oberlin and heard Charles G. Finney preach on the "Wickedness of the Heart." Though the great evangelist's strength was then failing, they marvelled at the "practical and searching power," as my father's journal phrased it, of this man of whom Dr. Cuyler has written, "Probably no American ever numbered among his converts so many lawyers and men of intellectual culture." They also called on President James H. Fairchild, then presiding over the college, and he wrote in my father's album, "Fidelity is success," words the young man ever treasured. His stay was short in this Ohio college town which he was not to see again for more than thirty years, but he received strong impressions of the contrasting personalities of the two leaders: the inspired preacher who traveled the world over grasping men's minds with his logic and their wills with his fiery earnestness; and the sweet-souled teacher, listening to the still small voice, and faithful to its message of self-renunciation.

From Olivet, that palpable anomaly, a new college, to Yale, was a change so decided that our tall, slight youth of twenty, with shining gray eyes, walked to his first recitation expecting to be at a disadvantage in culture



and training beside men from eastern colleges. Soon his trepidation wholly ceased, the discipline of small western halls proving ample; in fact, he and his brother found themselves among the first scholars of their New Haven class of twelve. Dr. G. S. Dickerman writes me: "At the Yale Divinity School, your father and his brother occupied the room directly across the hall from mine and I saw a good deal of them both. They were rare fellows, of scholarly tastes and studious habits, but none the less companionable and heartily liked by their fellow students as well as the professors. The difference in their training from that of the other students was apparent, but not to their disadvantage, I think. As the sons of Professor Barrows they had enjoyed opportunities in the home beyond most of us. Their ideals were those of the new country in distinction from the conservative spirit of New England. They believed in the West and were full of western enterprise and enthusiasm. The home missionary field of work was more attractive in their view than any other for a young minister.

"One thing especially surprised me in your father's standards of culture—his emphasis on rhetorical form. I well remember his expressions of dissatisfaction with some of the professors on this score, especially with Professor Porter, who was afterwards President of the college. It was rather characteristic of the Yale faculty throughout to make their instructions clear and forcible rather than elegant. Professor Porter was a very stimulating lecturer and intensely interesting as a thinker, but his language was utterly reckless of form and often of grammar. To your father, this was simply shocking and unpardonable in an instructor who was training men to preach. This attitude of mind is interesting as forecasting the elegance

that is so well known in Dr. Barrows's own style of address.

"One effect of their being at Yale was to impress the Divinity School faculty with the value of western students. Active efforts were made to attract the graduates of western colleges and since then until the present time large numbers have come thither." He did not under-rate Professor Porter, as is evident from his letters home: "I think Porter is a great man, in more senses than one. He doesn't pretend to have any dignity but commands respect as well as affection. To see him with his old cap over his ears, you wouldn't dream that you were meeting one of the biggest men of Yale."

In connection with Professor Porter's course in Moral Philosophy, he read widely, and carefully analyzed Edwards on the Will. At first Hebrew grammar was distasteful to him. But so admirably was the importance of accurate and thorough Hebrew scholarship advocated and illustrated by Professor George E. Day that before the paradigms were learned he grew to like it. Indeed, in crowded later years, he often contrived to read Hebrew. He was delighted with his Greek Testament, taught by Professor Timothy Dwight, whom his journal describes as "a young, but very thorough and fair-minded exegete, repetitious often, but wholly satisfactory." Weekly conferences, at which faculty and students discussed questions of interest to both, he found profitable, and often reports in his letters.

"Last Monday we had our third meeting with the faculty for extempore discussion. The subject was the 'Qualifications for Membership in the Christian Church.' I was amazed to find the faculty so liberal in this matter. They utterly repudiated the New England and Olivet

plan of making candidates subscribe to a theological creed before entering. Professor Fisher said we had no right to impose any other conditions than Christ did. They told amusing stories about New England confessions of faith. All agreed that when a pastor was convinced that a candidate believed in Christ and was regenerate, he should be admitted. It is of course necessary to be satisfied that he or she is moral in action. Professor Fisher would admit a Christian Quaker who did not believe in the Lord's Supper, or a Christian who did not believe in future punishment. The question of admitting slaveholders is a question of morality. Dr. Bacon surprised me most. He said that a Congregational Church ought to be simply a Christian church. He condemned the sectarian spirit of Congregational journals! He told us if we ever founded a new church in a new place to call it the Church of Christ—in such a place—not the 'First Congregational Church' of such a place. That is the way the New Haven churches were originally called."

"The subject for discussion at last Thursday's meeting was 'Temperance as a Christian Virtue.' Fisher refused to speak on the subject, as it was too broad. The others did, however, and Bacon and Hoppin told some ridiculous stories about Oberlin extravagance, which they held up as being representative, whereas, as we know, they are merely exceptional. Dr. Bacon told of an Oberlin student who was so anti-slavery that he would not use anything made by slave labor—even cotton and sugar. He took lodgings at a hotel and finding there were cotton sheets on the bed, he slept on the carpet, but in the morning he was horrified,—there was cotton in the carpet! Professor Hoppin speaks as if Oberlin men thought it a sin to use tea. Walter said he wanted to tell them that

he had taken tea with the President of Oberlin College, and if Hoppin's memory wasn't poor, he would recollect that he had done the same, etc. When we were at Oberlin, we disliked to hear the people praise themselves but away from Oberlin we can't bear to hear Oberlin misrepresented. The East is very slow to learn the truth concerning the West. I have wondered how strangers who go to Olivet can endure to hear Olivet people praise themselves. Here at Yale we say all the good words we can about our Alma Mater. When we go from here, we shall not like to hear old Yale falsely represented. Truly 'there is a good deal of human nature in man.' One ought to become acquainted with many institutions in order not to overrate or underrate any."

In addition to his seminary work, a course in German with Professor W. D. Whitney, a Sunday School class, the formation and maintenance of a missionary society, attendance upon sermons, concerts and lectures helped to fill his time. The following letters tell of some of the extras.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., October, 1867.

Dear Mother:

I have just returned from the best preaching I ever heard. What shall I say, in a word, worthy of Newman Hall? His text was "Show us the Father." His manner was somewhat different from what I anticipated—his voice of infinite melody—his action animated and graceful—his power is that of brief argument with tender passion—the Apostle John of living preachers—with a spark of Peter's boldness. His sermon was an exposition of Christ's divine humanity—a showing forth of man's need and God's power of supplying it. Of all the men I ever heard he preaches and embodies Christ. I have on

my table the "Church Monthly," an Episcopalian review. Professor Hoppin sent it to me to learn a declamation for next Thursday—an extract from one of Bossuet's sermons—very fine. It also contains a severe criticism on Professor Hoppin's "Old England"—a criticism that enhances my esteem for the Professor. The critic complains among other things because Professor Hoppin admires Newman Hall's preaching more than that of the High Church divines! I don't wonder at his choice, for I've heard both.

Please don't get J. S. C. Abbott out to Olivet. He is only small "small potatoes." I pass his house every day. You may think that is a poor proof of his being "small fry." I know it, but it is as good as Professor Fisher's way of belittling Webster's dictionary. A student corrected him for his mispronouncing a word. He asked his authority for the correction. "Webster's Dictionary." "Pooh," said Fisher, "that book is nothing—I had a hand in making that book myself, and the best of it was made next door to my room!" Get Miss Dickinson if you can, as "Idiots and Women" is a lecture that will open the eyes of some and stop the mouths of others. If she would omit a few extravagances it would be more effective.

I'll finish this after hearing Newman Hall tonight.

9 P. M.

I have just returned from the greatest jam ever known in New Haven. I have witnessed the desperate attempt to solve the problem—how to pack a church with a thousand more people than it is capable of holding. After going to Professor Thatcher's lecture, Walter and I ran down to the Third Church—found the doors unopened and fifteen hundred people outside. When they were opened the rush was grand—the pressure to the square

inch on my back was a hundred pounds; once I was crushed to death against a seat, but recovered; sweet-hearts were torn from their lovers, ladies fainted. The scene was uproarious. We as usual got seats. This was before the bell tolled. On the people came, pressing those in front upon the pulpit and out of the doors at the pulpit end of the church. The chaos was at last reduced to order. People stood patiently through a most excellent sermon, and those who couldn't hear the first sermon, with many who did, repaired to the Chapel Street Church, where Hall preached again. He is a most unselfish man, preferring rather to do good than to display himself. He is a great preacher, but not like Beecher, a man of great creative thought. It is wonderful how he can use plain truth in moving men. He is a man who reminds me of Frederick W. Robertson's picture.

Your John.

"New Haven Theological Seminary,

"January 17, 1868.

"Dear Ones at Home:

"The lectures of Day and Dwight, of late, though not touching on the matter of 'verbal inspiration' directly, have upset that doctrine in the mind of every Junior. Next Monday we begin Romans—I have bought Stuart's Commentary. Professor Dwight took up the hour this morning in giving us a list of the best books in his department, which we shall need for our libraries, together with their retail prices. It made us feel our poverty pretty keenly. The books he mentioned as quite desirable cost about \$550. They were almost entirely works explanatory of the New Testament text. I have little doubt that books alone tend to make preaching stupid. About the 'livest' sermon I ever heard in New Haven was last Sunday



morning from George Beecher. I think I shall try to hear him frequently."

During this year, his reading of theology, history, and philosophy was varied and extensive. Adolf Slater's "Life of Lessing" and Lewes's "Life of Goethe" first opened for him the door of German literature. His note-book speaks often of Dickens, Tennyson, and especially, George Eliot, to whom through life he was quick to pay his tribute.

His throat troubled him all the year, not only keeping him constantly in the doctor's hands and cutting him from several weeks of lectures, but clouding his glorious dream of future preaching. Although fearful lest he should never have voice enough for the ministry, he bravely worked in number 9, Divinity Hall, sought the gymnasium each day at ten, and walked with his brother to East and West Rocks. Walking was at all times his delight, though solitary exercise rarely pleased him. In May, he wrote in his journal: "Such living has made me grow. Good-bye, dear Yale."

The second year of his theological course was spent with his brother at Union Seminary, New York. In 1868 under the leadership of Richard T. Haines and Charles Butler, this seminary had much to offer. Henry B. Smith taught Systematic Theology, Thomas H. Skinner, Pastoral Theology, the brilliant Roswell D. Hitchcock held the chair of Church History, and William G. T. Shedd that of New Testament Exegesis. Dr. Philip Schaff was not added to the faculty until two years later. My father ever honoured the "heavenly-mindedness" of Dr. Skinner, the "catholic spirit" of Dr. Smith, and "the impregnable logic" of Dr. Shedd, but he found Dr. Shedd's theology alien to his faith. He once wrote: "Calvinism has its immortal truths. The sovereignty

of God is an immortal truth; we cannot get away from it if we would. The objection that is rightly made to the conception of sovereignty embodied in the theology of the Reformation, is that it seems the sovereignty of power more than of benevolence, the sovereignty of kingship more than of Fatherhood, the sovereignty of pure will, more than of Divine love. I have never known a more saintly man than the late Dr. Shedd of New York. His theology, however, has been called not a description, but an arraignment of the Divine government. It was more rigid than anything which the worst enemies of John Calvin ever interpreted that great man as teaching. We used to go out from his lecture-room, with its sombre mediævalism of doctrine, an echo from the darkest ages of human fear, where man was pictured, not as a child in the arm of a father, but as a hunted deer under the paw of a lion, and look up at the bright sky and at the telegraph wires in order to get back into the nineteenth century." And so abhorrent to his nature was this theology, that his faith in his calling to the ministry weakened. At this hour of need, he came face to face with a great personality.

One who feels the "genius of places" must ever be attracted by Plymouth Church. When my father entered it, all the Puritan within him rose up to salute its unadorned walls, and he felt singularly at home. Much in him responded to Mr. Beecher's pulpit oratory, to his love of art, historic sense, intense patriotism, power over men and belief in them, joy in living, and most of all to his spiritual insight. On his return from his first journey across the river to Orange street, my father wrote in his journal: "Mr. Beecher's prayer was richer in religious ideas than that of any man I ever heard. It was



inspired emotion poured forth in simple, powerful speech," and at the end of the year we read: "Mr. Beecher has been worth more to me than the Seminary, he is a well-spring of divine power. My debt to him is incalculable."

During this year, President Morrison, then of Olivet, proposed that he fit himself for the chair of modern languages in Olivet College. At this time and through life, the path of the scholar always looked bright to him, but he writes to his mother: "I was of course surprised that the President thought me worth securing for so honourable a position as a professorship in the best institution of learning in the whole Northwest. I feel deeply grateful for all the interest that has for years been shown me by one who, in many respects, has had the largest moulding influence on my education of any living being. What little culture and discipline I have obtained, intellectually and morally, are due, next to training at home, to the wise stimulus and thorough instruction of President Morrison. I have always regarded him and the Greek language as my mental parents. I hope to be worthy of so good a parentage. We have proposed all along to complete a three years' course in theology, and then see what Providence indicated for the future. We have had on the whole good health and have been deeply interested in our work. While conscious of our poor preparation for the great work of preaching, it has been our hope that God might still use us for some humble service in the great Gospel ministry. We have felt that we needed the ministry as much as the ministry needed us, and *all* who were decently qualified for its work. We need to get out from the student's habits of mind into something warmer and less critical. The pastor's work with its development of the sympathies, and the preacher's work of giving out as well as pouring

in,—all this we have felt great need of, for our own sakes at least. Then we have not been insensible to the pressing demand for laborers in the Gospel ministry both at home and abroad. Our greatest troubles have been our poor throats. Walter's is very weak at present, mine is not strong. We have feared that this drawback might keep us from preaching any great length of time. Still we shall never be satisfied in our consciences and judgment of what is best, unless we complete a Theological course and enter the ministry.

"Nothing would so fall in with my selfish inclinations as to accept the plan proposed. Only I should need to spend more than one year in Europe. Since coming to New York I have spent considerable time at odd intervals upon French. Professor Alexy, as you know, has been a great help, especially in French conversation. He thinks three months in Paris would enable me to speak the language quite fluently. But sending me abroad might be a bad investment for the college. More efficient teachers in the department of modern languages can be obtained with less trouble. We have such in the Seminary. As things stand, it appears now that nothing, except health and duty to our parents, should interfere to prevent the completing of our Theological course. How our affairs will be at the close of the year, we cannot say." Much more that made up this brief but critical year appears in the following letters to his family:

"November 21, 1868.

"I did not intend to do anything so pleasant and easy as to write home tonight, as my unfinished manuscript lies on the table calling me to settle forever all the controversies on fate, freewill, and foreknowledge. Four weeks of hard reading and continual discussion have resulted in

an essay of a half-hour's length, which leaves most of the great problems unsettled in my own mind. Walter and I have become more convinced of human freedom, though the doctrines of decrees and predestination are still 'without form and void.'

"Thursday was the great day. The announcement that Beecher was to open the discussion on 'How are Prayer-meetings to be most Effective?' filled the church to overflowing. The prayer-meeting from nine to ten was very interesting. Ralph Wells led. Our missionary, Mr. Wilder, took part. At ten the President, Dr. Crosby, called the convention to order. Old Dr. S. H. Cox, beautiful old man, dressed to perfection, arose and spoke of the privilege he expected of being introduced to Grant that evening, and he wanted the convention to send their congratulations et cetera. He was called to the stand and made one of those speeches one remembers for a lifetime in the most grandiloquent phrases, quoting Latin, pointing with his black cane to the heavens, shaking his beaver hat. I thought I should die with laughter. Beecher sat in his chair and grinned audibly. Dr. Crosby told Dr. Cox he must reduce his proposition to writing. He sat down to do so, and then Beecher was introduced to the expectant audience. It was the happiest effort I ever heard from any man, giving his wealth of wisdom and experience on the conducting of meetings. The audience was convulsed with merriment or moved to tears. We were right in front and enjoyed it hugely. Old School, New School, all denominations were fused together and moved at Beecher's will. Dr. Cox couldn't write his motion as he confessed afterwards, he laughed so much. The President lost his dignity. There on the floor was the Editor of the Observer, hardly able to contain him-

self. A woman behind me shouted 'Glory to Jesus.' I think Beecher's humor is the most marvelous faculty possessed by any man I ever heard. He jumped right into his subject and spoke of the moral, social, and physical elements of a prayer meeting. His suggestions were admirable, a 'world of common sense' as one man said. Beecher thought a prayer meeting was a school of training in spiritual things. He believed in women's prayers. (Applause.) 'We gnaw the bones and throw the fat away.' The timid ones are the ones that do the most good when they speak. Some men are to be choked off. The great thing to be aimed at is naturalness and sincerity. Many become unconscious hypocrites imitating others. Beecher spoke eloquently of the use of hymns, the poetical liturgies, the best prayers we have. Long theological hymns which tell the Lord all he ever did, he did not believe in. He took down the deacons who do all the praying. One reason why meetings for prayer often fail is that they are held in too large rooms. Beecher told of lecturing in Columbus to an audience of ten. He enjoyed it, but he made the men sit on the front row. The failure of meetings is largely due to pastors themselves. He gave a history of prayer-meetings in Plymouth Church, their small beginnings, and how he worked for ten years before they became what they are now. I wish you could have been there. It did all immense good, as many acknowledged afterwards. Beecher was allowed to speak an hour. A half hour was the usual time. Dr. Cox hadn't finished his resolutions, so Dr. Hall, the big gun of New York, was called on to speak on 'How to promote the study of the Bible?' He bowed to Beecher and complimented him on his speech, so full of valuable things et cetera. Dr. Hall spoke very well for a half hour, but he is not a gen-

ius or an orator. Dr. Cox managed to write his resolution, which he read. It set the whole house roaring, an address to Grant, full of tremendous phrases, Latin quotations, *e pluribus unum, este perpetua, semper eadem et cetera*. I thought Beecher would burst. As soon as Dr. Cox had finished his document Dr. Hall offered a brief substitute, but a motion of Dr. Budington sent the whole thing to the business committee. Dr. Hall suggested that Grant did not understand Latin, after which the convention broke up. Beecher related some funny stories about his experiences in silencing bores in prayer-meeting. The poor speakers in meeting, he said, always spoke the best. We were very glad to meet old Dr. Cox, who according to B. quotes Latin in his prayers. In the evening was the closing meeting, crowded house. Dr. McCosh of Princeton opened with an account of Christian work in Great Britain. He has a fine face, the scholar's stoop, Scotch accent, ducks his head like Vincent, is very fluent and wordy. He spoke 'to edification.' The Christian Evangelical Alliance will meet in New York next fall. The great men of Europe will be here. McCosh moved me considerably, he ought to have succeeded to the chair of Sir William Hamilton, instead of to that of Jonathan Edwards. William E. Dodge, Jr., and Moody of Chicago spoke. Alexy was carried away by Moody, thought he did better than McCosh.

"Friday evening we went to Beecher's prayer-meeting accompanied by C. of the Junior class, from Amherst and a member of Beecher's church, and B. of our class. We walked down to Catherine Ferry and found the room nearly full when we arrived. Eight hundred were present. Beecher with his flowers sat on a slightly raised platform. The meeting was opened with singing, piano

accompanying. Then Beecher spoke about heaven and what people expected in heaven, some looked for rest; some, for society; some, liberty; some, especially to meet friends gone before. He heard a slave song in South Carolina which ran 'No more Monday mornings there.' Monday morning epitomized the whole of slavery. Then Beecher spoke of those who have no anticipations of heaven. 'Brother Bell, will you pray for such?' After an earnest and simple prayer from Brother Bell there was another hymn and then another prayer and then a young man arose and questioned Beecher about his Sunday evening sermon. Then an old man spoke about the hopes of heaven, then Moody of Chicago told a very affecting incident about a man's rejoicing in the death of his only daughter because it led him to Christ. Then a young man who had lost both his wife and his child arose and expressed the wish that he might be led to rejoice in his sorrows. Then Beecher prayed for the sorrowing. After singing 'Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,' Beecher said that while Christ and the Apostles were on the Mount of Transfiguration devils were tearing men below. We have been seeing heavenly things, but the time has come to descend to the practical things of earth. He then told of a lady who was teaching and helping the people of Alexandria who came to him for permission to ask his church for aid. He refused for a long while but finally consented if she would come to his prayer-meeting and present her cause. But she did not know how to speak in meeting. He asked her if she would answer questions, and she said 'Yes.' 'Miss Parker, stand up.' Miss Parker rose and Henry questioned her, and she replied very well indeed. He told her to tell us no fibs about not being able to speak



in meeting. A collection was then taken up for her amounting to seventy-five dollars.

"After the meeting we went forward to present our letters. Quite a number stopped; Moody, and several from the Christian convention who came to see if Beecher knew how to conduct a prayer-meeting. The church committee was called together, and after a prayer from Beecher in which he asked that 'we might not be only beneficiaries but benefactors,' he read our letters from Chapel Street Church. The clerk took down our names in full. Beecher remarked that half of my name was a very good one. He then questioned us as to where we lived, how long we had been professing Christians, and then whether we were 'teetotalers' or not. Walter said he did not know the taste of liquor. 'That will satisfy you, Brother Fanning.' Moody asked what they would have done if we had replied that we took a glass now and then. Beecher said that in such cases they put the applicant off with one excuse or another to see if he could not be persuaded to reform. The church brought all the moral influence it could to bear upon its members. One liquor-seller was kept away two years till at last he gave up his traffic and now is an ornament to the church. There was no rule excluding such persons, but Beecher said if they resisted all the moral influence brought to bear on them we should doubt whether they were Christians and they would generally be excluded for that reason. John Zundel, the organist, then spoke up and said he was admitted though he drank wine and always expected to. This created some laughter, and Beecher explained that he was a German who went back to Germany last year, and so had fallen from grace. Zundel acknowledged that he had taken much less wine because he

knew how the church regarded it. Moody then asked Beecher if he would admit him into the church. 'I should want to be first convinced that you were a Christian!' 'But,' said Moody, 'supposing I were a modest man?' 'Oh,' said Beecher, 'that is not a supposable case.' So they had it to and fro. Moody asked if Beecher would admit Arminians into the Church. 'If I believed they were Christians. I believe the Lord Jesus Christ who can save a man from the power of the devil can save a man in spite of his creed. Brother Fanning here has a good many tests to apply to candidates, I simply try to find if there is dependence on Christ, the "helpless hangs my soul on thee" spirit.' Moody wanted to know if Beecher would admit a lady who went to balls and the theatre. Well, he would do what he could to teach her better at first, but that was one of those things which must be left to the individual conscience. So we got a good deal of Beecher's theology. Beecher thought that he was the one that was examined rather than we. He and Moody kept us laughing continually. Beecher asked if we were working at all. We said we were laboring in New York. 'Well, we need you in our church, but if you are working in New York do stay there!' He has no mercy on New York. So we found that it is no easy matter to get into Plymouth Church, but I did not mean to go into particulars so much. We were the only ones that joined Plymouth, Friday evening. Beecher expected a young lady from New York, who met him after his speech at the Christian Convention, and told him she always disliked him, would never go to hear him, would never read his sermons. But last Sunday she did go to hear him, and the Lord converted her to pay for it."



"January, 1869.

"As we entered Dr. E. H. Chapin's parlors we caught sight of the round, beaming, butter-milk face of the philosopher of the Tribune. We sat down to listen to Greeley's conversation with his pastor, surprised to see him out of the editorial sanctum down town, and admiring the philosopher's cow-hide boots with soles an inch or two thick. Greeley, 'The Unitarians are mostly Universalists, aren't they?' Chapin, 'Nine-tenths of them.' Greeley, 'They must be to be logical.' He asked Greeley if Beecher was lecturing any. Greeley thought not, as he was writing the life of Christ. Chapin didn't know whether that was Beecher's field or not. Greeley said it would be a book of fervor rather than critical. Chapin thought it would sell well. Greeley was sure that if Beecher did himself justice and told just what he thought about Christ it would surely sell a half million copies. They were speaking of Fiske's arrest of the Springfield editor. 'What does Wendell Phillips mean,' asked Chapin, 'by coming to the rescue of Fiske?' 'Oh,' said Horace, 'He is pitching into everybody, things haven't gone to suit him and he has become malignant.' 'I wonder,' said Chapin, 'what Phillips will do in the millennium?' 'Oh,' said Horace, 'He will pitch into the multiplication table.' Horace is evidently very sensitive to Wendell's sarcasm. It is quite true that Phillips changes with altered aspects of the public affairs and is really inconsistent. It is also true that Phillips was right in rebuking Greeley for his part in the Davis business, and in satirizing his attempts in diplomacy, which have been failures. In such matters Phillips said briefly 'Greeley is an ass'—'a comprehensive argument,' Beecher would say, 'including all the facts in the case.' There was more talk, about Smalley, the Trib-

une's foreign messenger at London, whom Chapin said was really a bright fellow. 'We have no reliable news from Spain,' said Horace. 'We know nothing about the results of the elections, and Smalley has got to go down to Madrid.' "

"February, 1869.

"After the meeting that we attended in Brooklyn, the other evening, new members were voted into the church. Then we repaired to the main room, where several who felt their consciences would be easier by the rite, were to be baptized by immersion. The whole pulpit stand was transformed into a baptistry, filled with warmed water. There were steps leading down both sides. When all was ready Beecher appeared robed in white like a friar, having on rubber-boots. He gave out a hymn which the congregation sang as the rite was performed. Three ladies and one gentleman, dressed for the occasion, came in. Beecher led each in turn down into the water, and after the usual words, which had an unwonted solemnity, submerged the candidate, and after wiping his or her face, led up the opposite steps the dripping form, which an attendant immediately wrapped in a cloak, and the interesting ceremony was ended. Quite an improvement on the method often practiced of cutting a hole in the ice and letting the candidate down in. I heard of a case where the tide swept one person under and away, whereupon the minister shouted, 'One soul gone to heaven, bring me another. ' "

"February 14, 1869.

"Monday morning Dr. Storrs's address was a magnificent intellectual production, on the 'Incarnation of God in Jesus, the Fundamental Truth in Christianity.' His rhetoric is exuberant, but choice. He gave us solid blocks

of granite truth. ' But they were polished after the similitude of a palace and adorned with lavish ornaments.

"This has been a stirring week, but I can only give you a sketch of its incidents. First, let me say that our board has cost us a dollar each in cash. Dried beef and eggs properly mixed make a 'lordly dish.' Walter and I are becoming terrible tea-drinkers. This will last till the tea on hand gives out. Secondly, we are very well, enjoying superb spring weather, and have done our usual mission work. 'My little girl,' as I call an eight-year-old daughter of Mrs. Baldwin, has been sick and nigh unto death with diphtheria. I happened in as usual just when I was needed, got a physician and called on Mrs. Higby for money. I never saw a little girl so patient in severe pain. She told her half-crazy mother she was willing to die if the Lord wanted her. I have called three times. The diphtheria is gone but pneumonia has set in, the case is critical still. I have never had my feelings so drawn out to a sick child before. Thirdly, Tuesday I preached my first sermon before the class, and Dr. Skinner, text Matthew XI. 28. I never was in so embarrassing a place before. The criticisms were very severe, and mostly just. All the criticisms on pronunciation were wrong, as I knew they would be. Some of the suggestions were quite helpful. It is an excellent discipline, which I should like to go through every month. One or two of the criticisms were laughable blunders. Walter is working bravely for the ordeal.

"Yesterday we hadn't money enough to get dinner, so I came to my room and boiled eggs. Our darky called in the afternoon and cut Walter's hair. His name is Fisher or Piscator. He was born in Jamaica, speaks four languages, thinks I have been to Paris from my French

accent, is quite a philosopher and physiognomist. We went to Plymouth this morning and got in this time. Mr. Beecher gave us the greatest sermon I ever heard, partly on Christ's divinity. He gave the Unitarians same awful blows. We met at the door Mrs. Putnam, Mrs. Tilton, Mrs. Bradshaw, and Miss Bradshaw, who has made a bust of Theodore, Miss Annie Tilton, Theodore's sister, who looks like him, and little Florence Tilton. We walked with them to Mr. Tilton's house, 126 Livingston Street, and took dinner. We saw Miss Bradshaw's bust of Theodore in the hall, and Page's portrait of him in the parlor, just brought from the exhibition. Tilton's house is a museum of art. He has the finest collection of engravings in America. It was very interesting to us to notice the devices and ornaments which make his house so charming. But Mrs. Tilton is charm enough in herself. A quiet womanly woman, simple, sympathetic, and good. The children, Florence, Alice, and Carroll, resemble both father and mother. We had a very interesting talk at dinner. Mrs. Morse, Mr. Tilton's mother-in-law, presided. Mrs. Tilton asked the blessing. Theodore is in Michigan. We drank his health at his wife's request, in cold water. I shan't soon forget the roast beef and the conversation, both excellent. We needed Theodore to talk about his pictures. He loves to spend hours in describing his treasures. We saw the rope that hung John Brown, or, as Theodore expressed it in his lecture at Lyric Hall, 'that suspended the last of the Christian martyrs.' "

"February, 1869.

"We have just cleared our table of the supper dishes, consisting of a tin basin and two teaspoons. Buttered toast and boiled rice were the delicacies of our humble

meal. I make no mention of Malaga grapes, oranges, and cranberry sauce, simply because we didn't have any. Yesterday I took the cars at South Ferry and rode five or six miles along the west of Manhattan up to Forty-seventh Street and from there walked to Sunday School. I took a couple of little girls along with me, who had never been before. I had hard work in persuading one of them to go, unless the other would take off her blue silk dress and wear a calico one. Human nature that!"

Throughout the year, the fight to make both ends meet was on in earnest. Several afternoons a week he spent in mission work in the nineteenth ward, in behalf of the Sunday School of the Eleventh Presbyterian Church. He writes: "I visit about twenty-five families each day of work. After having called on four hundred and thirty-seven, I find I have obtained forty new scholars. I have been treated uncivilly only four times. Yesterday a dirty little girl wanted to kiss me. I had to yield. It is impossible to conceive in what filth some people are willing to live. It is refreshing after visiting a dozen Germans or Irish to happen in on a clean Episcopal English lady, or better still, a Scotch Irish Presbyterian, or best of all, that matchless 'piece of household furniture,' a New England Congregationalist!" Besides, he gave lessons to an illiterate Wall Street broker, who came to be taught to speak good English. His case was so hopeless, that the lessons in grammar and literature were discouraging to pupil and teacher alike. With "Alexy," a Hungarian, his best friend in the Seminary, he read French diligently, and at the close of the Seminary, in May, taught History for a few weeks, in a girls' fashionable school on Fifth Avenue before returning to Olivet.

## CHAPTER IV

LIFE IN KANSAS 1869-1872

'Who is the happy warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:  
Whose high endeavors are an inward light  
That makes the path before him ever bright."

"Character of the Happy Warrior."

Wordsworth.

However strenuous our Happy Warrior had been heretofore, in the fall of 1869 he faced to a far greater degree the "tasks of real life." Forced by ill health to abandon study, he and his brother, with their father and sister, became farmers and home missionaries in Osage County, Kansas. They were lured thither by Reverend Thomas W. Jones, an old family friend and one of the leaders of the Anglo-Welsh colony of Arvonía. This town was situated at the junction of Cherry and Coal Creeks with the Marais des Cygnes, a river named by the French voyagers and trappers who first explored the west, and made famous by Whittier's poem. The region having been until recently an Indian Reservation, Arvonía was but a few months old. It lay in the midst of rolling prairies, bare of trees, save for the heavily timbered river banks, but blessed with a most fertile soil, abundant game, brilliant wild flowers, coal mines, limestone and red



sandstone quarries, and with frugal, energetic and God-fearing Welsh settlers. Here the Barrowses bought a farm. My father made the Kansas journey before his parents and describes it in a letter home: "We drove slowly through the black mud, crossing several creeks slightly swollen with the last night's rain. Sam and Luce, the mules, gave pace to the caravan. At Salt Creek we stopped to feed the horses and mules. Two miles beyond we lost sight of human habitation, and for eight miles further, till we saw Arvonnia, there was no trace of man's handiwork but the black line of the road and here and there a surveyor's stake. This was the finest thing about it, to be utterly alone with nature. The meadow-larks and many smaller birds arose at our approach. There, flew a frightened duck. In those woods we saw a crow and a hawk, birds that one can never get away from. But here—and now I know that I am in new latitudes, only a rod from the road arise three prairie chickens—and there is another—and there another. Oh for B.'s blunderbuss! But the sublimity of these wide-stretching prairies is more impressive than aught else, rolling on in 'swelling and limitless billows' of luxuriant, rampant verdure, with no tree in sight till you look behind you at the magnificent curves of the graceful hills, standing out clear, against the blue sky, five miles away. Through this tall grass countless armies of buffaloes have roamed. Those beautiful slopes have been crossed by the war-paths of the Indian. Down those hills the rebel chief led his marauders against the herds and homes of loyal and liberty-loving citizens. But now the buffalo has found other pasture ground and the Indian other war-paths. Slavery is dead. Kansas is free. 'The rebel rides on his raids no more.' John Brown's spirit

hovers over the tracks of Quantrell and his ruffian predecessors, and yet these unbounded fields have never felt the farmer's plow. The prairie-flowers waved their purple banners over these hills when Columbus landed. Perhaps the autumn and winter fires, fierce, but fertilizing, had lit up the evening sky, when Nero burnt Rome. This soil lay untouched and virgin, when Paul preached. But that black line of road is the beginning of a new era. Along its track are to proceed enterprise and industry, Christianity and the spelling book, the mowing machine and my trunk full of theology! I walk two miles, am in high spirits. The stars come out. I see that I am to be as long in going from Burlingame to Arvonía as from Chicago to St. Louis. Now we come to the Marais de Cygnes and turning sharply to the right we see seven or eight houses, the 'city on a hill.' "

Remembrances of Medina days must have flowed in upon Professor Barrows and his two sons, as they boarded at "Walnut Slab Hall," the chief edifice of the tiny village, until their house was ready for use. Theirs was a story and a half building, with one room below and one room above, to which they added a lean-to for kitchen and pantry. When they had papered down stairs, laid a new rag carpet, and set up furniture from home, they possessed the "best room" the settlement could boast, and all strangers were brought to visit it. Mrs. Barrows remained in Olivet with her youngest son, but when chaos was thus far reduced to order, Mary, the daughter of the family, came to keep house for them until her mother's advent, the following summer.

What with fencing the farm, breaking the soil, herding cattle, doing housework, and preparing for the winter, that was a busy autumn for them all. But, as additional



means of transmitting the family energy, they organized the Arvonian Literary Society; its purpose to be the establishment of a lecture course for the profit and pleasure of the tiny but rapidly growing community. The lectures, delivered that winter over the chief store, proved a decided success. As the family contributions, Professor Barrows lectured on "Geology," Mary, on "Charlotte Brontë," Walter, on "Our Republican Institutions," and John Henry, on "Hugh Miller or the Working Man's Education." Books were scarce, but a missionary box had happened to hold "My Schools and Schoolmasters" and "The Testimony of the Rocks." On these he seized, and the stone mason of Cromarty so won his admiration that he had to share the "topic in his head and the throb of pleasure in his heart." This lecture, first delivered on March third, 1870, in Arvonian, he repeated seventeen times during the two succeeding years, in Lawrence, Topeka, Emporia, Burlingame, and other neighboring towns. Meanwhile he had not forgotten his old college hero, the man of such energy and sagacity that the Tories called the Revolution "Sam Adams's conspiracy." His commencement oration he now rewrote and gave more than a dozen times to Kansas audiences.

Besides farming and lecturing, he, together with his father and brother, both preached and wrote. In Olivet, the preceding summer he had given his first sermon from the text "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest." When a few years later, Dr. Henry M. Storrs said to him "Tell me honestly did you not, like most young men, mention Napoleon in your first sermon?" his "Yes" greatly delighted his questioner. Dr. Storrs however speedily granted him pardon on learning that his first sermon fell on August fifteenth, 1869,

the one hundredth anniversary of Napoleon's birth. During these Kansas years, he supplied, often weeks at a time, vacant pulpits in surrounding towns, built up Sunday Schools, conducted prayer-meetings, and visited the sick and troubled. His most carefully prepared sermon, printed in the county paper, was a eulogy of church unity delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Arvonian Union Church. Twenty years later he wrote: "We were tired of divisions among sects, and we agreed to unite and construct something that would be worthy of this village which was yet to become a great railroad center. The Church foundations, brought from neighboring quarries where I toiled many a day, were laid on a large scale, but the foundations were the only part of the building ever completed. The people, divided by racial and denominational distinctions, soon broke up into their original chaos, the railroads never came, the houses of the village were gradually taken, one by one, to neighboring farms, and last year, my wife and I visited the ruins of this deserted village, and poked around amid the weed-mantled stones of that ambitious foundation. Of course I recalled the fact that I had been invited to make the address on laying the corner-stone of this structure. It was the first address of mine ever published and with what a thrill of paternal interest I read it. I have a copy of it in my scrap-book. It indicates to you that though a preacher, I am not a born prophet: 'The church we begin to-day is for countless generations to be a beacon light of truth over these boundless prairies. Here multitudes will gather for worship. Down these aisles parents will bring their children to the baptismal font and here the happy bride and groom will exchange their vows of love and faithfulness at the marriage-altar. Within these

walls, will be heard the songs of praise from thousands of grateful hearts and the service we render today will be remembered through all the coming centuries.' ”

He wrote continually for the newspapers, the Burlingame Chronicle, the Lyndon Signal, and the Lawrence Journal. To the Topeka Commonwealth he sent fortnightly contributions signed “Taliessin,” the Welsh bard of Gray’s line, “Hear from the grave great Taliessin, hear.” His letters breathe happiness.

Arvonia, Kansas, January 2, 1870.

Dear Mother:

It is so odd to write those two new figures for the first time that it is hard to get away from them. 1870—1870. Please get used to them. The old year and the decade have come to an end in Kansas, with the usual rejoicings, noises, and festivities ushering in the new. Yesterday we filled up with skating, roosters, candy, anvils, smiles, and thanksgivings. There were sorrows too, mingled with our joy, as we had just heard of Stanton’s sudden death. The great War Secretary had a large place in our hearts, and we could but feel a proud grief for one of the nation’s greatest and noblest sons.

What a year the past one has been to us individually and as a family! Indeed my thoughts travel back through the last ten to 1860, when the family flock sat on its Ohio roost, preparing to fly northward. We have all lived a lifetime since we took that eighty mile flight. To you the past ten have been years of new toil and self-sacrifice for us. To us children they have been the making of all we are, mentally and morally. The great world has grown as much as we. Since I began to study the elements of Latin, events great and numerous enough have occurred to make centuries of history, as history used to

be made. Recall them for a moment, and never despair again of the future! Within the last decade our native land has been regenerated in fire and blood; the greatest and most Christian war of modern history, involving tremendous issues for the whole world, has culminated in the death of slavery, in the prospect of universal franchise-ment of the oppressed of all nations. How old notions have been broken up! What was radicalism in 1860 is conservatism today. Then cross the Atlantic. England is coming out from the shadows of the past, the people have nearly doubled their power. Aristocracy has been doomed. The Irish church has been swept away. In France the Imperialism of Napoleon has been liberalized by the advancing claims of the people. In Germany we see Prussia becoming a first class power, gathering into her fold the scattered and discordant states that have divided the German people. Austria has been humbled and then liberalized. Hungary has become virtually independent. Italy has acquired Venice, and is united and prosperous. Russia has emancipated her serfs and Spain has driven out her Bourbon queen. Cuba and Crete have striven for liberty. The Gospel has entered China and Japan. The Atlantic cable has been laid, the Suez canal has been opened, the Pacific Railroad has been built, and the church in Arvonía is under way! Find another ten years to eclipse these last.

But this historical re-hash is not a letter. We have just returned from communion service. A larger number were present than we have had before, which is a sign of progress in Arvonía; more than a dozen new faces. We are to observe the week of prayer. Walter and I are cutting down big oaks for fence-posts. Mary excelled herself in the line of dinner. Before the close of the

fifth course we became exceeding boisterous "like men drunken of new wine." But the year proper begins to-day, for from this morning I leave off all tea and coffee. This is the only new leaf I have yet turned over. How many need to be! I hope your letters will fly even faster now. What studies do you take up, Rannie? Hamilton's *Metaphysics*, I hope. We are reading Shakespeare, in the family, have finished "*Cymbeline*" and "*Winter's Tale*" and are now in the middle of "*All's Well that ends Well*." Our copy is borrowed; please put Shakespeare in the box you send. In the last thirty-six hours I have eaten ten apples. Thanks for such a New Year's gift. Beautiful weather.

Love,

J. H. B.

Arvonía, January 9th, 1870.

Dear Mother and Brother:

I wish every week of my life could be as happy as the first week of this year. And yet that may be a very unwise desire. Suffering is often more needful than joy. You will wonder what it has been of late that has given me peculiar pleasure; nothing out of the ordinary course, no unexpected ship just come in from Spain, but simply the combination of the common elements of happiness that often come to us separately and singly, but rarely all together. Good health, buoyant spirits, pleasant occupation, agreeable recreation, a reasonably quiet conscience, the sense of God's favor in doing something for others, domestic sport and comfort, any one of these blessings singly is worthy of a special note of gratitude, and to some lives would bring new hope and refreshment. But to have them all conferred at once, that is the wonder, and accounts for my writing as I do. Well, you will

care more for the news than for any meditations of mine. I will mention first that we relied on Mary's apple dumpling as the main thing, when on cutting it open our hungry souls were dismayed to find the dumplings to consist largely of half-baked dough! We retreated hastily, and for the next half hour, while our dinner was re-cooking, read the closing chapters of "Silas Marner, or the Weaver of Raveloe" with whose simple story George Eliot has been delighting us of late. Then we returned to the attack refreshed with new vigor. Secondly, I will mention the fact that I rode on Black William to the sand quarry, Wednesday last, with Jones. Two such horsemen are seldom seen. This was the first time I had ridden a nag a mile since, when a boy of twelve, I clung to "Old Dolly's" back, as she walked from Medina to West Unity. Black William is an ugly beast to ride, except on a fast run or a slow walk. I galloped into town at a tearing pace, amazing the villagers. Thirdly, I have skated more this week than during the last five years together. We own ourselves a splendid park of glaring ice, a half mile in length and a hundred feet wide, sheltered from sun and wind by high banks, over-hung with trees, from which you can gather, now in January, still juicy grapes as you skate along. Along the shores I picked up nearly a bushel of black walnuts, as fresh and good as if they had just fallen, four hundred and forty nuts by count! Fourthly, a few miscellanies. Walter and I have sawed ten oak logs. Friday we received,—what a time we had!—eleven letters, and the Independent. I am reading a good deal of French with Mrs. M. The meetings last week were well attended and profitable. The people are expecting a course of lectures from our family,



including Mary, as soon as the new hall is ready. Father will speak on "Geology" and Walter on "American Institutions." Mary and I have not chosen subjects.

Love to all,

John.

Burlington, March 28, 1870.

My Dear Mother:

It is about eight in the evening and the gladdening rains are pouring without. I am reading a little in Lange's Commentary. The next Sunday is Easter, isn't it? I am reading on the Resurrection. Myers says that the four accounts can't be harmonized. I think with Dwight that there are twelve weighty reasons on each side of the discussion, but I disagree with him in believing that, on the whole, the probabilities seem slightly (though a judicious mind might long hesitate to decide) to preponderate, on which side was it? I think a man whose convictions are like Professor Dwight's opinions on mooted points, will never run into dogmatism, though the dogmatists will naturally run into him.

A fine field opens here for somebody's life work. The whole community would feel the presence of one live soul. I am persuaded that there is nothing in this world so potent as what Beecher calls "flaming soul power." The greatest earthly influences don't lie in money or books, but in human hearts. "The foolishness of preaching" God may make his own wisdom and power. I trust Mr. Jones will come to Burlington a week from next Sunday to administer the communion and receive new members. He may do great good in a short time. The people remember Walter with great interest and esteem. I trust that this rain is pouring on our "unweedy" garden

tonight. I enclose a piece of dried buffalo meat. It is "bully." I shall expect a letter soon.

With love,

John.

Arvonía, January 13, 1870.

Dear Mother :

On Wednesday I broke into the ice. Imagine me skating along at a fearful rate admiring the still beauty of the winter scene. The morning sunlight plays on the neighboring hills, the wood-pecker and the noisy crow make discordant clamors in the tree tops. The blood tingles in my veins as I glide over the glittering ice. Suddenly the smooth floor gives way under my feet and in a moment I am shot with terrific velocity far under the ice. The momentum was so great that I was carried many yards from the hole. My presence of mind was perfect and turning about I swam as I supposed backward to the opening into which I had fallen but, to my dismay I could not find it. After a vain search for five minutes I concluded to swim with the current as I remembered an opening in the ice about half a mile away. I was not much encumbered with clothing. My back glided easily along the under surface of the ice. My previous training stood me in good stead. But suddenly I was stopped. A snag projecting downwards through the ice caught my coat. I endeavored to extricate myself by swimming backward but the force of the current prevented. I tried to break the stick but could not. Then I bethought me of father's knife which I had borrowed that morning. Is the knife about me? is now an important question. In a moment, to my joy, my hand feels it. I open it with my teeth and grasp it firmly.



Suddenly there is a splash and a dash. Something strikes my knife blade into which it pierces. The ice is so clear above me that I can discern a large fish, which mistaking me for some Jonah fleeing from duty or attracted by the gleaming of my knife, had rushed toward me and been pierced to death. Even in this extremity I determined not to lose the fish. I remembered the story of the deacon who commanded his boys not to fish on Sunday but always added "Now, boys, if you ever do, be sure to bring home the fish!" I found a loose strap in my pocket and tied the huge "sea fowl" to my left leg. By this time I was so cold that I was afraid I should be unable to reach the open water for which I was aiming. My only hope of escape was to cut through the ice above me. I went resolutely to work for my breath was almost gone, and in a short time I had cut a hole about ten inches in diameter through five inches of ice. Into this I poked my head but could go no further. Before I could cut room for my shoulders I must certainly freeze. So I began to yell lustily for help. Fortunately, Daniel was cutting wood on the north side of the river. In a moment he was on the bank to see what was the matter. It was amusing to note his amazement at sight of a man's head peering above the ice. I told him to ask no questions but to cut me out. He hurried forward and with a dozen blows of his axe he so loosened the ice about me that he was enabled to pull me from the water, my huge pickerel, still clinging to my leg. I was so numb that he had to carry me. Soon we met Hugh's wagon. I was laid therein and driven with great speed to the house. The sight of me rejoiced the family at the prospect of fresh fish. While father was rubbing me down, I related my Munchausen story. Walter makes such alarming tales

out of his adventures that I am determined to try my hand.

Your loving

John.

After January first, 1871, his newspaper articles are chiefly on educational topics, for at that time he assumed the duties of School Superintendent of Osage County. He had been elected to this office on the regular Republican ticket in spite of the fight put up against him by those in the county hostile to Arvonias anti-saloon policy. The following extract from one of his newspaper articles indicates his interest and spirit during this year spent in riding on horseback over the prairie, visiting schools, examining applicants for teachers' certificates, urging the county through speeches and the press to build school houses, secure competent teachers, insist that treasurers give the required bond, execute the law about uniform text-books, and make liberal appropriations. He writes for the *Burlingame Chronicle*:

"From a pretty wide observation we are satisfied that some of the best school work in Kansas has been done in Burlingame. But the people here must never be satisfied with the past. Many things should be done speedily. The school grounds should be fenced and planted with trees; philosophical apparatus should be purchased; the school library should be enlarged, and, above all, children should not be taken from school so soon after they strike their teens. The high schools of Michigan are becoming the feeders of her great university. Graduates from these schools are hereafter to be admitted to the university without preliminary examinations. How much remains to be done before the city schools of Kansas can show such results or be trusted with so high a responsibility? The

people generally are deaf to the claims of higher education. A reform in public sentiment is needed that will strike through all classes in society. People must learn that education has other than economic uses. A nation of money-changers fighting the battle of life with the multiplication table, is this to be the highest result of American civilization? Or, as Wendell Phillips put it a dozen years ago, 'The zeal of the Puritan, the faith of the Quaker, a century of colonial health, and then this large civilization, does it result only in a work-shop, fops melted in baths and perfumes, and men grimy with toil?' Such will certainly be the issue, if as a nation, we do not preserve the old Puritan integrity, and add to it that Greek enthusiasm for intellectual culture which made puny Attica, with Athens for a capital, for two thousand years the mistress of the world of mind."

The trials of this varied work but whetted his zeal, still they abounded. Kansas educationally had not much food for pride. This is evidenced by the following answers, which he received in examining candidates for teachers' positions.

Q. What was the cause of the War of 1812?

A. The suppressment of American citizens into the English navy, or the Indians beginning to molest the whites.

Q. Who settled New York?

A. The Spanish.

Q. What is the object of digestion.

A. To impair the body.

Q. What is the capital of Austria?

A. Venice.

Q. Why is it colder in Labrador than in England?

A. The earth turning from east to west.

Q. What is a diphthong?

A. A continuation of three letters representing only one sound as "th" in "the."

Q. Who are eligible to the offices of U. S. Representative and Senator?

A. Loyal men of good moral character that have the welfare of the people at heart.

Q. Where is Crimea?

A. In Sicily.

Q. Where is Yale?

Answers various. Yale is a college in Hartford. Yale is a city in New England. Yale is a college in New Haven, Massachusetts.

Q. What are the principal countries around the Mediterranean Sea?

A. The United States of Colombia, Bogota, and Venezuela.

Q. Where is Ireland?

A. In the northern part of the United States.

Q. Given the difference in longitude between two places, how do you find the difference in time?

A. Multiply by fifteen, for the sun passes over fifteen degrees in one minute of time. (How he must whiz at that rate!)

Q. What are the different religions in the world?

A. The Mohammedan, the Christian, and the Protestant. (A reply which might please a Catholic.)

Q. How many sounds has "O"?

A. Three, as in "one," "done" and "boy."

In spite of disillusionments, work that overtaxed his strength, and a run of typhoid fever, in the fall of '71, through which his mother and sister devotedly nursed him, he found Kansas "so full of a number of things"

that he was as happy as proverbial kings. Indeed through life, he seemed to glow with a radiance caught somewhere behind the "flaming ramparts of the world," was a kind of Balder the shining of his eyes undimmed by Hela's realm.

He writes: "In the last two weeks your reporter has ridden through two hundred miles of fertile mud in Osage County, and has seen much of the interior life of our rapidly growing state. For two weeks he has 'browsed' on the people, and found good fodder everywhere. An easterner, with his head full of the Kansas famine, may perhaps imagine that the shadow of one dark year has rested on the whole decade since; but if said 'oriental' could have accompanied this itinerant superintendent, he would have been as much surprised as Elijah when the angel fed him under the juniper tree. He would have seen the fat hens flying from his approach, as though he were a Methodist minister. He would have sat down to tables that groaned as tables have not done since Dickens described the Christmas dinner of Tiny Tim, and he would have written home that these Kansas matrons know how to refresh the inner man as perfectly as any New England woman who lives within sight of Mount Tom. We sat down to a wedding dinner on the banks of the Marais des Cygnes that would have tempted even the lean, abstemious proprietors of the COMMONWEALTH from their diet of bitter herbs.

"The next thing after good living, which the traveler in Kansas would note, is the wonderful variety of elements which have been thrown together in our prairies. If heterogeneity is the index of civilization, as Spencer and Guizot and Beecher tell us, then Kansas is already one of the first states on the globe, and promises, when

these multitudinous factors have been combined, to produce results that shall be unique and surprising. The opening of the Government lands in the Sac and Fox reserve in Osage County has brought to us a population as heterogeneous as can be found in America. This variety has been a daily spice to my visitations among the people.

"I eat breakfast with a brawny Canadian, visit a school taught by a Frenchman who saw Louis Napoleon reviewing his soldiers before the coup d'etat, call on a district director who speaks the dialect of Hans Breitman, and take supper with a Long Island Englishman who says, after the fashion of his native Warwickshire, 'not far from we.' The next day I take my morning meal with a Scotch Irishman, visit a school taught by a lady from Alabama, receive a call from a district officer who was once a Welsh sea captain, and is still a Welshman, inquire the way of a Dane, and losing it, soon inquire again of a Swede, and finally sleep with a New York politician. The day after I take breakfast with a 'corn cracker,' and after visiting a school taught by a lady from California, take a good dinner with a 'Puke.' In the afternoon I am directed on my journey by that rare animal, a cross between a Scotch Highlander and a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and find supper and a bed at the cabin of a 'Tooth-pick' who thinks my horse too small to 'pack' me. On the morrow I visit a log school house where John Smith, Sambo, and Pamawathescuk Batiste, Caucasian, African, and Indian are taught on the same rude benches, to read of Him, who 'hath made of one blood all nations of men.' I am lucky this day to get my dinner at the house of a Unitarian Major. It becomes suddenly cold this afternoon, and I hurry to a log cabin where I am generally warmed by an orthodox Congregationalist.

In the evening I examine an ample library filled with the works of the unbelievers, and my host discourses to me of the virtues of Thomas Paine and the revelations of Andrew Jackson Davis. On the morrow I join in family worship with a large-hearted Baptist brother, take dinner with a Methodist, and eat supper with a Presbyterian who broils his own steak to perfection and is an artist in coffee. Thus my bigotry is worn off and my better instincts gladly testify to the 'oneness of humanity'; myself a Wendell Phillips radical, I listen undisturbed to a defense of slavery by a fine-hearted Kentucky gentleman."

Certainly it was impressive to see a district of seven hundred and twenty square miles turning in two years from the hunting-ground of Sac and Fox Indians into a region of fine farms, with seven thousand five hundred inhabitants, several growing towns, and a railroad. He believed with Beecher that the Christianity of our day looks to the bottom as well as to the top. This faith lives in the following quotations from the introduction written in Arvonja, to his lecture on Hugh Miller: "Neither king nor peasant can stay the swift march of civilization from the castle to the cottage, from the monastery to the schoolhouse. The era of man as man is approaching. The vast weights that have heretofore held down the poor are being lightened. The struggles of aspiring genius in the face of social obstacles and the brave championship of the cause of the lowly, have in our day nursed up heroes of truer valor than Agamemnon, men who might have sat with unabashed eyes amid the Knights of King Arthur's table. Democracy is impatient of forms. It hungers and thirsts after realities. Men are even becoming partial to merit that springs from unexpected sources. Obscure origin does not necessarily mark the



successful genius with the stigma of upstart. Worth joined to modesty conquers the admiration even of Tory squires." And again: "All modern knowledge is shod with perpetual unrest. The evolution theory now advanced is destined to be amended by fresh discoveries. With Agassiz and Huxley in your hand, Cuvier is no longer a text-book. Books become antiquated; manhood, never. Few read Dr. Johnson in his prose or rhyme, but the old Tory himself is as real to us as our next door neighbors, and much more beloved. Men get their notion of Calvin not from the 'Institutes' but from Dr. Henry's Life of the Genevan reformer. Lyman Beecher's career will stir laughter and draw tears when his published sermons shall keep company with the Latin writers of the tenth century. And when the 'Old Red Sandstone' shall be laid away with the Natural History of Pliny and the Chemistry of Paracelsus, eager and thoughtful boys will take from the library shelf some well-worn volume standing with Plutarch's Lives and the 'Autobiography of Franklin' wherein they shall read with quickened pulses, how a humble Scottish lad, poorer than themselves, chiselled his name upon the heart of a nation."

In after years he used to advise theological students to do home missionary work in the west before entering the ministry.

## CHAPTER V

### FROM SPRINGFIELD TO PARIS 1872-1873

He spent the next year in Springfield, Illinois, to whose First Congregational Church he was called in the spring of 1872, and of which he was pastor—although not yet an ordained minister—until the summer of 1873. Two things characterize his life in the city of Lincoln—unusually hard work, and the making of several life-long friendships. The first arose largely from the fact that heretofore he had written very few sermons, and to write two a week, for an audience that called forth his very best, severely taxed his strength. Although his sister spent a few months with him in the fall, for most of the time he was without any of his family, a new experience for him. His brother Walter, his companion in Olivet, New Haven, New York, and Kansas, was now pastor of the Congregational Church in Marshall, Michigan, thence to go in turn to Andover Theological Seminary, Salt Lake City, and New York, so that their paths lay far apart for many years. His Springfield friends, therefore, met a real need. He was always one to respond quickly to praise and affection; they worked on him as sunshine on the flowers. And he was even more ready to give than to receive. The growing audiences, the words of appreciation, the loyal support of the church, endeared it warmly to him. Among his friends were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith, young married people, who did much for his pleasure and comfort. Mrs. Smith, better known as May Riley Smith, author of the poems "Sometime," "De-

parture," "My Uninvited Guest," and many more, writes her memories of him in the Springfield days. They strikingly illustrate the singular unity of his life. People thirty years later received identical impressions.

"If I were asked what are the dominating impressions I have retained from my friend President John Henry Barrows as I first knew him thirty years ago, I should say, of his individuality I recall his lofty sense of honor; of his mental equipment his splendid imagination; of his nature his optimism; of his personality his joyousness; of his religion his unfaltering faith in the Fatherhood of God. His religion kept its promise to his soul and never disappointed him. Once under the shadow of disappointments common to all lives that drink from many fountains as they go their way he said, 'It is right, it's one of the lessons I've got to learn. I need it. God will make a fine fellow of me yet!' And surely those who knew him and traced his upward way, can testify how few hindrances to this end he put in the way of the great Moulder of Men, and with what obedience and zeal he learned his 'lessons' in the great school-room of life.

"Looking over my shoulder to the time thirty years ago, when I made one of the little Congregational Church over which Dr. Barrows presided in Springfield, Illinois, I find myself surprised anew at the vitality he infused into that little band of worshipers, in a somewhat conservative, old-fashioned Capital City. The weekly meeting for prayer and interchange of profitable thought grew under his leadership to be sweet and profitable hours, with an absence of the stiffness and embarrassment which often pervade these gatherings, and they were anticipated with real pleasure by those who attended them.

"He had the rare gift of bringing out the best of those

with whom he came in contact:—a gift which had grown into a most precious power when he left us, eminently fitting him for his relation with the young in the College which so loves and honors him today.

“I can see him now as he sat among us at the Friday evening meetings, his slender figure erect, his fine head thrown back, and his almost boyish face contrasting strangely with the gray heads and lined faces of the men who came to be taught by him, his light waving hair, through which it was a habit of his to run his long slim fingers, tossed back from his fine forehead, and those wonderful, compelling eyes of his sweeping the group and resting upon some silent, timid man, who to the surprise of himself not less than others, was so encouraged and reassured by his pastor’s belief in him that he was drawn to speak of the things of God and his own soul with a freedom he would have declared impossible to his native reserve. To such an one this was a relief like the loosing of bands, and we know how inimical to growth are self-consciousness and timidity.

“Dr. Barrows had a keen scent for ability of every sort, and none knew better than he, how to adapt this to the good of the church, and of the individual. How many hidden accomplishments he discovered and made profitable in some direction! How many peculiar aptitudes he fitted into the right channel! What a quick and appreciative apprehension was his of the especial gifts and graces of this or that member of his congregation! He threw out his searchlight in all directions, and nothing eluded him. He associated intimately with his people, and was their friend as well as their pastor, a most unusual and valuable combination! He went in and out of the homes of his people with that simplicity and natural

courtesy which set everyone at ease, and forbade constraint or embarrassment. If there was little bread and no meat he made as if that were the rule, not the exception, and his humble hostess forgot to be ashamed. He accepted the hospitality of rich and poor with equal pleasure and simplicity.

"Happening to call one day on one of his parishioners, and a dear friend, on the morning she had moved into a new house, and finding her without a servant he made himself as easily at home in her kitchen as in her drawing-room, went to the baker's for a loaf of bread, and while he helped her peel the radishes and hull the strawberries he had brought in at her request, he and his hostess discussed Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered' which they had both been reading.

"He was impulsive, which was in him a special charm, because the secret chambers of his life were so orderly and well-appointed that when a door was blown open by a sudden gust of impulse nothing unkempt was revealed, only that which was pleasant and good.

"I never knew him to do an undignified thing, yet I have seen him do that which many another could not do without running the risk of being considered so. He had a keen sense of humor, and I never knew anyone that exhaled such an atmosphere of joyousness, of gladness in the good gift of life. His face was a praise-offering to God for what he was, and for what everyone was to him, and you found yourself asking God to forgive you for your own ingratitude! His capacity for enjoyment was delightful. If it was croquet or tennis no one enjoyed it quite as he did; and the abandon with which he flung his mallet into a patch of unmown grass adjoining the lawn and himself after it at full-length in despair be-

cause he had failed in a crucial stroke was worth going far to see; and never were you betrayed into wishing he would not do it. You only broke the tenth commandment by coveting your neighbor's enthusiasm, and wondered where was the false note in your own naturalness that you couldn't do it!

"Perhaps the only time when he made anyone who came to him ill at ease, was when someone repeated to him some of the gossip and unkind criticism which often crawl their contemptible way through the best regulated church circles. At such times his face forgot its genial smile, and grew grave to sternness, and the news-bearer was made to feel that there are nobler themes for brothers and sister in a church to pass from tongue to tongue than the lapses of their fellows, which they should rather seek to hide from sight, and especially was it prejudicial to the family feeling which should prevail in a church. So sincere and grieved was his manner that he rarely gave offense, but the offender was made to feel wholesomely ashamed. In these ways he cultivated among his people a bond of unity, and the true family spirit, without which there could be no real or far-reaching influence. He continually urged them to cultivate the gift of conversation upon profitable themes, and in every way to uplift their ideals, and broaden their charities. The fathers of the church found themselves if not imperceptibly yet willingly being led by this young ardent guide into richer, fuller, and sweeter meanings of the old steadfast truth, and the young loved him, and found him then, as they ever have since, as genial as a comrade as he was wise as a guide.

"But who that knew him in his later years needs to be told that he was all this and more in the days of his

youth, for he was then but twenty-five years old! Such a life is from beginning to end like a pure stream running through the land from which the multitude drink and are refreshed and strengthened as they go on their way!

"Many have spoken of this prince among men in his many and varied relations, but those early days of his ministry were touched with a beautiful freshness and fervor of enthusiasm in every good word and work, which, as I open this door into a very dear room of my past, sweep in upon me like a strong, sweet wind, loaded with balsamic odours, and 'give me thoughts too deep for tears.'

" 'We have lost him, he is gone,  
We know him now, we see him as he moved,  
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,  
With what sublime repression of himself,  
And in what limits,—and how tenderly.' "

In the spring of 1873, his health was so poor that he resigned. But he still held fast his purpose of more study, now made possible. Therefore, the 21st of July, in company with Professor Daniels, his old friend, he set sail on the Steamship "Victoria," from New York to Glasgow.

He writes, "The Atlantic this time was pacific." Now, as in years to follow, the ocean renewed his vigor. Besides, he possessed that unfair advantage, imagination. Hence, we learn from his letters of days on the water that shone "far down the memory." "The sea is indescribably grand and suggestive, dark and azure, yet glistening in lanes of light, here and there; God's great volume bound in blue and gold." And afterwards, to one homeward bound, "It almost makes me cry, to live over again



in imagination those ten days on the Atlantic. And you have seen the ever-varying main, with Greek, poetic eyes. You have sailed with the smiling ocean and laughed with its multitudinous laughter. The 'wine-colored deep,' did you see that? Homer talks about the 'hoary deep,' but there is one epithet of his that moistens my eyes as I slowly say it, 'the unharvested sea.'"

In spite of youth, imagination, and a head crammed full of history and poetry, during the next six weeks, Edinburgh, London, Munich, Vienna, Geneva, and Paris did not hold the first place in his heart. That had been speedily taken by one travelling with friends in the same party, Miss Sarah Eleanor Mole. She was from Williamstown, Massachusetts, home of her mother and grandmother before her, and though but twenty-one years old, was teaching in her alma mater, the Westfield Normal School. The following is his only letter to her, previous to their engagement. It contains several references to Lowell's "Cathedral," which they had both been reading:

Geneva, Aug. 3rd, 1873.

My dear Friend:

I rose from very dreamful sleep this morning with the prayerful hope that finally "vous êtes un habitant"—never mind the dislocated syntax—You know what I mean. "In Paris," said the good Professor pulling out his watch, "Paris is France and France is the world." It is comforting to me to believe that you are still a terrestrial being. I made several earnest attempts to get another look at you—after we said good-bye—and when the train moved from the station I waved my hat (the immortal, "by beauty's franchise disenthralled of time") with *pathetic* energy! "Some natural tears I dropped,

but wiped them soon." (Of course the weeping was spiritual—not visible.)

Leaving the Professor to read the New York Times, I went over to Rousseau's Isle, where I met a negro boy, a West Indian, who had been a slave, I think. You know Rousseau furnished Jefferson the opening sentences of the Declaration of Independence. The coincidence furnished me some thoughts which I have sent to my dear "paternal sire." Then I—I—a heretic, an alien from rigorous Calvinism—spent an hour in searching for Calvin's house. I knew that it was in the Rue des Chanoines. I stepped into a book-store and inquired of a lady (in English) (please connect properly) where said street was. She opened a drawer and offered me some colored views of the Valley of Chamouni! Not wishing to walk so far as that to see even a living Calvin, I examined the views carefully, said "*trop cher*," and walked sadly away. My dear friend, I did not dare deceive her. I should have died laughing, and then I should never see you dressed in white, with that wonderful lace collar and the matchless watch-chain to add to the bewildering effect! I trust that my dear "happy Goth" will not lay it up against me that I left, on the mind of a Genevese maiden, the impression that a tall youth with a white hat desired to purchase views of the Vale of Chamouni. I shall not be entirely restful until I am exculpated by you. I found the Rue des Chanoines, and saw Calvin's house, and went away rejoicing. The streets that lead to it are as dark and crooked as a sermon defending the dogma of eternal reprobation. But Calvin was a heroic, noble soul, granitic, it is true, but much that is beautiful in your dear Massachusetts, blossoms out of the granite soil of Calvinism. I am a Calvinist, please remember, I don't

believe in either supra- or sub-lapsarianism, but I am mighty in my faith in foreordination! (I hope this distinction will not remind you of the colored preacher's declaration—that some were hastening to everlasting damnation, and the rest to eternal perdition—which provoked the remark, "Then this niggah will take to the woods.")

After visiting the English Garden, I dragged my tired feet to the supper-table, where I made a frugal and lonely repast, at which there were more memories than rolls, and more of the bitterness of regret than of the sweetness of honey. Well, I didn't care to weary myself any more, so, after waiting an hour, I "sought repose on my couch," or, "went to bed."

The Professor dreamed that he was climbing a mountain all night. I had "visions out of other years" mingled with the visions of recent days—a curiously interwoven mesh. I was glad when morning came, for my sleep was not the best. I hope your blue eyes were not peering out into the darkness all night. My advice (pastoral) to you is this, "with all your learning, learn to sleep."

I have returned from the "College" where Père Hyacinth preaches. I went early to the "College." Père Hyacinth entered very soon after I arrived, and took his seat—in the audience. He was in citizen's clothes, and I soon realized that I was not to hear his "Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day." There were scores of Americans there, and we heard an eloquent, gospel sermon, from a young priest. The text was "He is the light that lighteth every man," etc. Madame Hyacinth was with her husband, and knelt with him to partake of the wafer. She is a noble woman in appearance. I asked a young man if Père Hyacinth was to preach to-day. I spoke in

French. He answered in perfect English, "Not till next Sunday." I was soon aware that I had spoken to Madame Hyacinth's son. We lifted our hats as the ex-Carmelite Friar and his wife rode off in their carriage.

I hope you have received best news. I shall miss you more than I can tell you. I may not be in Paris till Thursday. Inquire about Chartres. The Lord bless and keep you evermore.

In great haste,

Your faithful friend,

JOHN H. BARROWS.

Years afterward he dedicated his most important book to her, "The bright star of a happy Christian home, and the crown of God's best earthly gifts," his "beloved wife whose kindly and far-seeing wisdom, unwearied helpfulness, and unwavering faith" had been his "constant solace and inspiration," and to all who knew them the words rang absolutely true. In the old Arabian tale, the silken carpet discovered in the box of sandal wood bore the prince and princess aloft, to remain awhile far from the gaze of men. We, like the courtiers, must stay below. Yet the Princess, though still unseen, will often walk through the coming pages.

But let us return to his rapid journey through the capitals of Europe. At Vienna he visited the World's Exposition and was shocked by America's small showing. Farm implements seemed to be about her only supreme excellence; a gigantic soda-water fountain, and a charcoal sketch of pork-packing in Cincinnati, her most important exhibits. The chief minor adventure of the summer occurred on the Mer de Glace. His account reads thus:

"Two hours this side of Chamouni is the Mer de Glace, the great glacier of Europe. All wanted to explore it on foot. All were tired, but after much consultation we decided to send the guide on to the village with our coats and books, and we would meet him at the hotel d'Angleterre in the evening. We said we would get there by seven or seven-thirty o'clock. So, grasping my alpenstock, I followed the sturdy Captain in the ascent toward the glacier. In a half hour we were up where we could see the glacier well. The Captain outstripped us, and climbed up out of sight, and we saw him no more. The way to Chamouni, as we supposed, was *across the glacier*. The Professor was anxious to cross. I was, too. We rested and amused ourselves by tumbling rocks down and seeing them bound on the rocks below. Finally we clambered down the ice below us. It was seamed into great ridges by the heat. As we advanced the views became more interesting at each step. Mighty stones were carried on the points of great slabs that had nearly melted away. There were caves that we did not dare to enter, as the superstructure seemed too uncertain. It was "trickle," "trickle," everywhere. The stones beneath us were uncertain. I was refreshed by the coolness; we walked between mountains of ice thirty or forty feet above the ice sea. We began to descend. By the aid of my alpenstock and our two umbrellas we helped each other down the great slippery steps. Things became very interesting now. We saw that there was no getting back, and our safety was in reaching the rocky debris beyond, and thence down into the valley. It demanded great caution of us, not to tumble into the crevasses and great holes which the heat had made in the glacier. After an hour's labor, we reached the southern side of the glacier, and

placed our feet on rocks once more! The view here was simply glorious. A thousand feet below us tumbled and rushed the Arveiron, hurrying through the vale. Toward the west was one great wall of the valley, over whose pine-clad summits streamed the lengthening light. Above us was the glacier, so beautifully blue in spots, jagged, leading up, up to the northern slopes of Mt. Blanc. After picking a few flowers near the eternal frost, we hastened over to the southern slope of the rock-strewn hill to go down into the vale. But to our horror we soon discovered that we came to a sheer declivity, down which there was no descent, except by falling, which was very easy—but not desirable! All my weariness vanished now. I nerved myself for some desperate work, which had it not been for that grand dinner on the Col de Balme I never could have performed. We dared not undertake to climb back the ice mountain. The descent had been all we could make. There was only one other chance. By following the glacier itself down, or by clinging to the rocks on the line of the glacier's edge, there was a possibility of escape. It must be undertaken. The stones slipped beneath our feet and tumbled far below. We had to keep close together to prevent the falling rocks from smiting ourselves. At last we came to a place where our judgments differed. The Professor wanted to go to the glacier's edge and follow it down, and I wanted to slide over the smooth edge of the rock, scraped in the years so that it was almost like a waxed floor turned up on an angle of forty-five degrees. Sticking the steel edge of my alpen-cane into the glacier, and crouching low, I began my descent, and in ten minutes was by the glacier's edge. Several hundred feet lower, I waited for the Professor. As I looked back, it seemed as though the ice-mountains were



about to fall on us. I was nothing in the hands of irresistible power. Both of us agree that the view here was the "grandest sight in Europe." The Professor looked very small on the cliffs above. He could find no way down, so he went back to where I had found my slippery way to my present position. We said but little. There was little hope of ever getting back, and all was uncertainty below us, with growing probabilities that we could not find egress. After watching the magnificent spectacle above us, with some silent prayers to God, and many longing, loving thoughts of friends over the Atlantic, we cautiously continued our downward journey. I fell often and bruised my hands on the jagged rocks. Our boots were white with dust and suffered brutal treatment on the sharp stones. Our clothes were torn, but we were yet alive, and disposed to eat supper in Cook's Hotel that night, if possible. We were on the mighty sloping débris, within a few feet of the glacier. Remember that we were standing not only on precipitous places, but that our foothold was very *shaky*. A slip might fling us down a hundred feet and smash us on the rocks, or hurl us into the bed of the little ice-stream at the edge of the glacier, where we might soon have been tumbled into a dark ice-hole, the Lord knows how deep. We didn't want to explore the ice-wells in that way. If we slipped, I said, and we did slip, every minute. The uncertainty was great. Moreover, we could not see the foot of the glacier, and were not sure but that every step down was a step away from our foothold on the rocks above, and another step down toward destruction. We were very cautious now. Down, down we went, as slowly as possible. At last I saw what seemed to be the dent of steel on a stone. Somebody had been there from below! Now we could



see the great ice-arch from which the Arveiron flows at the foot of the glacier. The last fifteen minutes were the most dangerous of all, but finally, bruised, torn, bleeding, we stood in safety at the foot of the magnificent monster, while inexpressible gratitude filled our hearts; then, turning around and looking up to the south—O, glory inconceivable! there was the sunset spreading its golden mantle over the broad snow-fields and gray peaks of Mt. Blanc! It was God's benediction! An hour and a half of walking brought us to Chamouni village. We had been three hours on the Mer de Glace. Daniels said he would not take a friend over that track again. But how glad we were to have done what we did. We had seen our glacier thoroughly! Our guide was looking for us anxiously at the hotel. Captain Sanders came in a half hour later. We flung ourselves on our beds, completely exhausted. After a short rest, we had a refreshing supper, and slept gloriously that night. The next morning we saw the sun rise in all his glory in the vale of Chamouni. Read Coleridge and you have it all."

My father lived from August until January at 27 Rue Caumartin, Paris, that fascinating city, where, to paraphrase Victor Hugo, the "canaille" of today are the "people" of tomorrow; that odd city where in those days a good dinner cost less than a letter home. French reading in the morning with Madame Portait, French conversation in the afternoon with Professor Noirit, French plays in the evening at the Théâtre Français, where Racine or Molière, combined with the great actor Gôt to evoke much laughter; these, for a while, were his chief interests. But soon great inroads were made on his time for the French classics. Dr. E. W. Hitchcock, pastor of the American Chapel, in the rue de Berri, desiring to

attend the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, asked him to preach in his absence. It was fortunate that he accepted, for hardly had he assumed his new duties when Jay Cooke, the banker with whom he had his letter of credit, failed. The fifty francs a Sunday and the twenty-five a week, secured for Latin lessons given to an American boy, tided him over the interval before assistance from home reached him. Into the work of preaching, teaching a Bible class, and looking out for American transients he entered fervently. Through his connection with the American chapel he made pleasant acquaintances; his letters make mention of Doctors Coe and Schaff, Colonel Waring, Ex-Governor Hoffman of New York, and others, besides many Americans living in Paris, so that though Professor Daniels and Miss Mole's party had left him, he did not lack for comradeship. He writes:

"This is Sunday evening, as I ought to have said some time ago. At four I went to 45 Avenue de la Grande Armée, and heard Reverend M. Bersier, the leading Protestant minister of Paris. His text from glorious old David impressed me: 'One thing have I asked (*demandé*) of the Lord, and that will I seek after, to see the beauty of the Lord and dwell in his house forever.' Bersier is certainly one of the first preachers of the world. He has the 'look' of the great pulpit orators—Beecher, Hyacinth. John Hall, etc., a full strong face, a robust physique, a brow retreating a little, but still high and ample, eyes of slumbering fire, a voice that whispers or thunders with equal ease, and one cannot hear him a half-hour without discovering in the man that combination of logic, imagination, feeling, goodness, earnestness, and will which, added to thorough culture, make the consummate master of speech. I have given this short description of Bersier,

because I expect to hear him every Sunday and shall often refer to him. The hall where he speaks is always crowded. His sermon was an eloquent defense and exposition of prayer. His manner is graceful but without artifice, earnest but without rant. I followed his French sentences with more comprehension than I hoped to have so soon. I have loved to pray more than usual of late."

"Mr Stebbins lives in what the French call a Hotel. The nobility live in Hotels, when they are rich enough. You know that a Hotel is not a Hotel, but a very private residence. I was ushered into the most gorgeous apartment that I have seen in Paris. Mrs. Stebbins—a temporary invalid—was reclining on a sofa, wrapped in a 'stunning' white robe, and as she took my hand said, 'I am so glad to meet you. Your praises have been sounded in my ears ever since I returned.' Now, all this was overwhelming to a young man who was conscious that his coat needed mending in at least three places! There were present, besides Mr. Stebbins's family of four nice little children, a Mrs. Morrell, and a Miss Gardiner, American artists who have been in Paris six years. They told me of their adventures in the Commune. They lived near the Luxembourg gardens, and had their house tumbled about their ears by the explosion of fifty thousand pounds of gunpowder within a few minutes' walk of them. Their bodies were wounded, their pictures torn, but they did not hear the explosion. People beyond Versailles did! Mr. Stebbins is an art-critic. He has money and leisure. He took us through his collection. Mrs. Morrell told me that it is the finest private collection in Paris. He directed my attention especially to one of Horace Vernet's, one of Gerôme's (Father Joseph and Louis XIII's Courtiers) and to Bierstadt's 'Sunset in Yosemite,' which

is certainly finer than his great Yosemite. Mrs. Stebbins is very winning and very Frenchy. She told me that she had been presented at the courts of Berlin and St. James, and the Tuileries often, when Napoleon was in his glory. She wants a king back, not the Comte de Chambord, though.

"The dinner was something memorable. It was served by liveried fellows, in white gloves. Everything was to my liking, such elegance, such rich simplicity. I could not but be at ease with such simply polite people. Mrs. Stebbins reclined on a sofa at my left, in oriental fashion, and sipped her iced and foaming wine, white and 'honey-hearted,' as Homer calls it, and talked about church affairs. She and her husband were very liberal in their ideas. I must not let some of the church people know that I went to the theatre. She admired it extremely. Her husband said this was bosh! There were some in the church who didn't want solo singing. She is very fond of picnics, and when Mr. Hitchcock returns will take us to Versailles, etc., etc. (All this is genuine tea-table talk, isn't it?) Mr. Stebbins changed my ideas of Napoleon III. He was not so bad. I never shall repeat my awful diatribe again. I have no interest in clinging to a lie. After dinner came coffee, up stairs. The children's French is perfect. There is one little girl, who kissed me good night and chatted away to my discouragement. I left at nine."

"About two in the afternoon I began my stroll toward the 'Chapelle Evangelique de l'Etoile' where the Protestant service is held. First I called at the hotel and found there a letter from the Professor. Taking the shady side of the Boulevard Haussman (You know Louis Napoleon's Minister of Public Works) I walked leisurely along, till

I came to the monument erected by Louis XVIII over the graves of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Their bodies were removed to St. Denis in 1815. But here for twenty-one years they slept in their bloody shrouds. I have always had sympathy with the hapless queen, though never with Burke's famous description of her, for that is full of bad morals. But I can never forget the starving peasant mothers on whose misery the Louis lived in the splendid luxury of Versailles. And I sometimes think that God would be better pleased by a little helpful sympathy shown to the poor whom we always have with us, than with sentimental gushings over fallen greatness. To the more thoughtful mind, 'The queen of France on the scaffold,' as Charles Sumner once said, 'is a less touching and suggestive spectacle than the woman on the auction block.'"

"There is a quiet happiness about these interesting Parisians on Sunday holidays, that, if very earthy in its origin, is about as excusable and pleasant as surly piety."

"My friend Dr. Wasson called last evening. He is very kind, very visionary, very changeable. He gave me one privilege this morning, for which I shall ever be thankful. I believe you have never read any of Turgeneff's novels. The high critics on both sides of the water place this Russian in the fore ranks of modern writers. His 'Father and Sons' (translated by Mr. Schuyler of Yale College, now at St. Petersburg) made a great sensation. Last summer I read his 'Smoke,' a tale of Baden Baden. Well, Dr. Wasson told me that he was filling the teeth of a Russian author whom he admired very much, but whose name he had forgotten. I suggested 'Turgeneff.' 'That's the very name,' he answered. Then I told him what I knew of the Russian celebrity,

and he asked me to call and see him this morning, which I did at eleven o'clock, and the result was a most delightful visit. M. Turgeneff welcomed me with the cordiality of a supreme gentleman. I was surprised to find him a large, patriarchal-looking man of sixty, with the manners of Wendell Phillips and the head of Phidias's Jupiter. He was much pleased to hear about his friends over the water, admires America, wants to visit us, knows Mr. Schuyler, etc., etc. Walter, who admires Turgeneff, will throw up his stovepipe when he hears of my good luck."

"If I had gone to the hotel at once I should have missed a call. General John Eaton, the Commissioner of Education for the United States, came to see me. I rode with him from St. Louis to Kansas City two years ago. He is examining the educational institutions of Europe. He talked enthusiastically for an hour, especially of Italy, and then asked me if I knew French enough to interpret for him in a call he was about to make on the French Minister of Public Instruction. I said 'No,' but told him of Professor Hardy. So we took a carriage and called at Hardy's rooms. He was not in; we left word that we should be back in an hour or two. General Eaton was hungry, so was I. He wanted me to take him where he could have a good breakfast. (All at Uncle Sam's expense, you know.) So we drove to Durand's and had a glorious repast! Then we returned for the Professor, and drove together to the minister's office (south of the Seine). His Excellency was not in Paris, but a sub-official received the General with great courtesy, and offered him the entrée to everything in Paris. He furnished us tickets to see the new Opera House, the Gobelins, Sevres, Sainte Chapelle, etc., etc. Hardy succeeded



admirably. Then we visited the School of Deaf-mutes, where there is some fine chromo lithographing which the children had done. Then we visited the Pantheon, and came home. The General is to be here with his carriage at ten, and the Professor and I are to spend the day with him in seeing that which without him we could scarcely see at all."

"My last letter went Wednesday. That day General Eaton, Professor Hardy, and I spent together, visiting the American Embassy, the Louvre, and the Nouvel Opera. We spent an hour in examining the interior. We had tickets from the Minister of Public Instruction. It is the most wonderful building in Paris. The stage is so built that all the large scenes can be dropped right down into a vast space below. The Emperor has a magnificent waiting room, approached by a private stairway, and opening into his private box. In '76 the Opera House will be ready. We went also to the School of Roads and Bridges, where we saw wonderful models in civil engineering, and L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, the most complete in the world. I must break this sentence and tell you about this school. There are nine hundred pupils attending lectures here. All the collections are for service. The museums are students' workshops. Everything is for use. The vast court is lined and filled with architectural specimens. But I was most interested in a room where the first prizes—that is, the paintings which secured them—were on exhibition. The great names in French art since 1710 appear there. The inspirational power of this room on the artist student is almost incalculable. We lingered lovingly in Taine's lecture-room. It is a perfect beauty—amphitheatrical in form. The wall is one great painting, representing the artists of all ages.



"We went to many other places that day. In the evening, after I had gone to bed, the General called! A white-robed form opened the door to his repeated knockings. I lay down and he sat down to an hour's talk about education and religion in France. I kept gloriously awake while he stayed. He is a fine talker and a splendid man."

"My opinions are myself—and you want to know them! Well, I believe in the Apostles' Creed, and the Declaration of Independence. I have a strong sympathy with a certain sort of radicalism. I hate cant and can't. I believe in Greek and Latin—for some people. I believe the world is not growing daily worse. I believe in soap. I hate drugs. I believe in good-nature and grit. I believe in French soups. I believe in Congregational singing. I believe strongly in Normal Schools, and in some Normal School teachers. I believe in free inquiry and agitation. I believe in woman-kind. I have some hope for *man*-kind. I believe that a mule is better than a man in climbing the Col de Balme. I believe that 'True poets are true democrats.' I believe in Charles Sumner—I believe much less in Charles Sumner's wife. I believe in Henry Ward Beecher and Dean Stanley and George MacDonald and F. D. Maurice and John Milton and Blaise Pascal and Thomas a Kempis and old Socrates and the Apostle Paul and the singer David. I believe that the Sabbath was made for man, and that you did right in writing me September twenty-seventh. I believe in the real—not in the accidental and conventional. I believe in double-soled boots for Paris streets, and in rubbers for Swiss glaciers. I believe in children—though my faith varies with the child. I believe in co-education of the sexes. I believe in the American eagle, when good men

hold the string. I believe that American scholars should take more interest in public affairs. I believe in good prayer-meetings. I believe in Wheeler & Wilson sewing-machines. I believe that Massachusetts girls should learn to swim. I believe in that 'inspired bore' William Wordsworth. I believe in May Riley Smith and Charles F. Gilson. I believe that the kings are playing a losing game in this world. I believe in thick under-clothing, and deep plowing, teachers' institutes, civil service reform, and international copyright, penny-postage, and Worcester's Dictionaries. I believe in my father and mother. I believe in Sarah Eleanor Mole. I believe that love is the fulfilling of the law. I believe in the better things to come, 'The far-off divine event, toward which the whole creation moves.' Now—I have emptied my head of my opinions. A bundle of opinions is not a man. I confess, though, that it is sometimes pleasant to meet people who think as I do."

"Tuesday, Nov. 4th, I attended the great trial of Marshal Bazaine at the Grand Trianon, in the Park of Versailles. I secured admission with eighteen hundred others, saw the Marshals of France, the illustrious accused, the one hundred and fifty reporters for the great journals of the world, the President of the Council (son of Louis Philippe) the Duc d' Aumale, etc. I have no time for descriptions.

"Reverend Mr. McAll (whom I met) who has preached to thirty-five thousand in Paris during the last year, has sent me an urgent invitation to help him. I may speak next Tuesday evening at 204 Rue des Faubourg St. Antoine. That will be something worth remembering. To preach Christ among the Jacquerie near Madame de Farge's wine-shop!"

"I mentioned the sad news about the Opera House. It is a complete ruin. One thousand artists, mechanics, etc., out of employment. It is only temporary, however. I went to see the fire Thursday, but the soldiers kept the crowds two blocks from the scene of the disaster. Here is an interesting article from the *Rappel*. *La cloche qui avait donné le signal du massacre de la Saint Bathélemy servait a l'opera; elle est fondue entièrement.* This bell played in the opera of the Huguenots.

"Thursday, I read in Taine's *Notes sur l'Angleterre*. It is very rich. The vocabulary is choice and recondite, and sends one to the dictionary continually. His description of London weather is equal to Dickens's and not so prolix. He says 'Nature here looks like a bad charcoal-sketch over whom somebody had rubbed his sleeve!' In the evening Mrs. S. read to me from Emile Sylvestre's '*Le Philosophe sous le Toit*,' a charming book after the style of Marvel's '*Reveries of a Bachelor*.'

"I have spent several hours at the Louvre since my last, mostly among the ancient sculptors. The Salle d'Auguste interested me greatly. I walked meditatively through this splendid chamber, crowded with Roman Emperors, and looked to the ceilings, splendid with the brilliancy of modern French art, and saw there the medallion of the late 'pinch-beck Charlemagne;' and from this hall, that unites the glories of distant ages, I passed through another supported by eight granite pillars from Charlemagne's church at Aix la Chapelle; and then, with a long glance at the Venus de Milo, I stepped into the great chamber of Catherine di Medicis, where this Italian Jezebel held her revels,—where Henry IV married Margaret, where his own body was laid after his assassination, and where the artist who sculptured the caryatides that

give name to the room, was shot at his work on the bloody night of St. Bartholomew. History gets crowded together in some places, doesn't it? The French love to startle by contrasts. Antithesis is the genius of the Louvre, as of Victor Hugo's poetry. Who but a Frenchman would think of putting side by side the statues of Voltaire and Bossuet?

"After dinner I rode out to Mt. Parnasse Cemetery, where we assisted at a Catholic funeral. There we took the Chemin de fer de Ceinture for the St. Lazar station, but carelessly neglected to change cars at the right place, and were taken beyond the walls of the city out towards Versailles. We descended at a small village and walked out into the fields. The stillness of nature was like a reinvigoration from God. The day was 'perfect from its own resource.' He had tenderly 'filled his blue urn with fire.' Paris was visible only in her loftiest domes. God was everywhere. The peasantry among the vineyards attracted us. We had an interesting conversation with one old man. He was an earnest republican, believed Bazaine a traitor, had taken part in the civil war, inquired about the great nation beyond the western sea. Working with his 'pioche' among the vines, he was not a great figure on this round world, but there is One who looks upon the old peasant with a pitiful love that is immeasurable, and woe be to the human governments that despise and ill-use God's poor.

"Friday we entered two French law courts and were very much interested. In every chamber of justice that I have seen in France there is but one picture, viz., that of the Crucifixion, placed back of the judge. I cannot see the propriety of this, unless the spectacle of the great

judicial crime of the ages warns from following Pilate and Caiaphas."

"Wednesday morning. *Comment allez-vous?* I am myself again. Last evening I went with Mrs. Taylor and Willie to the Vaudeville, to hear the great caricature of American manners, called 'L'Oncle Sam,' which is making all Paris laugh. The Americans enjoy it most, though it is basely slanderous. The ladies' toilettes are killingly extravagant. A French Marquis is the hero. You would have died to see how the girls shook his hands and kissed him. Nearly all the women had been divorced. One 'Monsieur le Reverend,' who smokes and drinks, appears with his spiritual wife! One colonel introduces a lady to the Marquis as his 'first wife!' The scenes are in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and on a gorgeous steamboat of the Sound or the Hudson. Irishmen and firemen and shoddy millionaires are the representative Americans! We had a box with a Russian Baron and Baroness, whom Mrs. Taylor met coming from Nice. The Russian lady was very charming, and spoke beautiful English. The Baron and I talked French all the evening. Would that I talked half as well as he."

"Dec. 4. I took dinner with Mr. Hitchcock. We talked of little but the disaster, the sinking of the Ville de Havre. I heard about a queer Frenchman in London who said that if the Thames were only the Seine he would drown himself! Miss H. would say the man was nearly insane and wanted to be so entirely! This day I moved (fourth time) to the south side of this blessed Paris house. O, you ought to have heard Mr. R. talk French last night, on leaving. He said to the proprietor, 'Prenez garde de ma fille!' He means, 'Take good care of Mrs. S!'

"Friday, Dec. 5. A cold foggy day. I went to Mr.

Washburne's and secured a ticket for the French Assembly. One of the Parisian officials kindly lent him another, which he gave to me. So I took Mrs. S. and went to Versailles, buying tickets for the round trip. We took breakfast beneath the shadow of the chateau (it was all shadow),—then wandered through the great galleries, visiting the magnificent room where King William was crowned Emperor of Germany, in January 1871. At a little past two we entered the theatre of Louis XIV, and were admitted to the first gallery, and to the box where Lord Lyons, the English Ambassador, watches the French Assembly. It was a very interesting afternoon. We saw everything. We sat right in front of the President of the Assembly. The Deputies sit according to political affiliations, as you know. The left-centre were right in front of us. The extreme left (radical Republicans) were at our right. You see why—they are on the left of the President. Before the President's stand is the Tribune, from which all the speeches are made. The debate was on the State of Siege. Most of France is under martial law. This was necessary at the close of the war. It is continued to-day, for political purposes. It is a sore task for a man to speak in this noisy body. The interruptions, insults, taunts, hisses, cat-calls, war-whoops are constant. All acted like college boys. We saw a few notables, Jules Favre, who treated with Bismarck, and was President of the Government of National Defense, Jules Simon, one of the ablest French statesmen, Ex-minister of Public Instruction. We heard Louis Blanc, the great socialist. He is almost ridiculously *petit*. We were back at six. I took a cab to 186 Boulevard Haussman, and dined with Professor Hardy and his wife and son. Hardy is a splendid fellow. See his article

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on French politics in the Boston Advertiser. On Saturday, I took my new coat and waistcoat from John Hendry's, my tailor's. I have been economical in clothes while in Europe, wearing some of the garments that you saw. I could say of myself as a Frenchman said in a restaurant the other day, 'Je suis victime de courants d'air!' "



## CHAPTER VI

1873-1874

### SIX MONTHS OF TRAVEL

So extended a tour as my father now made was more uncommon in 1874 than it is to-day. From his letters we ascertain that painting was not his principal interest. Of architecture and sculpture he writes more at length, but it is the historical and religious elements of He shall speak for himself.

"In the early morning of December eighteenth we had a good breakfast, and soon were in the Mt. Cenis Tunnel. As we came out of it the sun made rosy the white peaks of the Alps, and the mist was all gone, and a blue sky as lovely as anything in dreams, broke upon us, and our new world began. The approach to the tunnel on the Italian side is a marvel of engineering. There are frequent openings in the solid rock, giving us a momentary outlook upon some valley and snowy mountain-side, and then all is dark again. A picture of our glimpses into the other world. It is there, in more than Italian beauty, even though we never see it long."

"MILANO, Friday Eve., Dec. 19, 1873.

"A golden day. O, the Cathedral is beyond all fancies. I have explored it in every way, and thanked God for this most precious jewel in the crown of northern Italy. I felt proud that 'men, my brothers' had accomplished so much. It is no slight thing to see a church which has

five thousand statues, an art gallery in the sunlight. Stand here and look up. Those saints poised so firmly and looking so cheerful on those white pinnacles, that mount up so boldly and stand out so clearly against the blue sky, seem the *avant-couriers* of humanity, announcing to the heavens that we shall all yet come up into the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. Then the glory within! The view is unobstructed by the airy columns. Such spaces! Such splendor of sunlight! If this is Gothic, I am the proudest of happy Goths. But the roof! We walked through a marble forest. New surprises at every step. And then up, up, up, three hundred and forty feet, till we saw all the wilderness of beauty beneath us, a flower-garden and fruit-garden of stone. What but silence befits my reverent thought of this marble miracle, and yet I must essay the weakness of words. The bliss of solitude will henceforth be enhanced by a vision that divided my heart between delight and amazement."

"Venice, Dec. 20. The Doges would rattle their old bones to see our iron-courser, mightier than the horses of St. Mark. The city was scarcely visible from the car, I only knew that Venice was near. We stopped at last, and found ourselves in a modern railway station, not noticeably different from one in Springfield or Chicago. The old things followed us still, and we were seeking a city of romance—wait. We descended the granite steps and for the first time in our lives sat down on the black cushions of a hearse-like boat, with a tall and graceful prow, at either end of which a Venetian oars-man makes his meager living by paddling another man's canoe.

"Later, I stand in the center of the Piazza San Marco. It is two o'clock. That brass Vulcan from the clock-

tower on the left strikes the signal bell, as he did four years after Columbus discovered America. A score of other bells tell the same story. The pigeons, sacred birds of the city, know the hour, and from a hundred perches on palace and cathedral, they fly down to the pavements to be fed. They pick the food from that boy's hand. The scene is as lovely and domestic as possible, and it carries the mind back to the thirteenth century, when the Venetian Admiral, besieging Candia, received from Venice on the 'wings of the doves' news which gave him victory, and the grateful city remembers these pigeons, or rather, their descendants, as Berne remembers the bears!"

"Dec. 28. Again this date of Rome—'the most solemn and interesting that my hand can ever write.' So wrote our dear Dr. Arnold, thirty-three years ago. The Pantheon is truly the historic building of the world, and still so beautiful within. It has majestic simplicity, producing one undivided impression on the imagination, not requiring, like St. Peter's, a repeated or prolonged contemplation, not overwhelming you with its magnificence, not calling your mind out into diverse fancies, but filling you with 'one sweetly solemn thought' of the majesty of man as he reaches upward toward God. St. Peter's is 'the Pantheon in air,' yes, but with all modern art and civilization placed beneath it as a pedestal. St. Peter's is a colossal and multiplex thing. Its beauty (for nothing can be more truly beautiful as a whole) is gigantesque and many-sided. The Pantheon is 'simple, erect, austere, sublime.' St. Peter's is a harmony. The Pantheon is a melody. The former overwhelms you in some moods. The latter causes a delicious tremble in your heart, in any mood.

"This morning I escaped all companionship by early rising, and hurried off to the Pantheon, with my sermon.

The great blue eye of the glorious dome shone down kindly on me. I studied what I had written about 'Our Father' in the temple where all gods but 'Our Father' had been worshipped. A little boy and I were for a time the sole occupants of this 'home of art and piety.' I sat by Raphael's grave, and imagined the old Roman emperors stalking in the door as all of them had often done. After reviewing my sermon, and musing away a little time very profitably, I went to the Church of St. Mary on the Capitoline, where the miraculous Bambino is exhibited during the twelve days of Christmas. This doll, covered with costliest jewels, reposes in a manger, and all the scenery of the incarnation at Bethlehem (including the angels) is exhibited after the style of Madame Tussaud in London! The sight is simply disgusting. The superstition suffocates you. I strolled to the other side of the hill. The Tarpeian Rock 'where Rome embraced her heroes' and flung over her traitors, has been almost leveled. It is still high enough to insure death to one who should be pushed over it. I remembered Donatello and the model. I was at the American Church by eleven. A very large audience. Mr. Waite is a capital fellow, a worthy minister of the new era in Rome. I am glad to have had the privilege of preaching Christ in the city where Paul was murdered, and where Luther caught a vision of the second Babylon."

"Dec. 31. Roman streets are not interesting. The boasted Corso is not forty feet wide. Those balconies on each story tell you where you are. The carnival days are not yet past, though their glory is dimmed year by year. Notice that hand-cart with a stalwart Italian pulling at it. See on it those letters, S. P. Q. R. ('Senatus populusque Romanus.') I was startled at the first behold-

ing. The letters which Rome carried on her victorious standards from the Baltic to the Nile, are now painted on a scavenger's cart!

"Beggars besought our pity at the Vatican gate. The tides of Italian mendicancy are not to be kept back by palaces. We hadn't any *permesso* to enter the Vatican, but we entered and told an obliging fellow to secure permission by the time we came out! The gates of heaven turn on golden hinges, those of Rome on copper."

"This evening a large party of us went to the Colosseum. The air was clear in the light of a moon nearly full. There were soldiers about and within the grand old ruin. I went at once to the cross in the center of the great arena where the early followers of the cross were butchered. I seemed in the heart of a mountain valley. The outer wall looked vastly remote. The moon flooded us with her silver waves, and the stars shone through the rents of ruin as when Byron was here. There are little chapels all around the inner wall, and also a Capuchin monk's pulpit, which I mounted. It was very hard to actualize the awful past to the imagination. The gladiators who fought, the wild beasts who tore, the martyrs who prayed, the emperors who laughed or wept at the bloody spectacles, the eighty thousand brutalized spectators, seemed creations of the historian's fancy. The scene before us was too beautiful. In the sunlight you may believe history. We ascended the stairways to the third story of this colossal ruin. I had been up before, but our guide, with his great flambeau illuminating the vast, vaulted passages, gave a weirdness to the scene that was lacking before. The ages have plundered its marbles, and stolen the iron clamps between its blocks, and

built great churches from its walls, but its grandeur is scarcely impaired."

"To-day, January 1st, we saw the stone pillar to which Paul was chained. 'But the Word is not bound,' and the hero-apostle is no longer bound, but rules in all the earth. From this vile cell, his body was carried to glut the shambles of his imperial butcher, and from his departing spirit there went out an influence which has been the inspiration of Christian lives for eighteen centuries.

"We passed over the modern road once more and reviewed the Forum. At times a sense of the awful past comes over me with almost depressing force. Day by day, with increasing knowledge and familiarity, Rome appears to me more and more the image as well as mistress of the world. We looked around once more before climbing the Capitol. The Temple of Concord was the scene of Cicero's magnificent indictment of Catiline. From those few remaining stones, I almost imagine that a voice has gone out through all the world! How the vision to-day is linked with the memory of a little study-room and a little recitation-room far off in the heart of an American forest!

"I have seen, too, Michael Angelo's Moses. It is in the Church of St. Peter in Vinculis, where the apostle's chains are kept. It was to be a part of the tomb of Julius II, and is now,—only it over-shadows everything else, and makes the statue of the pope himself look very mean. Truly, I know nothing so commanding, so imperial, so prophet-like, as this sublime work. Nothing in the Vatican is so profoundly impressive.

"A weak-eyed priest showed us about. 'Do you like the King?' 'By force,' was the reply. Is the mighty church falling?"



"Thursday, Jan. 8th. The whole morning was given to St. Peter's, my fifth visit. Nobody has a right to pronounce on the World's Cathedral until he knows it after long study and repeated visits. I am conscious now of its defects. The façade, which hides so much of the dome, the change from Michael Angelo's plan of a Greek cross to the Latin cross, the ugly statue of St. Peter, the pure cheerful light which pours through the unpainted windows, thereby depriving us of illusions, the many monuments to bad popes, the almost deification of one Galilean fisherman, whose work was so inferior to Paul's—all of these things must be taken into consideration in judging of the world's greatest temple. But you give yourself up to the glory of the interior, and it is not hard to forget, but hard to remember, what I have just mentioned. The ever genial summer air, the mighty acres of marble pavement, the sculptured pilasters, the magnificence of the chapels, the sublime canopy beneath the dome, rising a hundred feet, though seemingly far lower, the endless riches which never tire and always startle you by new disclosures, the long cataracts of sunlight that dash down through the consecrated spaces, and above all that sculptured epic poem, that splendid garden of mosaics, that miraculous thought of Michael Angelo, blossomed out into everlasting azure and purple and gold, from which all holy apostles and saints look down with benediction on your radiant up-turned face, the great, central dome, buttressed by pillars each as large as a village church of New England. All these things together, when God gives you soul and mind enough to know them, make St. Peter's the one church of all the ages."

Years later, in his sermon on Spiritual Worship, he



described the interior of St. Peter's, in which his mind loved to linger.

"You enter the great vestibule of St. Peter's and push aside the heavy curtain and slowly absorb the suggestions of a scene which sometimes dwarfs and dims the spaciousness and splendor of the outer universe. You walk the consecrated pavements where armies might move with freedom. There is no oppressiveness in this grandeur, no gloom in this solemnity. The cheerful light falls tenderly through the ever-balmy air, on marble and mosaic, on bronze and gold. With exultation you move toward the central shrine of St. Peter. Everything magnifies as you approach. The pilasters expand into pillars, which seem mighty enough to uphold the crystal arches of the heavens. Slowly the majestic dome opens to your vision. Its vastness seems lovingly to enclose and shelter your greatest thought of God. But while your heart is thus opened by the sensuous imagination, the divine Spirit finds his home not amid those luminous spaces, but in the worshipper's soul. Here is love which interprets love and renders praises which are more acceptable than the adornments of the world's cathedral. The architecture of man is the plaything of time. And the moment shall come when the golden lamps about St. Peter's tomb shall be extinguished and the miracle of Michael Angelo shall mingle in the dust of ancient Rome; but the architecture of God abides. 'Ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost.' "

From Rome his road lay through Naples, bringing his first view of the Mediterranean "Over which," he says, "had hovered the dreams of my childhood; the beautiful little ocean of the ancient world that buffeted the heroes and apostles of Greece, and Tyre, and Carthage, and Rome, and Jerusalem." From Naples he set sail for

Sicily. On the boat, as had happened to him before in Italy, an Italian gentleman inquired if he were Rubinstein. Of Palermo and Syracuse, he relates much, adding: "We passed what are called the Campis Laestrogonii, where the Laestrogonian savages, referred to by Macaulay in the first chapter of his history, lived. I remember working hard to find out where those fellows dwelt." In his onward way to Egypt, his final halt was Malta, whence he writes: "I never expected to be shipwrecked where Paul was, to caress a Maltese cat above the graves of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, to sit down at a table with nineteen men and no ladies, to attend a sitting of the Maltese Parliament, and to see women who all looked like nuns, yet these things have happened to me."

In Egypt he remained a month, taking the long trip up the Nile to the first cataract. With the stillness of nature, and the ruins of the past about him, as the silent dahabeah kept running aground, he wrote: "A Nile voyage is just such a release as overworked laborers need. It is the true way of finding a rest that is not more wearisome than work." Indeed, such was his content during those lazy weeks spent in conserving energy, that even the Parisian ladies, plying him with questions about "the Indians, Longfellow, and the author of the 'Wide, Wide, World'" failed to disturb his peace, however fractured might be the French of his replies. Let us quote from his letters:

"Top of the Great Pyramid, Feb. 14, 1874. 'Forty centuries look down on you.' How queer it seems to be here! And what a freak it is for me to be letter-writing from such a place, at such a time! I have just made the ascent. There are eleven Bedouins and three Anglo-

Saxons on this majestic mole-hill. One of the rascally fellows who helped us up is singing 'Yankee Doodle,' in order to win from us a 'nice backsheesh.' I look toward the Nile. A Bedouin village lies at my feet. Beyond, are fields that were green before Moses wept in his cradle and will remain green when this monument of human tyranny shall crumble or be swept away. The desert which lies on every side cannot conquer the fertilizing Nile-flood. I sit where Herodotus and Saladin and Napoleon have sat, and look out with saddened gaze over the ruins of Memphis and the tombs of nameless kings. The Sphinx still faces the east, but the hope of this world comes not from the rising sun. Would that you could sit here with me beneath this azure sky."

"Cairo, February 15. Our dragoman, Giogio Caligula, a faithful fellow, is a Greek, and led us to a purely Greek service. Hats off and boots on! 'Off and on' is a frequent expression with us now. The old city of Memphis was called by the Hebrews Noph. The city of Heliopolis is the On of the Scriptures. Hence we speak of Egypt as the land of Noph and On!"

"Monday afternoon we rode out four miles west of Cairo to the famous Shoobra Palace Gardens. The immense fountain in the palace court occupies the whole area. It is unique and, strange to say, was lighted by gas jets before gas was introduced into Paris. If you want to see Cairo life, this is the place to drive. It is Fifth Avenue, Rotten Row, the Champs Elysees, all in one. Camels laden with clover and wood, minute donkeys ridden by bare-legged *fellaheen* (or countrymen) returning home, European adventuresses in fine carriages, American and English starers, and the viceroy himself in

his gilded chariot and gay out-riders, these all jostle each other on the Shoobra Road."

"On the Nile, February 18. 'Egypt,' said Herodotus, 'is the gift of the Nile.' That is all Egyptian geography in a nutshell. The soul comes from God and longs for God. Water comes from the sea and longs for the sea. The rain torrents of tropical Africa, yearning to mingle with the ocean took the easiest route and scooped out a channel longer than the Mississippi, right through the African sand. The Nile is the longest river in the world, and though not so broad and majestic as the St. Lawrence, yet to a Greek, who had seen only the little creeks of Attica, to a Roman who had swum the Tiber and fished in the Arno, or even to a Goth from the Danube, the Nile must have seemed the chief stream of the world. I met, unexpectedly, some compatriots, this morning. They were on an Egyptian bark, and had, each, one leg tied. They were four American birds. American in origin, domestic turkeys. I felt like rushing to their rescue. The Pharoahs never saw a turkey on the Nile. Moses never had roast turkey at the Egyptian banquets. The turkey is America's gift to the world, and I claim every turkey I see as an exiled fellow-countryman. (There, we have just stuck in the mud, and I must go on deck to see what the matter is.)"

"February 28. While anchored at Thebes, i. e., the modern Luxor (east bank) I was invited to spend the evening with an American, in his palatial dahabeah. One of the party in this boat was—who do you suppose? Father Hecker, the genial Irish-American orator, who replied to Froude. I found him delightful. He has been on the Nile since Christmas, resting. He has made great collections of birds, and copied inscriptions, etc., etc.

He said, 'It is well for us, the infants of the world, to come back to Egypt, the cradle. I have had to change my chronology and some other things in the last few months.' I spoke of the doctrine of a future life, as so wonderfully expressed and illustrated in all the Egyptian tombs and temples. 'Yes,' he said, 'and for that very reason, I have thought Moses made very little of it. It was a thing universally received in Egypt, and from wise policy, Moses did not emphasize it. It would have seemed like copying from the ideas of that country to which the Jews were only too anxious to return.' He asked me to call again, on returning to Luxor. He expects to remain some time pursuing birds and his Egyptian studies. I have found the elucidation of several Bible mysteries since coming to Egypt. Stanley's chapter, introductory to 'Sinai and Palestine' is the best picture of our voyage that I have read."

"I must describe an evening's entertainment. It was at Luxor. The German Consul there, an Arab, invited the Baron to ask us all to an Arab concert. In an upper room of the consulate, well furnished for a wonder, we were seated around the walls and treated to pipes, cigars, coffee, sherbet, and date-wine. The musicians, four in number, sat on the floor. Two of them played a sort of violin, an instrument sounding like a saw undergoing the surgery of a file. An old woman, partly vested, played a sort of drum. Then four dancing girls, black and ugly, came in and sat down and sang right barbarously. Next came the barbaric dances, accompanied by the jingling of little cymbals. The girls then rested and smoked and drank wine and went at it again. Our ladies were stifled by the smudge, deafened by the noise, and alarmed at some of the possibilities of the dance, when the wine should take

effect! I signaled to the Baron to give the sign to go, but he was afraid of offending the Consul. At last I arose and excused myself and the ladies followed. The men stood it through. All the descriptions you ever read about the beauty, etc., of the dancing girls of Egypt is ridiculous, lying bosh. They are the most disgusting creatures that one sees anywhere."

After leaving Egypt, the pivotal point in the next month's journey was Jerusalem, and of Jerusalem, the Holy Sepulchre. But it was six days after landing at Joppa before he saw the city of David. Swerved by the power of mere sentiment, he, with his traveling companion, six guides and servants, tents and provisions, fourteen horses and mules, made a detour by Bethlehem, Hebron, and the Dead Sea, that they might first behold Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. They traversed the Plain of Sharon, "one great wheat field," and encamped in the land of Benjamin, bright with scarlet flowers resembling poppies, which pilgrims called the "Saviour's blood drops." He thus relates part of the story: "We reached Bethlehem at four in the afternoon, and found our tents pitched on the eastern slope of the hill in an olive-grove, just below the convent walls. In the convent, or rather in the grotto, are Turkish soldiers, kept there by the Sultan to prevent the Christian sects who guard the cradle of Jesus from cutting each other's throats! I asked my Latin guide how many Greek monks there were in the convent. His reply was '*Nous ne regardons pas les Grecs.*' This is the saddest thing about Bethlehem. 'Love one another.' I met an Arab here, who fought in the French army at Sedan. He was pointing out the hills beyond the Dead Sea, giving the modern Arabic



names. I asked him which was Mt. Pisgah. 'Mt. Pisgah! I never heard of that!'

"You remember Jacob's prophecy concerning Judah, 'Binding his foal to the vine and his ass's colt to the choice vine.' Some of the stalwart knotty vines looked like good hitching-posts. We followed the brook, (called a road) and soon spattered into Hebron, a Mussulman city of ten thousand inhabitants, very vile and fanatical. We knew there were Jews in Hebron, with some one of whom we hoped to get a lodging for the night. This we succeeded in doing at once, and then rode through the town, dirty, vile, infernal, in search of the Mosque or Harem (one of the four sacred places of the Mohammedan and Jewish world), beneath which is the cave of Machpelah, the tomb of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah. We were scowled on by the villainous inhabitants, who are taught to hate all Christians. Crowds of boys followed us to the great Harem. We knew that it was impossible to enter, that a bribe of a million dollars would have been scorned. Still we wanted to see the building beneath which was the cave, the only possession which Abraham ever had in the Promised Land, his tomb and that of his children. This is one of the few spots in Palestine about which there never has been and never can be dispute. The tomb was honored and guarded in the days of Josephus, the early Christian writers describe it, the Crusaders honored the shrine, but the Moslems have held it now for nearly seven centuries. A sheikh conducted us to a part of the outer wall, where a small portion of the natural rock of the 'double cave' (Machpelah) is exposed. This the Jews are permitted to kiss. I had little time for reflection or sentiment. The rascally boys were bent on insulting us. My coat was pulled three



times and a nasty wreath of straw was flung against me. I turned and hurled it back! The rhinoceros whip which I had in my hand kept the villainous rabble a little way off, and gave me a sense of power which was refreshing. I have seldom been so indignant. I felt that Abraham was my father, as well as theirs. His life of faith was the glory of the whole religious world, and I did not enjoy being insulted by the Ishmaelitic branch of Abraham's posterity, who had no spiritual relationship to the 'Friend of God.' From the countless stones at my feet, I felt that God could raise up better children to Abraham than these infantile furies about me."

"Jerusalem drinks from a broken cistern. Her palaces are buried beneath seventy feet of ruins. Her only garden is Gethsemane. And yet no one ever approaches any other city with the burning eagerness of him who is drawing near to poor, discrowned Jerusalem. Her broken rod swallows all their kingly sceptres. In the early dawn we broke our camp at Elisha's fountain, above the plain of Jericho, and began the chief journey of our lives. We had gone to sleep, the night previous, with a certain awful consciousness that before another evening came, we should climb to the ridge of the Mount of Olives and look down on the city of David. It was early Saturday morning when we turned our horses' heads Zionward. We had nearly four thousand feet to climb from the depressed Jordan valley to the mountain-throne where Jerusalem sits between the lion of Judah and the wolf of Benjamin. Behind us was the past of Jewish history. From our saddles we caught glimpses of the Dead Sea, sending up for us as for Abraham a cloud of vapor, that seemed the smoke of its eternal torment. Beyond, was the long blue line of the Moab Hills. Pisgah and Nebo were



From a Photograph taken in Rome in 1873.



there, indistinguishable. From that azure wall the dying prophet had seen the land of promise and looked down on this plain of Jericho, then covered with palm-trees and busy with life. Amid those hills that touch the eastern horizon, Elijah had been caught up in fiery translation. Along the green line of the willow-shaded Jordan the voice of the Baptist had preached repentance as the kingdom of heaven drew near. But our eyes seldom reverted to all this. Eager expectation urged us on. Men will laugh even in Palestine. It is the oldest of proverbs that new skies do not make new people. A person is true to himself, put him where you will. Women talk fashion in St. Peter's and study dress in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. As we entered the noble harbor of Alexandria, 'the chief sea-port of the world,' I heard a New York stock-broker and a Bombay merchant discussing Eries and Illinois Centrals. Our amusement came from Mohammed the sheikh, and his diminutive donkey. This animal was perhaps three feet and a half high. On his back was a little mountain of clothes and forage, with saddle-bags containing the day's luncheon, and a leather water-jug filled from the last spring. Perched on this heap sat Mohammed, with a double-barreled shot-gun strapped to his back, his short legs bare to the knee stretched out horizontally on either side, while his red Damascus slippers pointed like church-steeple, religiously toward the skies. While he sat thus, in oriental meditation, his eagle nose almost resting on his hairy chest, the donkey, like Lot's wife, was seized with curiosity to observe what was going on behind and suddenly reversed the position of his fore and hind feet. Result, Mohammed lay by the roadside. He was not meditative, but profane. Then Mohammed scrambled back on his whirligig and

fell into meditation until the animal repeated his observations of the landscape behind, when Mohammed struck gravel again, and again climbed back to his perch. Poor Mohammed! like many others, he found Jordan literally a hard road to travel!

"The simple mule-path, which needs no stroke of pick and shovel, is the true Syrian road. However rocky its bed and however slow the horse's or camel's foot in overcoming the difficulties, the oriental mind is content. There is a leaden satisfaction in following the old paths. There is no desire for speed, and no mercy on the beast.

"It was something to enter the Holy City by the path the Saviour followed in his last journey. When noon came, we rested and lunched near two of the most characteristic features of Palestine scenery, a fountain and a ruin. Egypt is watered only as the mechanical skill of man can utilize one great mysterious force. But the Lord gave his people a land wet by the rains of heaven, a land of springs and fountains. Those are still God's bounty to the oriental traveler, and by them one is sure to see the relics of human sin and fallen greatness, the broken foundation of some tomb or temple or city wall or modern caravansary. At half-past one o'clock we entered St. Stephen's gate, where watch is still kept by the four lions of Godfrey.

"It is an event in a prosaic life to stand for the first time at the gates of a walled city, especially an oriental city. Here are the outlets and inlets of all activities. The gates of Jerusalem came to mean the city itself. Jehovah loveth the gates of Zion. They are the darlings of the Lord, and the highest note of the Psalmist's praise is the cry, 'Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates, and the King of Glory shall come in.'"

"The Holy Sepulchre is brilliantly illuminated within and without. Napoleon's tomb in the Hotel des Invalides is the only other in the world that seems equally magnificent. You stoop beneath a low archway and enter the ante-chamber, where the stone on which the angel sat is exhibited. Then you bow yourself once more and stand in the holiest place of this world, if places can be holy. Golden lamps make the once dark tomb of Joseph brilliant as the gateways of the sun. The native rock of the tomb is covered over with other stone. The marble which overlies the mantel on which the Saviour lay has been worn with kisses and washed with tears. I was never elsewhere so greatly moved. There came visions of armies trooping from every land and meeting in close-set battle about this sacred sepulchre. Rivers of blood seemed flowing through its double portals. The very mistakes of his followers illustrated the majesty of him for whose tomb the Christian world was proud to die. Then I watched the worshippers of the hour. Here was an old man from the frozen steppes of Siberia, a true Scythian of to-day. Then came a Greek priest in rich vestments, followed by a poor woman from a village of Lebanon: Dark Egyptians and fair-haired sons of the west, here met as children of Him who hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth. At last a Nubian woman, black as Ethiop's queen, passed the sacred portal, and thinking of the wrongs which she symbolized and of the freedom which Christ had wrought, I felt that the Holy Sepulchre had deepened one lesson in my heart, and that henceforth for me there should be neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free.

"On Sunday afternoon I came down the Mount of

Olives and entered the little gate which opens into Gethsemane, it must be close to the site of the ancient garden, and there read the story of the agony of prayer and the conquering might of His purpose to do the will of the Father. Eight venerable olive-trees, some of them fifteen centuries old, sentinel the sacred ground. The olive is the Christian's tree. The graceful palm was once the symbol of Palestine, as we learn from the coins of the Maccabees. The vine was once the glory of Judah, and wreathed its great marble clusters on the portico of the last temple. But palm and vine are gone, and the olive abides."

From Jerusalem he journeyed northward, pitching his tent at Nazareth, Damascus, and Beirout. His record reads: "April 6. Our Lord did not look upon superb natural beauty or grandeur. The hills encompassing Nazareth are almost barren. A few olive-groves and fig trees are about. One level wheat-field leads southward toward the great battlefield of Esdraelon. There was very little in the ordinary view on which the soul of the Divine One could have fed. His inspiration was not from nature. He was above it. He knew the soul of natural things, but his own soul was not formed and fashioned by the outer world. His 'youth sublime' was lighted from 'fountains elder than the day.' His Father wrought upon him, so that the divine type within him took possession of his manhood. It seemed very sad to me, this afternoon, as I thought of ancient Nazareth, to think of Jesus having lived for thirty years in the midst of miserable humanity, waiting his time. But Nazareth is not all commonplace. We climbed the hill back of the village just at sunset. It was a difficult walk of twenty minutes, well repaying us, however, for we had one of



the most extensive views in Palestine. The sun was just dropping below the ridge of Carmel, that ran away out into the sea. The Mediterranean (dragging my fancy clear across to the western world) lay there, snug against the mountain, and broadening away toward the horizon. I never knew before that Jesus might daily have looked at the sea, on which the world was to come to visit the home of his childhood. South of us was the great Esdraelon Plain, the Plain of Megiddo (the Armageddon of the Apocalypse), with Gilboa and Tabor in the midst of it. Eastward were transjordanic hills and northward the snow-peak of Hermon. The contrast between the Nazareth vale and this hill-top view reminded me of that between the obscurity of Christ's early life, and the growing glory of to-day."

"We left Nazareth at seven this morning, climbing the hill which closes the vale on the north. I looked back on a scene of peculiar interest, Nazareth, with her churches and white stone houses, nestled in the vale, amid her cactus hedges and olive-trees. A flock of black goats were feeding on the hill-side, to the west. A string of fifteen camels (pilgrims from Damascus to Cairo) was entering the town. Two camps of travelers were just breaking, and scores of pack-animals stood about the Virgin's Fountain. In the cemetery more than twenty women were wailing over their dead. I could but think of the words of the beloved disciple of the Nazarene, 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.' I shall always remember my last view of Nazareth."

"Damascus, Saturday evening, April 11, 1874. I write from the oldest city of the world, a city that may have been old when Abraham chased hither the five kings who

captured Lot. At seven I saw Damascus on the horizon, with its white minarets shooting up from a wilderness of verdure. At two we entered the city. I spent the morning in reading the book of Acts. It is very easy reading on horseback. We followed the road which Paul must have taken. To me Damascus is associated with what I regard as the greatest event in the history of Christianity, the conversion of the persecuting Pharisee into the servant of Jesus Christ. The sun fairly burned down on us. What must have been the brightness of that light that shone above the brightness of a Syrian noonday! Damascus is encompassed with gardens of tropical wealth of vegetation. 'A diamond set in emeralds' as the Arabian poets say, and yet earthly and sensual. To live like a Damascene is to be a lazy animal trying to forget everything, or a spry animal trying to get everything."

The last of April he set sail for Athens. He writes on shipboard: "April 22. Yesterday morning at eight the hills of Cyprus were in sight. We soon dropped anchor in the harbor of Larnaka, the chief seaport of the Island, where five hundred Greek pilgrims went ashore with the patriarch of Jerusalem. There are still seven hundred people on the steamer! Such a sight as the decks present! We went ashore for two hours, called on the American Consul, General Cesnola, who made the famous Cesnola collection of Cyprian antiquities, now in the Metropolitan Art Museum at New York. I sent him my card with a word or two about General Bates, who was in Libby Prison with him. (The Consul was sick and wouldn't receive the party.) A blue-coated 'kavasse' rushed down stairs like lightning to order me into the general's presence. We had a delightful talk about General Bates, etc. Cesnola spoke, with tears filling his eyes, of Sum-

ner's death. 'the best man in America,' as he called him. The sad news came to me in Beirut. How the mighty oaks have fallen! Sumner has been my ideal statesman ever since I gave my boy's soul to the cause of freedom. I could write his biography from my memory. How glad I am the old Bay State did tardy justice to her greatest son whom she had insulted. Sumner had his faults and made his mistakes, but as long as human history shall be written, his name will be known as that of the bravest soldier that ever carried the banner of freedom. A man of peerless culture and of granite fortitude, he gave a giant's strength to the help of the lowly. His name and fame have gone out through all the earth. His words are classic while the English language endures. His work and his memory are America's priceless heritage. God save the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts! God bless the Republic! I have had a few proud tears to shed beneath the cedars of Lebanon. A 'cedar of God' has fallen."

His face was now turned homeward. Thoughts of happy meetings and of work to be done pressed in upon him but they could not dull the edge of Grecian charms. He writes: "This morning dawned on the Ægean with a beauty that made me a sun-worshipper. Homer's sea is wonderfully lovely. No wonder that Greek fancy drew Venus from these waves." And again, "As we left Athens the hills were so blue, I thought them vast blocks of lapis-lazuli with a background of luminous, palpitating, amber sky."

From Greece, his course ran up through Italy, Paris, and London. From Florence, in an article that was printed in *The Independent*, he describes the International Flower Show.

"An International Flower Show, in such a city, in the

month of May! It is like advertising the return of Arcadia, or the rehabilitation of the Golden Age. The King of Italy gave his royal but not handsome presence to the simple ceremony of the inauguration. The face of Victor Emmanuel is in striking contrast with Italian art and nature, and especially with such a combination of natural and artistic beauty as Florence to-day exhibited. As the King stood on the summit of the great cascade, surrounded by gigantic plants of rarest grace, and looked upon the gay dresses, the bright uniforms, and the floral profusion below, one could but think of a fairy scene, with a buffalo as the central figure. But Flora rules to-day, and it becomes us to examine her beautiful treasures. On our right as we enter are two little gardens of tulips, from Haarlem, of almost every conceivable combination of color. I believe no nation ever ventured to compete with Holland in tulips. 'What can he do that cometh after the King?' Here are pinks from Geneva, looking too sweet to sympathize with theological warfare. Augsburg comes to Florence with a rich bouquet in her right hand, and extorts a 'confession' to which there are no dissenters. A collection of pansies from Leghorn, some of them black, others only 'freaked with jet,' recalled the violets which Lowell, in dreary February, threw on the grave of his friend, the poet, Arthur Hugh Clough. The roses bloom there now and the English cemetery smiles with May blossoms. I made my pilgrimage to Mrs. Browning's tomb to-day; but gazed with deeper emotions on the plain slab inscribed with the name of the great Boston heretic. Loving hands had decked the grave with white lilies of Val d'Arno. Those of us who believe that Theodore Parker strayed far from the truth must admire the greatness of his heart and the strength and

fervor with which he loved the God whom he had not seen and the brother whom he had seen."

In London he writes of two preachers. "When I arrived in front of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, I found myself one of a thousand waiting. But I showed my card to an usher, and he referred me to an officer who gave me a little ticket in the shape of an envelope, saying, 'Put something in the envelope, drop it in that box, and walk in that gate.' I was admitted to the first gallery. When I explained how far I had come to another usher, he said that all Americans talked just that way. Still, he gave me, after a while, a seat in the front row, near the great elevated platform called the pulpit, and I was thoroughly happy. The vast room was filled at fifteen minutes of eleven, just as completely as Beecher's church. Mr. Spurgeon looks much younger than I supposed him to be. Indeed, he is only forty. After a strong, vigorous, spiritual prayer, he read one of Watts's hymns, with his glorious voice, and then we sang! I thought I was back in Plymouth Church. Then he read parts of the sixth and seventh chapters of Acts, commenting in a way that would have delighted Walter, and did me. Then came another prayer full of memorable things. 'Get glory out of us somehow, O Lord!' 'May we be on tip-toe of expectation of invisible things.' He said that his heart was envious with a hunger for souls when he thought of the Lord's work in Scotland. (Afterwards he spoke of Moody and Sankey.) He prayed for America in a way that made a fellow cry! Then came another hymn, then the notices, and then a sermon an hour long, on Stephen's martyrdom, one of the richest, most pungent, and most telling sermons I have ever heard. Spurgeon went far beyond my expectations. What a grip on the Saxon

English he has! Here is something that I noted. 'Death is only the crown. Life is the head that must wear it.' The sermon was followed by the benediction, a new thing, to me. I am not sure but Spurgeon has rightly divined human nature, in this feature of the service. God bless the great apostle! He has not Beecher's versatile genius and varied culture. He has not Beecher's variety. He does not stir you all up, as Beecher does. But he sends arrows right through you. He preaches Christ with a heart as big as Luther's and with a mastery of English like John Bunyan.

"About three I went into Westminster Abbey in the north transept, just below the statue of Lord Mansfield. The crowd filled every inch of standing and sitting room as far as I could see. The music was the sweetest that ever came to my ear. When the service was over, a new man arose from a new part of the abbey to preach. He seemed to be about fifty-five years of age, wore a black velvet skull-cap, and read from a blue manuscript his text, Ps. 68:1. 'Now let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be scattered.' His voice reached everywhere (where there was anybody to listen). His reading was not stiff, but hearty, and good-natured. The man's face was pleasant and thoughtful. He spoke of the origin of the text. David had taken it from the morning shout of the Camp of Moses. He illustrated its frequent use in Old Testament history, with fulness of learning. Then he described occasions in the history of the church when the words 'Now let God arise,' etc., had rung out like a trumpet. He spoke of Origen, and Savonarola, and Cromwell, with a touch of the old rhetorical brilliancy with which he had made me familiar as I read his words in my library in the far west, or by the Jordan, and be-



neath the walls of Jerusalem in the far east! I needed no one to tell me that I was listening to an old friend. Dean Stanley preaches a splendid Christian morality. He knows what Christianity is in its relation to civilization, to the state, to society, to church organizations, but he could not bring a living Christ to the masses as does Spurgeon. I love him for his large charity. I admire him for his wide and elegant scholarship, and I gladly shout the old war-cry, 'On, Stanley, on!'

The following are selections from his last letter to America, written partly in London, partly on shipboard, to Mrs. May Riley Smith:

"I must not write a word till I have laid my offerings at the feet of the young child. Permit a man from the east (not a wise man) to pay his tribute to the little king who has come to bind its father and mother with new chains of love. I have no gold (to spare)! I have no incense (I neglected to buy it when in Jerusalem). I have no myrrh from 'the spicy shores of Araby the blessed.' But I give my love and my prayers to the little wingless cherub, and I freely offer you any advice in the training of this new 'heir of all the ages in the foremost' cradle 'of time.'

"I send you a flower from the chestnut-tree in Abney Park, under which Watts used to sit and meditate his hymns. I have visited his grave in Bunhill Fields, near that of dear John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe. I preferred Robinson Crusoe to Pilgrim's Progress when I was of your age—(I mean when I was young!) but my tastes as well as my needs have changed since. Opposite Bunhill Fields is the chapel where John Wesley preached. I went up into the great man's pulpit and occupied it! Wesley's tomb is just back of the chapel. I send you a



floral souvenir which you may give to any Methodist friend that wants it. There is one Englishman that I revere more than any other. Of course I found my way to St. Giles's church, and stood with proud and grateful love over the grave of John Milton, 'the glory of English literature, the champion and martyr of English liberty.' How many recollections, reaching back to my early college days, when I slept with the big red volume of Milton's works, came to me then! How much of my mental furnishings, how many of my best aspirations have come from years given to the study of him who wrote with the pen and heart of an archangel! Leaving St. Giles, a beautiful church, fit resting place for a beautiful soul, I felt a familiar sensation creeping over me. So I entered the Milton Coffee House, and sat down to a sixpenny dinner! It was pleasant, as I devoured my roast beef, to look up to the walls of the room and see Milton's face looking at me, and Cromwell's, too, and that of Macaulay, Milton's greatest eulogist. I call that a literary dinner. The cost was sixpence ha'penny. I must be exact.

"One of my happiest afternoons in London was spent on the Thames, riding way down to Greenwich and Woolwich and back. Did I see the grand spectacle of London's glories, as the swift boat shot along? Yes, but, I had just purchased for eleven pence Beecher's last lectures on Preaching (the best thing that ever came from him) and I devoured three of his discourses with more hunger than I have had for the last six days. He made me almost forget Westminster and the Temple and the Tower and the great bridges and all the pageantry of river life. You see I am getting into my preaching harness once more.

"Let me tell you a pleasant thing. You know of the

great revivals in Edinburgh and Glasgow, under our friends Moody and Sankey. Have you thought, while you have been in your sick-room far away, that your words were comforting and inspiring thousands, in the land of cakes and brither Scots? But it is a fact. I was much amused yesterday in Glasgow, to see in a shop window, among photographs of eminent persons like Queen Victoria, John Bright, Earl Derby, etc., the smiling face of our friend Sankey. The minstrel shall stand before kings, might be added to Solomon's Proverbs. (Mr. Sankey was singing one of Mrs. Smith's songs, "Let us gather up the sunbeams.") What a world of memories my mind wanders through as I review the past year. I am certainly the same old fellow—a little stouter, far healthier, perhaps a little less mean—for I have had a wonderful experience of divine goodness."

## CHAPTER VII

MASSACHUSETTS YEARS 1874-1881

My father spent the next seven years in Massachusetts. During this period we can readily descry changes in his character; for like every life, whatever its unity, his was a kind of palimpsest; at times its former record was partly erased, and for it another substituted. His new inscriptions may largely be assigned to his new environment. He grew both less impulsive and more intense as he assumed responsibilities in communities where the evils were more rigid, distinctions of rank allotted with greater nicety, and sympathies but slowly demonstrated.

In 1874, he entered Andover Theological Seminary, where, although for a time Professors Park and Phelps were absent, he passed a profitable year. The autobiography of John Stuart Mill was causing much discussion that fall; and many Christian people were of the opinion that it would do serious harm. In a debate under the auspices of the Porter Rhetorical Society, he upheld the opposite side, which accorded with his life-long faith that fair play is ever wise as well as honorable, and that the larger truth must eventually absorb the lesser. His winning the debate may also possess significance. Throughout the winter he frequently preached in Park Street Church, Boston, and so successfully that its deacons made advances to him. These, and a call from the First Congregational Church of Detroit, he rejected, believing himself as yet unequal to a metropolitan pulpit. In this he doubtless acted wisely; he was but twenty-seven years old,

with uncertain health, and a still scanty stock of sermons. Besides, some lessons can be mastered quicker in a small community than in a large one. When asked by a friend if he were waiting for opportunities, he replied, "Yes, and making them."

Dr. Francis E. Clark tells us: "It is nearly thirty years since I met him first. He was a student in Andover, alert, erect, wide-eyed, with a *distingué* look that has grown with the years, and which befits the crowding dignities and honors of these later days. One of my first recollections of my friend was when I as a student was walking down Andover Hill on the eve of a debate with another school in which I was one of the contestants. I met Barrows walking up the hill, and he sung out in his cheery way, 'Go in and win, Clark. I believe in you every time.' Doubtless he has forgotten the incident long ago, but I have not, and it is characteristic of his life.

"I have seen him when upon the same platform with myself follow a somewhat uninteresting speaker with glowing face and moistened eyes, because he saw the beauty and nobility of the thought which others, looking only at the halting outward expression, failed to catch. I have knelt at the same bench with him in the Quiet Hour at a Christian Endeavor Convention while the leader offered the closing prayer, and the rude bench shook with the intense emotion of the one at my side. A cold-blooded, critical man would very likely have been picking to pieces the rhetoric of the prayer, and have risen to his feet unmoved.

"This is the secret, in part, at least, of Dr. Barrows's moving eloquence, for few men can sway an audience as he can. He himself opens his mind to others, and because of this, others open their minds to him. He is moved

by others; therefore he moves others. This, too, is the secret of the abiding character of his friendships. He does not use men for his convenience and profit, and they never suspect him of it. He does not love a friend to-day and discard him to-morrow because he has got through with him. When he grapples a man to his heart it is with hooks of steel, because it is the man's good points that he sees and loves, while he is generously blind to his weaknesses."

Reverend James L. Hill, another friend whom he made at Andover, writes: "In that day ministers used to discuss the question, 'In preparation for the pulpit shall a man prepare himself or his sermon?' Dr. Barrows prepared himself. He stopped at nothing that would better fit him for public service. He lived for it; he died in it. Worn with his studies in Andover, and with supplying Sundays the Park Street Church in Boston, he would say to me on Saturday afternoon, 'Let us get a horse and carriage and you drive. The morning cometh. The service will be enough better to justify it.'"

That work to which he at length gave himself lay in the neighboring city of Lawrence. The accomplished Reverend Theodore T. Munger had just resigned from its Eliot Congregational Church. This had been founded ten years previous by a half dozen influential families who felt that some church was needed to reach the factory employees. Its membership now numbered one hundred and twenty-six. My father was involved in debt which he had contracted during his expensive foreign travels. With the debt the Church, in February, offered to help him, if he would accept its call. To its people his heart went out, and without waiting to receive from Andover his B. D. degree, he began his new duties in Lawrence, on March

14th, 1875, and was both ordained and installed the 29th of April.

With the ordination he had some difficulty. The examination by the Andover Conference surprised him. It was far less thorough than he had anticipated. Moreover, on one point he disagreed with his examiners; it was his belief that all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ should be invited to the Lord's Supper, whether church members or not, since the minister stood simply in the place of Christ, who had made the invitation general. After being badgered for several hours, he lost one vote, by his quickness of retort. When it was suggested to him that the Devil himself might accept his invitation, he rejoined, "We have him ever with us." Without reaching a decision, the meeting adjourned, to reassemble later. At length the audience gathered above for the Installation service became impatient at the delay, and the conference, unable to make him retract, voted to ordain him. Years after, when the reputation of Andover for over-liberality frightened the churches, many a committee wrote to him, asking if in his opinion it would be dangerous for them to call a young Andover man whom they liked. He must always have smiled at his invariable advice to "offer the young man a chance." Dr. E. K. Alden gave the sermon that ordained him into the ministry, and the Boston preacher could hardly have selected words more singularly appropriate to the new pastor, than his text, "Bring forth things old and new out of the treasury."

On the sixth of May, that same year, though still in debt, he was married. This proved a wise step. In Lawrence, as always, my mother was of incalculable aid to him, not merely in many practical ways, by her ability to economize, her large Bible class of factory women, her

calls, her hours of reading aloud, undaunted even by "Charnock on the Attributes," but by her good counsel, high ideals, and unfailing sympathy. Through their combined efforts and prayers and the support of its members, the Eliot Church grew rapidly, more than doubling its membership. Both Missionary and Temperance work interested him. At his invitation Francis Murphy conducted a remarkable temperance campaign in Lawrence, in which he assisted. But the church was in his mind primarily a place of prayer, wherein men received the sacraments and learned of God. A church was not a factory, but a mountain stream. It was a minister's duty to keep its springs pure, its waters abundant, its bed unblocked with rubbish, rather than to construct mill-wheels for it to turn or ships to float on its surface. Any attempt to cure the evil in human hearts without Christ, he used often to say, was like trying "to extinguish Vesuvius with cologne water." And the means that most profoundly interested him for bringing men to God through Christ was preaching.

Hence he naturally continued his theological reading, spent hours daily in Bible study, and devoted most of his strength to sermon writing and to preparation for prayer-meetings. During the summer of 1879, while the church was being enlarged to accommodate its increased membership, he preached in the city hall. To his surprise, he had crowded audiences, and the Lawrence papers printed and discussed with enthusiasm his sermons. Some of these were on such popular subjects as the "Duties of Husbands and Wives," "Amusements," "Church-going," "Hopeful Signs in the Political Life of Lawrence," "Modern Attacks on the Bible;" others, on "Tempta-



tions," "Christian Contentment," "The Divinity of Christ."

One of his chief experiences during those Lawrence years was his attendance on the Beecher Council. It will be remembered that for some time Mr. Beecher had been scurrilously attacked by his enemy, Theodore Tilton; that in 1874 a Committee of his Church had completely exonerated him; that the Beecher-Tilton trial had then ensued in the Brooklyn city court, at whose end the jury and public were divided over Mr. Beecher's innocence, in which the judge and leading lawyers believed. In 1876 there was still hostility to Plymouth Church and to its minister, and much trouble was being caused by a few members who refused to attend its services and threatened to call councils if their names were dropped from the church roll. Therefore, in February, Plymouth Church summoned a National Advisory Council, extending invitations to one hundred and seventy-two churches and twenty-eight eminent ministers without churches. The joy felt by this young and unknown Lawrence pastor on receiving an invitation to join the council was intense. His faith in his hero, over whose sufferings and diminished influence he grieved, had never flagged. The following are extracts from letters to his wife: "Brooklyn, Feb. 16, 1876. In Dunton's store I was taken for the 'gasconading harlequin' Tilton. On entering Plymouth Church we were surrounded by friends \* \* \* Henry Ward was there, serene, happy, without a care,—except his care for others, for he was busy distributing letters to members. We sat by General Bates. The galleries were filled. The body of the house was reserved for delegates and pastors. At two, Mr. Beecher stepped upon the platform; the pulpit had been removed, and flowers were there in great abun-

dance. Nobody who saw him, as with perfect command of himself and dignified deliberation he began his address of welcome, would have imagined that any trouble had come to his life. His Saviour's words were true of him, 'My peace I leave with you.' His address was beautiful and just to the point. He spoke of our leaving work that could ill spare us, but hoped that through God's blessing on us here, we should carry back to our labors a new spirit of Christian zeal and love. Dr. Bacon was elected moderator, nominated by Dr. H. M. Storrs. Governor Dingley of Maine, and General Bates were elected assistant moderators. After Dr. Bacon's appropriate opening words, and the appointing of a business committee, came Mr. Beecher's address. It was simply sublime. I never heard more impressive speaking. All felt that the Lord was with him. \* \* \* Mr. Beecher had designated the pastor and delegate of the Eliot Church to the house of Professor Raymond. We told Mr. Beecher that we were being entertained by friends, and he said, 'It is best to have as little as possible to do with Plymouth Church.' "

"February 17. Mr. Beecher was asked many questions and his replies in the evening were electrifying, especially in his account of the relations of Dr. Storrs and Dr. Budington to himself. Men broke down and wept. This Council will do great good, simply by clearing up some things and enabling men to see matters as they are. News of Dr. Bushnell's death came this morning. Dr. Bacon and President Porter spoke, and Mr. Beecher prayed us all into tears. God bless Mr. Beecher."

Among his diversions were the study of history, Dante, and Art, and a journey to Utah, where he became much interested in the Mormon problems there confronting

his brother Walter. He and his wife were given to hospitality. They entertained relatives, friends, and many such celebrated transients, as Joseph Cook, and Washington Gladden. One of their most frequent and delightful guests was an old Paris acquaintance, the distinguished artist, Colonel James Fairman. Under Colonel Fairman's supervision an art circle of two hundred members was formed in Lawrence, and it came to pass that during one winter my mother read to my father nearly forty books on art. Another charming guest, in 1878, was Wendell Phillips. They were then living a little out of town where for several weeks no servant could be induced to follow. Throughout the two days of Wendell Phillips' stay, the domestic machinery moved so smoothly that he failed to perceive that Mrs. Barrows was running it unaided. At his departure she could not resist telling him. He thereupon rebuked her for keeping him in the dark, remarking, "I could have been of great assistance. My chicken and coffee might have equalled yours, for, owing to my wife's invalidism, I have learned to cook scientifically, and after the servant's sudden exit, my wife sometimes says, "This is so delicious, I suspect the girl's gone!" After Wendell Phillips' death, years later, my father wrote of him:

"I knew him a little and loved him much. He was personally the most fascinating of men, and the closer you came to him, the more delightful and noble he seemed, with his 'ineffable sweetness' and that winning courtesy which disarmed all prejudice. It is said that the measurements of the Apollo Belvidere were almost precisely those of Wendell Phillips. But while he had the personal splendor of the Greek Apollo, the light which warmed his soul and flamed his cheek, and seemed at times

to surround his whole person, fell from the Transfigured Christ. Several times I have bowed and knelt with him in prayer, and have listened to his own voice in supplication, and I believe that, tolerant as he was with freedom of thought, severe as he was in rebuking churchly sins, impatient as he was with all cant, he had a child's heart of piety. Of course he had more faith in the religion of action than in the religion of profession alone. After relating to me many instances of noble self-devotion on the part of others in the rescue of fugitive slaves, he would ask, 'Wasn't that Christian?' He spoke to me of a certain scholarly and skeptical English book that he had just read, and asked me to find and send him some thorough criticisms of it which he thought must have appeared in some of the theological reviews. 'Christianity,' he said, 'is a great moral power, the determining force of our present civilization. Unbelief has written books, but it never lifted a million men into a united struggle. The battle for human rights was finally fought on a Christian plane.'

"I heard him lecture on nine different occasions, beginning with the winter of 1867, and on none of these was there anything to call forth his latent power. But I had learned by heart the volume of his addresses published in 1863, and I now attribute to that early familiarity with his words, the best part of my knowledge of public speech. Of course he disappointed those who are charmed by vocal displays and loud sensationalism, but when roused, he made men feel not only the rhythmic beauty of his tones, of his sentences, and of his manner, but the moral greatness of the orator himself. Beneath the easy and graceful words there was a subduing majesty and might. At the close of one of his lectures in

New York, I introduced to him my friend Alexy, who said, 'How can one speak so?' Mr. Phillips replied, with that smile which was sunshine to his friends, 'Have it in your heart, and then practice.' Profound sincerity was at the root of his eloquence, added, of course, to some of the finest intellectual gifts man ever possessed, and besides this was the drill of years of debate.

"His life and words were joined into an indissoluble moral oneness. A colored minister once came to me for help for his Church. I inquired if he had seen Wendell Phillips. His eyes rolled, and with wondering joy he exclaimed: 'Yes, and he gave me fifty dollars.' In a quiet, constant benevolence, Mr. Phillips's fortune melted under his touch. A friend of mine saw him coming out of Music Hall in Boston one Sunday afternoon during that winter before the war, when his life was in perpetual peril. It seemed unlikely that he would reach home alive. But his face was radiant as if with a martyr's expectancy of triumph. I shall never forget his amusement in relating how a Boston mob, following him homeward, broke a druggist's window. Shortly after, the apothecary sent Mr. Phillips a bill for the broken glass. It was like receiving a coat of tar and feathers from a Western mob, and then being required to pay for the feathers and the tar. In describing how the eggs flew while he was addressing a hostile meeting in Cincinnati, Mr. Phillips said, with child-like amusement, 'Every egg hit, but the eggs were good; it was in the spring of the year.'

"His errors were the mistakes of one who had been taught to mistrust the organized selfishness of men, of one who could not be tolerant of wrong, and who must lift his voice wherever it seemed to him that

'Freedom raised her cry of pain,'

whether that cry came from the shops of Lawrence and Lowell, the swamps of the Carolinas, the hovels of Ireland, or the ice-dungeons of Russia. My judgment has not always been his in more recent years, but I believe, with one of his eulogists, that he deserved 'A monument at Dublin and St. Petersburg, as well as at Charleston and New Orleans.' I once heard him contrast the fame of those who catch the sentiment of the hour and are popular in their brief day, and the fame of those purer and more strenuous souls who reflect the mind of God and shine like the stars in all the after ages. 'The fireworks,' he said in effect, 'fill the sky with their blaze; a few hours pass, and the rocket is extinguished; the torch lies in its own dust, while above are Orion and the Pleiades, eternal and serene.' Into the galaxy of unwaning stars he himself has entered. He takes his place with Hampden and Milton, with Algernon Sidney and Sir Harry Vane, with Samuel Adams and William Lloyd Garrison, with Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln, with Kosciusko, Kossuth, and John Bright, with O'Connell and Mazzini, with Victor Hugo and Garibaldi, among those who have grandly befriended the rights of man and enlarged the shining area of human freedom."

It was with regret that my father thought of leaving the manufacturing city on the Merrimac. His work had been blessed, his two oldest children had been born there, and he had made many life-long friends. Yet in the summer of 1880, he accepted a call to the Maverick Congregational Church of East Boston, where he was installed in December, Dr. Alexander MacKenzie of Cambridge preaching the sermon from the text, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself, as he who putteth it off." He found his now enlarged life full of interest. At



the Boston ministers' meetings he came in contact with men whom he admired, like Doctors A. H. Plumb, S. E. Herrick, J. L. Withrow, William J. Tucker and Charles F. Thwing. Then, too, for this western man a glamour rested on New England's men of fame. It was pleasant to see Longfellow and Lowell at public assemblies, to watch Amos Bronson Alcott dine off lettuce at the Parker House, and have a little talk with him, and to listen in the street car to Wendell Holmes, as jumping about, he poked fun at his seat-mate, Robert C. Winthrop, because Sumner got his statue first. His chief hero of these years was Emerson, on whom he had called in the summer of 1874. The following letter describes his Concord visit:

"I was a little shaken at the thought of meeting the very person of him who had filled my brain with golden words. I came to the house, a large, two-storied, fresh, brownish-blue frame building, embowered in trees. The gate was open. Two little girls, who had been carrying milk there, were in the large yard. They had no fear, evidently. Soon a young man came hurriedly on the piazza, and with a white napkin scared away two red dogs. I saw that the Concord sage must be at tea, so I walked back toward the hotel. I soon returned, however, entered the gate, stood at the door, and lightly rang the bell. Mr. Emerson's daughter, a girl of seventeen, I think, came to meet me. I asked for Mr. Emerson, gave my card, and was politely ushered into the library. I sat down on a very spacious sofa, and looked down at my feet. What seemed a red wolf lay there, ready to spring at me. It was the queerest sort of a rug, made of fur. I scanned the library, and looked at the pictures. Right back of me was a striking portrait of



Carlyle, with his own autograph below. Soon Mr. Emerson entered, and he took my hand cordially and broke my heart by the sweetest smile that ever lighted a man's face. He was dressed in a dark gray, farmer-like garb. There was a boyishness in the old man's look that told of a happy heart, that had never been 'madly with its blessedness at strife.' He asked if he had ever met me before. I said 'No, Sir; my only excuse for calling is my gratitude, and the respect in which I hold you.' He thanked me as only the supreme gentleman can, and ushered me into his sitting room, where we had an hour's delicious talk, about Springfield and Lincoln first, then about my travels, for he soon learned that I had just returned from Europe, then of his travels in Egypt, then of Athens. I told him of Marathon, and he was intensely interested to learn that I had seen the most famous of battlefields. He didn't know that any one could safely visit it. He told me of a townsman who had returned from Athens, with 'his face illuminated,' etc. I confessed to him that after seeing Rome and Egypt and the East, I stood on the Acropolis and repeated his own lines:

'Earth proudly wears the Parthenon  
As the best gem upon her zone.'

This evidently touched Mr. Emerson, but 'the wise nose's firm built aquiline' curved sharper at once, and the wise old man talked slowly on, as though he cared less for himself than his subject. He wanted to show me some large photographs of the Parthenon, the work of Mr. Stillman, the American Consul at Crete. As he did not find them at once, I told him to take no trouble, as I had seen them. Mr. Emerson talks in the simplest, most deliberate way, sitting 'with eyes averse' while giving his

views or speaking of himself, but turning with a benevolent smile toward you when he asks you a question. He told me about the burning of his house, and then spoke of Concord, of Walden Pond, and talked long and lovingly of Thoreau. I quoted Lowell to him, 'Thoreau studied nature like a detective who was to take the stand.' Emerson replied, 'Lowell is wicked toward Thoreau. I have always complained of his treatment of him,' etc. Then I asked if Lowell had returned. 'Yes, ten days ago. I have not seen him yet. We were in Paris together. Lowell is a man of great genius and capability.' I spoke of Lowell's 'Agassiz' and asked if this was not the best thing he had done. 'No, no,' Emerson said, very emphatically. He told me about hearing it at the Boston Club, and then criticised it. He thinks the 'Commemoration Ode' Lowell's best serious writing. He told me about Concord, asked me where I was going to live, hoped that I might make Concord my home (this was after I spoke of the possibility that Massachusetts might be my home). As I rose to go, Mr. Emerson called his son, Dr. Emerson, a young man of twenty-two perhaps, and introduced me to him with this speech: 'Mr. Barrows has travelled from Springfield to Damascus and has seen the old world, and now he wants to see Concord; can't you show him the sights tomorrow?' The doctor was more than willing. He is to call here at ten. 'R. W.,' to quote the inn keeper's nomenclature, then said, 'If my horse were not lame you should have her,' and spoke of his present work (he is overlooking Thoreau's manuscript) as his excuse for not offering his own services to me. Did you ever hear anything quite so splendid as that?"

"At ten Dr. E. W. Emerson (whom I came to know

as one of the nicest fellows in the world) called and we began work at once. He took me to the summit of old Burying Ground Hill, and we sat down on a brick tomb, while he recounted the history of Concord. Some of the tombs are of great interest. I saw one belonging to a person who was born two years after John Milton. That seems like a link connecting America with the remote past. Then we started down Battle Street, the doctor pointing out trees and houses that were here at the time of the Concord fight. He talked with great animation and seemed pleased with my interest in what he said. We entered the doctor's office to study a map, then leaping a neighbor's fence we strolled down toward the Concord river, where, at the bridge, now gone, the first resistance to the English soldiers occurred. Emerson said, 'In that house, on the right, there is a copy of a sketch of Concord, made by one of General Washington's staff; when we return we'll call in and see it.' Poor fellow. I attributed all this to mere kindness. The result shows that there is much human nature even in the son of a philosopher. We stopped at Mr. Keyes's house, as we walked back, to see the picture of course. The young doctor didn't knock, but shouted up stairs, 'Annie, Annie.' A very pleasing, sensible-looking New England girl came down and I was introduced. We entered the parlor and young Emerson explained the picture, as 'Annie' thought he could do so better than she. I was looking at the picture, intently, but I think that the loving eyes of my companion were meanwhile exchanging the 'right Promethean fire.' As we left, the good physician squeezed the fair girl's hand, and she said, 'Don't forget the bullet-hole.' So we looked at the old bullet-hole, carefully preserved, one of the marks about the house which tell of its relations to the

neighboring battle-field. Then the Doctor said, 'I am at home in this house. I am engaged to that girl.' If an old Concord musket had burst under my left ear, I could not have been more shocked. How could he do it? Shall the children of the Sun, the scions of Olympian divinities, be like the world's rabble? Has philosophy bestridden Emerson's great brow for sixty years, in vain? Do not her old eyes weep to see Emerson's child after the flesh fondling the soft hand of a Puritan girl? What is the race coming to? Is civilization a failure? I said to myself, 'John, never get engaged.' I said to Emerson, 'I can sympathize with you perfectly.' Emerson and I became more cordial. Then we leaped fences, and darted into the woods, and he told me about Thoreau. Passing through a vineyard of Concord grapes, we entered Sleepy Hollow cemetery, and soon, with foreheads bare, we looked on Hawthorne's tomb, and I said,

'November nature with a name of May,  
Whom high o'er Concord plains we laid to sleep,  
While the orchards mocked us in their white array,  
And building robins wondered at our tears.'

Near by is Thoreau. I send you some souvenirs from Hawthorne's grave. It is a charming spot, that where 'New England's poet' sleeps. God has wiped the tears from those sad eyes.

"As we started on, Emerson told me of Arthur Hugh Clough, who stayed long at his father's house. He himself was a boy then. I asked if he agreed with Lowell's estimate of him. 'Yes.' Then he said, 'I have his best poem in my office. If I had known you were interested in him I would have shown it to you.' Then he repeated, 'As ships becalmed.' We climbed, through thick brush, a steep hill, and were in Hawthorne's back yard and passed

down Hawthorne's walk, to the grass below and looked up at the house, where for many years the prose-poet lived. We walked on past Alcott's house. Mrs. Alcott, Louisa M. and 'May' were sitting under the elm trees before the mansion. Emerson raised his hat and was smiled on. He asked me if I wanted to see Mr. Alcott. I said 'No,' and we walked on. Then we climbed a hill and had a view of Monadnock and Wachusett mountains. Then we went back through the cemetery where our journey began, and the village was 'done.' I told Mr. Emerson that I had never enjoyed a day in Europe better. He was only too glad to do what he had, and asked me to come again and go with him to Walden Pond."

In the spring of 1881, my father was called to the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago. Although this new opening greatly attracted him, he felt bound to decline. He had been but a winter in East Boston, and the Maverick Church was thirty-three thousand dollars in debt. The Chicago committee persisted in their claim, finally offering to pay five thousand dollars toward this debt, if he would come to them. Mr. Edward Kimball, a famous raiser of debts, then happened to be in Boston. With his assistance the entire debt was raised that summer, and my father accepted the Chicago call. A garbled report of his resignation got abroad, and the following conversation was overhead at a Congregational installation where my father gave the sermon. One man said, on seeing a friend, "You here! I didn't suppose you had ever stepped inside of a Congregational Church." "I never have, before. I've come to hear the man who was paid five thousand dollars to leave that denomination."

My father once wrote: "Directly in front of my study table is a large picture of my wife, and near by are the

photographs of four of my children, while over to the right my eye falls on three bulky volumes called 'The Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams.' There is a clear and straight line of Providence leading from the second to the first. If it had not been for the volumes, I never should have had this wife and these children, and should never have sat in this Chicago study. The greater part of our lives is beyond our control. We are swayed here or there by the most trivial circumstances. During my last year at college, I took up the New York *Independent* and read, with great interest, a review of Wells's 'Life of Samuel Adams,' just published. I soon got hold of the books, and was so deeply interested that I took the revolutionary patriot as the theme of my graduating oration. Three years later, while living in Kansas, I developed the oration into a lecture, and gave it in the town called Independence. In the audience was a man who had formerly lived in Springfield, Illinois, and unknown to me, he kindly sent word to some Springfield friends that the lecturer might make an acceptable preacher there in the vacant pulpit of the First Congregational Church. This letter soon accomplished the wish which it had expressed. After a year or more in Springfield, I found myself possessed of money sufficient to warrant my going to Europe. I resigned and was soon on the deck of an Anchor Line steamship, where I made the acquaintance of a New England teacher whom otherwise I never should have met, and who, within a few weeks, promised to join forces with mine. While in Paris, I made the acquaintance of Mr. F., who eight years later was indirectly the means of my being invited to the First Presbyterian pulpit at Chicago. For more than twenty years the chief events in my life have turned on an incident so trivial



that but for its effect, it might never have been remembered. The first moral of this story, of course is this: Be sure that your subscription to the New York *Independent* does not run out, and the second is even more important: Do leave in the Third Chapter enough of the Calvinistic theology to indicate all things are decreed from eternity, and that man's freedom in his little sovereignty is in some way mysteriously accordant with the divine rule over all things."

Thus these busy years came to an end. He had lectured a little, studied much to learn of God, and had scaled, often after slips and falls, some of the chief obstacles confronting a minister. Into his sermons had crept a Puritanic sternness, as if New England's ancient spirits were besetting him, and few of his listeners departed, unmoved, when he preached on God's retribution by means of the torturing remembrances of an outraged conscience. We quote from his sermons:

"It is said we are living under the warmth and light of Divine Fatherhood; we have escaped from the wintry cold of the doctrinal teaching to which our fathers listened in meeting-houses where their feet and hands were half frozen with actual cold. We don't need to hear of death and the Divine wrath against sin. Let us bask ever in the sunshine of the Fatherly love which paints the gold of the buttercup and the blue of the sky, that brightens all our domestic life, that deepens and ennobles all our earthly affections, that robs the grave of its terror and irradiates all things with blissful hope. I thank God that we have escaped from the dungeon of despair, that we are learning that love is a more constant influence for good than fear, and if we can only maintain the equilibrium of truth, not forgetting nor neglecting any part of



that word which is profitable for instruction in righteousness, not casting aside the wholesome restraints of law, not rubbing off the sharp corners of truth till it has the glossy smoothness of a lie, if, I say, we can still preserve the sharp distinctions which are the basis of morality and call things by their right names, good and only good will result from the change of emphasis which has come to Christian teaching. Summer is better than winter, but when you pass from winter on Saturday to summer on Sunday, sometimes the whole system is unstrung. Moral changes have in some cases been too sudden.

"Over against our human ignorance is God's awful eye, seeing things as they are. And if the Holy Spirit should bring His purging fire to men's vision of sin, and the world could behold its iniquity as contrasted with the pure splendor of God, it may be that a wail of horror, drowning all of the noises of Nature would shake the expanse of heaven. Every gambling hell in Chicago and New York, every hall of dissolute revelry in London, Paris, or Vienna, every gin palace on the Thames, every drinking-hole on the shores of Lake Michigan, every church where hypocrites kneel, every house where godlessness reigns, every den of secret vice, would send out its shrieking inmates into the streets and men would pray as though billows of red fire were roaring after them, 'like masterless hell-hounds.'

"Eternal life, His gift, is not merely some future prize to be won, and eternal death is not merely some future misery to be escaped. Life is begun here; incipient perdition is all about us. The horror of sin is not its penalty but its nature; the anguish of a lost soul is its eternal loneliness, its voluntary and perpetual exile from God, its flight from the embrace of the Everlasting Arms. Do

not speak about the punishment that follows sin; speak rather of sin as its own punishment. Do not separate sin and hell; sinning against God is hell. The wicked heart that comes to know itself creates a Gehenna.

"If we are to have in our land a republic of God and not ultimately a lair of ravening and roaring tigers, we must stock our stores and our caucuses, our Boards of Trade, and our council chambers, our legislative halls and our executive mansions, with old Hebrew righteousness, fresh from Mount Sinai. Our Christianity needs to get a new inspiration from John Knox; it needs to catch the tones of thunder in which Savonarola denounced the corruptions of Italy; it needs the courage with which Paul made Felix tremble, and the unflinching eye with which John the Baptist stood before adulterous Herod; it needs to live at times in the atmosphere of the statesmen-prophets of old Israel; it needs to take up, if occasion requires, the scourge of small cords with which the Lion of the tribe of Judah drove the traffickers from the temple."

Under his preaching, many had entered the church. He had learned to penetrate the seeming cant of feeble minds and hearts, to the genuine warmth within. He had practiced patience when at the mercy of mediocre people. He had discovered the difficulties of making the life of the spirit real to men of no spirituality, and the comparative ease with which he could touch the hearts of those who had caught glimpses of heavenly visions. These experiences left him less light-hearted, slower to judge, more compassionate with the weak and troubled. Yet in spite of such sobering influences, the Gospel that he believed and declared, was ever good tidings. It was still manifest that the chrism of his anointing was the oil of gladness.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND ITS MINISTER 1881-1886

My father left the Congregational church with regret. He liked its stress upon independence and equality, its strong personalities, liberal theology, and progressive policy in connection with social reforms and benevolent enterprises. The chief mother of American colleges and contributing the original impulse to foreign missions, it had held in its ranks many of his personal heroes. If it had not settled the place of its council, neither had Presbyterianism the rights of its elder; if it had run off into Unitarianism in New England, Presbyterianism in England had done the same. Nor did the methods peculiar to Presbyterianism at first attract him. Not used to so much machinery, he feared and disliked it. To submit the records of his session to the presbytery appeared to him unnecessary red tape, and the rebuke accompanying their return, because his clerk had neglected to state that a certain meeting opened with prayer, represented distasteful surveillance. Then, too, although he believed the Westminster confession of faith to "contain the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures," it held much that he did not believe, and its emphases were by no means his.

Nevertheless he became an enthusiastic Presbyterian. The theology of the New School closely resembled that which he had learned from Mr. Beecher. He found the past, too, of his new denomination inspiring. He wrote in

1885: "It has a history linked with the annals of the reformation in Switzerland and France, in Holland and Scotland. Its story is read by the light of martyrdoms and of Puritan camp-fires; it is never forgetful of Calvin and Knox, Coligni, and William of Orange; its triumphs are associated with the Long Parliament, the Westminster Assembly, and the Continental Congress; it numbers among all who bear its name two million five hundred thousand communicants, one million of whom are on this side of the sea; it has made itself strong in the Middle States and the great middle classes; it has sent out its missionaries to nearly every land; it has given to Biblical and theological and philosophical scholarship such names as Edward Robinson, Henry B. Smith, Charles Hodge, and James McCosh; it has claimed for its pulpit such orators as Chalmers and Guthrie; it has built up great charities, and rejoices in princely givers like Morgan and Dodge and Cyrus H. McCormick." Moreover, after the first he heartily advocated the distinctive policy of Presbyterianism—discovering in its methods of church government no rightful impediment to liberty, and a great aid in removing friction in the single church and in preventing injustice to the individual by furnishing higher courts of appeal. The strength of its comparative solidarity, and the dignity attached to its great, smoothly-working organization, pleased his conservative love of tradition and decorum. In the freedom with which it opened its doors to all believers in Christ, requiring only of its clergy and elders acceptance of its standards, he thoroughly believed. It may be, too, that as time elapsed he feared somewhat the danger of disintegration attending the greater radicalism and looser organization of Congregationalism. There is a touch of something more than fun in his saying to

the Congregationalists of Chicago, "I certainly think that you have too many burning questions for your own healthiest life. They make you lively brethren, but is there not peril of one-sidedness and distortion in remaining for years before such a *blazing* theme as that of Future Probation? I feel like giving the great Boanerges of Boston and some others the warning the boy gave to a big, bow-legged man he saw standing before a fire in a hotel parlor: 'You'd better move away from that fire, mister, you're a'warpin'.'" Methods of church government, however, never seemed to him vital matters, and his dominant life-long feeling toward these two denominations was evidently love for both, delight in their likeness, and expectancy of their union. "It is pleasant," he says of them, "to know that we are much alike and that the fences which separate us are not made of barbed wire, to get through which would lacerate even a long-horned Calvinist; they are like England's low walls covered with ivy, which beautify the landscape, and sweet hedges of hawthorn or yellow blossoming furze, in which the thrush and the mavis have sung from the days of Chaucer, with friendly stiles here and there, the haunts of lovers, who invite those living on one side to come and live on the other.

"There is no need for Professor Phelps of Andover and Mr. Blaine of Maine to argue the desirability of organic union between such kindred drops as we. Arguments will not hasten what other influences are accomplishing. When I see men zealously striving to do what Providence will, in His own time, achieve, I think of that New Yorker who was afraid he should miss the ferry-boat he wished to take. Just as he reached the pier, he saw the boat nearly ten feet away and he leaped for it desperately

and reached it, bunting his head into a gentleman's stomach, flinging his bag one way and his umbrella another, and shouting breathlessly, 'There! I caught it!' 'Yes, you, sacred fool,' said a calm bystander, 'but this boat is coming in.' "

Beneath some of the pleasantries of an address that he made in '85 before a union meeting of the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian seminaries of the city, lie both his generous catholicity and his affection for his own denomination. "The very names we bear," he said, "indicate the fact of our limitations. 'Baptist' suggests a distinctive form of doctrine with regard to one of the sacraments; 'Methodist' a distinctive form of Christian life; 'Congregationalist' and 'Presbyterian' distinctive forms of church government. Then each denomination has suggestive connections with Scripture without finding its legend written on every inspired page. One carries on its escutcheon the name given to the heroic forerunner of Christ; another is ruled by officers bearing the title, if not precisely the functions, of the bishops of the early church; another suggests by its organization the simplicity and brotherly equality of primitive Christendom. And what shall I say of my own denomination? I was making an address at an ordination in this city a few years ago, in which I referred to the loving fellowship of Paul and Peter and John in the council at Jerusalem, and the next morning I discovered in one of our dailies that 'Mr. Barrows had spoken very earnestly in praise of the early champions of Presbyterianism.'

"These denominations are like the four parts in music; each lovely by itself, but the four together bringing out the full richness of the treasure-house of harmony. If the alto pathos belongs to the Methodist, and the so-



prano, so clear and captivating at its best, though liable to be roughened by a New England east wind, is the sweet possession of the Congregationalists, and the mellow and far-reaching tenor pertains to a denomination so wide extending and so ripe with age as the Presbyterians, the noble bass may surely be claimed by the Baptists, whose voice mingles so grandly with the sound of many waters. Let us praise God for the variety which delights us in nature, and which ought equally to delight us in church life. If the Methodists, with their order and their fire, may be likened to the punctual sun whose heat preserves our world from death; the Baptists to the fresh, abounding, purifying life of the majestic ocean; and the Congregationalists, with their splendid examples of individual development, and their steady and surprising contributions to intellectual life, to the stars of heaven—perhaps the Presbyterians are the blue, the illimitable blue, which overarches the sea, and in which even the sun and stars move and shine!”

Doubtless his heart was warmed to his new denomination by the First Presbyterian Church during the fourteen years that he presided over it. At the time of his installation, December 8, 1881, its membership was between eight and nine hundred. Among its supporters were many strong men, some of them, like D. K. Pearsons and Marshall Field, of national reputation; old settlers, whose force and sagacity had overcome great obstacles, and scores of younger members who were closely connected with the upbuilding of Chicago; men and women of varied talent, devoted to the church and ready to coöperate with a leader who should possess large ideals for them, their city, and their country. Among them were some men of great generosity, and my father



loved to tell how, after presenting the cause of a certain mission church to one of these, he received fifty dollars, with the remark, 'I wish it were two hundred and fifty, but the church you ask for is the fifth church to which I have subscribed this morning.'

And that the church held a place of historic interest in the community did not lessen its attractiveness for him. The first of its ecclesiastical records reads "1833, May 30. About thirty professing Christians in the garrison brought from Sault Ste. Marie to this place landed on the 13th of May, with the Reverend Jeremiah Porter, pastor." From this record my father perceived that the church would soon complete fifty years of history. His suggestion that this semi-centennial be observed met with enthusiastic response, and on June 24, 1883, large numbers of former members, all of its living ministers, including Mr. Jeremiah Porter, and many friends assembled to do honor to the past. The service was beautiful, with special decorations and music, including a festival hymn by Mr. Philo A. Otis. We quote from my father's interesting and comprehensive historical sermon:

"Mr. Porter brought with him to Chicago, in 1833, as many Christians as were then to be found at that frontier post. Previous to this, on the 19th of August, 1832, Mr. Philo Carpenter, with three other earnest Christians, had begun a Sunday School, the first that was established in Northern Illinois, except one opened by that heroic missionary, Reverend Aratus Kent, in a dram shop in Galena." After Mr. Porter's coming, in order "to accommodate both soldiers and citizens, preaching services were held for some time both at Fort Dearborn and at Father Walker's cabin at Wolf's Point. This scheme was unsatisfactory, and Mr. Porter advised the erection of a

frame building, suggesting that subscriptions made toward his support should go toward the church edifice. This plan was adopted, a building committee was appointed June 11, and application was made to the Home Missionary Society for Mr. Porter's support. On June 26, the church was organized, adopting the covenant and articles of faith of the Presbytery of Detroit. Sixteen persons, four of them women, were received from the garrison; five men and five women were received from Chicago." This, the oldest church organization in Chicago, though starting from such humble beginnings, had played a large part in the city's life. In an important sense it had been the mother of the Second, Third, and Fourth Presbyterian, and the Plymouth Congregational Churches. During its history it had enrolled more than three thousand communicants. Probably no church in the West had contributed so largely to missions and benevolences. Its church edifice being swept away by the fire of 1871, it had united with the Calvary Church and moved south to the corner of Indiana Avenue and Twenty-first Street. The famous trial of Professor David Swing for heresy, on charges brought by Professor Francis L. Patton, was held in 1874 in its lecture room, its minister, Dr. Arthur Mitchell, acting as moderator. Under Dr. Mitchell, too, its large mission, the Railroad Chapel, was rebuilt at an expense of seventy thousand dollars, and placed under the charge of Mr. Charles M. Morton.

On the next three days of the semi-centennial celebration large meetings were held at which former pastors and representatives of other churches and denominations gave reminiscent and congratulatory addresses. The many columns the newspapers devoted to these gatherings suggest their great local interest. Among the trib-

utes that the Church received, this selection from Professor Swing's address may be taken as an example and close our account of this anniversary :

"During my seventeen years in Chicago, no quarrel in the choir, no difficulty with the sexton, no flat note from the soprano or tenor, no poor sermon or good one from the pastor or from the supply, no analysis of the mental forces of the pulpit of this First Church has ever failed to come sooner or later to my willing or unwilling ear. Nothing is more visible than a church. The steeple is no more conspicuous than the necktie of the clergyman or the half-minute doze of an elder.

"This church has borne well this strong light, more searching than electric. There are some men and women who look best when the lights are dim in the parlor and when there are red globes to create for a half-century face the flush of an earlier date; and others there are whose faces would suggest that the lamps be not lighted; but we meet this evening in the parlors of a creature that need not fear the full beams of open day."

In February, 1883, my father enlarged the work of his church by opening Sunday evening preaching services, in Central Music Hall on the corner of State and Randolph streets. These services, costing about three thousand, seven hundred dollars a year, and supported by the generosity of about thirty members of his First Church congregation, were continued for four winters with extraordinary success. Three years after their inauguration he thus described their purpose, to the ministers of Boston: "We endeavor to reach a class of people who do not go to the evangelistic services in Farwell Hall or to any of the mission enterprises of the city. And we succeed. The effort is to make the service largely educational and

attractive to the more thoughtful class. The best homiletic work which I am capable of, I do not hesitate to bring before my miscellaneous congregation at the Hall. Its quality averages well with that in our churches. I have spoken on such themes as 'God and Science,' 'Man's Need of God,' 'Religion and Human Progress,' 'Revelations of Nature Concerning the Divine Existence and Character,' 'Reasons for Regarding the Scriptures as a Divine Revelation,' 'Miracles,' 'Justification by Faith,' 'Difficulties of the Bible,' 'Popular Objections to the Bible,' 'Modern Missions as an Evidence of the Truth of Christianity,' etc. The reason that these services have more than held their own after three years, in my judgment, is that we have endeavored to make them reach such people as I have described. Temporary and more showy results might have been achieved, possibly, by a different method from that pursued." Not only was the Hall seating twenty-three hundred filled, but often hundreds were turned away. Those in attendance were, for the most part, non-churchgoers, and his preaching did much to bridge the chasm between the church and the unevangelized. Wholesome Christian impressions were given to many thousands in the turmoil of intellectual unrest. Personal testimonies by the hundred gladdened my father's heart. Although no after meetings were held, scores of persons reported to him their intention to begin to lead Christian lives. Their stories would probably fill a book. By accident he learned of one reckless youth accustomed to spend his Sunday evenings in places of dissipation, who was induced one Sunday to attend the Central Music Hall service, of which he had heard so much at the Palmer House. Going two Sundays in succession, he was "cut down," as he said, and formed

the purpose to live a Christian life. As a result of his changed ideals, eight young men in the office where he worked were led to unite with the church. This work was commended by religious papers all over the country and many ministers wrote to learn of "Dr. Barrows's methods." These were very simple. As many of his audience came half an hour early to get seats, he caused to be distributed at the doors each week two thousand printed slips, with the hymns for that evening upon one side; on the other, extracts from Christian writers, letters from Mark Hopkins and Dr. Storrs stating why they believed in Christianity, facts about the progress of the Church, and names of good books on the Evidences of Christianity. The case is known of a young man thus led to buy Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll," and by this induced to give up infidelity. Most of the slips were read and taken home, some were sent to mothers far away, thus becoming, as my father said, "bearers of comfort as well as of healing." He believed, too, in congregational singing as an effective means of bringing the Divine life to men, and in this the assistance of a large chorus and of Mr. William L. Tomlins, the distinguished conductor, in leading the singing, did much to secure the desired results. To preach in a public hall is like trying to warm men with a fire out of doors. Yet some way Central Music Hall seemed to forget the opera singers and diamonds and cold-hearted gayety of its weekly audiences, as hushed and solemn it saw my father touch men's hearts and consciences. He was an "evangelical," not an "evangelistic" preacher. He revered truth too deeply to be sensational, but "evangelical" and "dull" were not synonyms in his vocabulary. Through his sincerity, wisdom, and eloquence, he could bring home old truths.

Brimful of his theme and speaking without notes, he won his audience, and of the results of this preaching no estimate is possible.

In 1883, also, public attention was less pleasantly turned to him. That summer Mr. Beecher came to Chicago to lecture. Calling on his old friend one Saturday, and learning to his surprise that Mr. Beecher had no engagement to preach the next day, my father naturally invited him to occupy his pulpit. Mr. Beecher accepted at once, and preached for an hour and ten minutes the next morning before a full house. To the greater part of his sermon the most conservative old school Presbyterian could find no objection, but with questionable taste he took occasion, early in the hour, to attack violently several Calvinistic dogmas. As efforts were at that time being put forth to effect an organic union between the Northern and Southern branches of the Presbyterian church, Mr. Beecher's "unorthodox" preaching in a Northern Presbyterian pulpit happened most inopportunately and evoked much indignant comment. *The Central Presbyterian* and *St. Louis Presbyterian* vehemently berated my father for offering his pulpit to such a man, cited his action as a good reason for opposing the union of the Northern and Southern churches, and kept the matter for some time before the public. One writer to the *St. Louis Presbyterian* stated: "Every minister I saw during the week—and they were many—was deeply indignant at and sorely criticised Dr. Barrows's action. I venture to say that his influence in the Northwest is at an end." His church, conscience, and liberal minded friends, however, stood by him. He had a way of winning hearts, and in 1885 Dr. Gray wrote in the *Interior*:

"The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church is the



beloved disciple among the ministers of Chicago. He is so full of kindness and gentleness and good-will for every class, condition, and type of man, and of belief, that he has been regarded as deficient in silex. He is not the man to be put in commission when Agag is to be hewn in pieces. But when anything for the promotion of brotherly love or for the amelioration of sorrow or of destitution or of despair is to be done, they send for Brother Barrows. Men of his type are hard to start on the war-path, but still harder to stop. Possibly he might be so, though we think he would be hard to start and easy to stop. As an orator—in the sense usually conveyed by that word—he has no superior in the pulpit of Chicago, of any denomination. A rich, full, elevated, picturesque, sympathetic tide of thought—a spoken anthem—is his style. He indulges in the most genial humor, which trickles and tickles down through the audience, and stays with them, and they laugh gently over it when they think of it for a day or two. Dr. Barrows is tall and slender, and not rugged in appearance, but he appears to bear the heavy strain which the pastors of the leading churches must endure, about as well as his physically more stalwart brethren. We wonder whether such kindly men do not have a better time of it in life than those who shove their way by main force? Is it not something like a ship with a sharp prow, gentle curves, and a propeller that works smoothly beneath the surface, and does not rise to the top and lash the waves into foam? We think so. And yet we suppose that it requires less to give them pain than it does the men who give blows freely, and expect to take them. However it may be, here

‘Blessings on your gentle pow,  
John Anderson, my jo.’”



Compared with later years this early period of his Chicago ministry was not crowded by the pressure of outside demands. Still the boundaries of his parish steadily extended; we find him lecturing and preaching more often outside of the city; giving, for example, addresses at the convention of the American Sunday-school Union in Newark, New Jersey, and in Music Hall, Boston, at the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

Of these years the winter of 1886 was the busiest part. In January, Professor David Swing, who had withdrawn from the Presbyterian Church in 1874, and at the head of the Central Church, an independent organization, had continued his ministry ever since, completed his twentieth year as a Chicago minister. He had reached the widest audiences up to that time accorded to any American preacher, and though preaching no dogmas, had by his spirit of faith, hope, and love, raised thousands from despair into serene and lovely living. It was natural enough, therefore, that four hundred of Chicago's most distinguished citizens should gather at a banquet in the Palmer House to do him honor. It was also right that my father, who, although his theological views were quite other than Professor Swing's, appreciated and loved him, should make one of the chief speeches in his honor, saying among other things, "He has been a high priest of the beautiful in the midst of our Philistinism, an influential preacher of the value of the ideal in a prosperous community which is supposed to appreciate the art of wrestling and the art of butchering swine and the art of 'fixing' election returns far more than Lessing's 'Laocoön' or the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture.' Professor Swing, let me close these remarks by a recognition not only of your

services to the higher life of this community, but by an expression of the kindly feelings of that group of your friends whom I represent. Dr. Hodge of Princeton once wrote: 'Old controversies of opinion are passing out of view—I dread being estranged from any who really love and worship our common Lord and Saviour.' Our differences have not estranged us, and you will allow me to give you this benediction, 'May the light of the true and the fair and the good ever shine on your brightening path, till, returning late to heaven, you shall see the King in His beauty.' "

For thus praising a man theologically "unsound," my father was severely criticised, one paper referring to him as a "truckling Iscariot." Not simply anonymous letter writers, but some of his esteemed fellow ministers could see in his action nothing but a compromise with his faith, one of them writing: "In this desperate fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, in which some of us have been looking to you for help, in these times of fashion, gayety, and greed, you have turned your guns upon us. However unwittingly, it seems to me that you have dealt our common faith a blow in this city that every enemy of evangelical Christianity will rejoice over, and from which it will be a long time in recovering." My father thought quite otherwise. He was always an enigma to men adhering to systems, too literally logical to allow for the spirit blowing where it listeth.

Probably, though, no one in Chicago that winter worked harder for evangelical Christianity than he. The city was so full of anarchistic and atheistic sentiment, the churches so spiritually dull, that the Presbyterian ministers met together for several all-day prayer-meetings. My father preached to his people on spiritual crises and revivals, and

held extra services, with the assistance of Mr. W. W. Newell, Jr., of the McCall Mission, Paris. In February, the ministers on the South Side, determining to unite their efforts to awaken the consciences of the large numbers unreached by the Church, called the Georgian evangelist, Sam Jones, to their aid, and inaugurated a series of meetings in the Casino Skating Rink, on State and Twenty-fourth Streets. So far as attendance and the genius of the speaker went, these meetings left little to be desired. Ten thousand people a day often listened to Mr. Jones's matchless wit as he urged them to "quit" their "meanness." The after meetings, too, were crowded, and my father was one of those who worked night after night till morning answering questions and trying to help those who swarmed about him. In this work the South Side ministers stood valiantly together, yet it was far from being an unqualified success. Mr. Jones's jokes were often coarse, sometimes almost blasphemous. Rich and fashionable churches were his favorite butt, and consequently he not only so antagonized church members that they speedily withdrew their support, but so affected his converts that they were often loth to join the available churches. On the whole, the meetings did good, hundreds found Christ, and my father never regretted giving his strength to them. But they did harm, too, and for months he and his fellow-workers were the targets for criticism. When Mr. Jones departed, the difficulties of following up his work were such that my father and Mr. F. G. Ensign sought out Mr. Moody. They found him in Charlottesville, Virginia, and only with the greatest difficulty persuaded him to come to Chicago. Mr. Moody's meetings, as he had expected, were sparsely attended, and by a class of people whom Mr. Jones had never touched. It was a relief,

therefore, when, because of anarchist disturbances, all large public gatherings were disbanded.

It happened one Saturday afternoon, after the long strain of this revival work, that my father took up the manuscript of the sermon he had written that morning, and could not recall writing it. This strange lapse of memory was only temporary; but it indicated so complete a nervous breakdown that his people forced upon him a six months' vacation. Some of the experiences of these months, spent for the most part in Europe, we shall suggest in a later chapter. Their chief result was the renewed energy with which he again shouldered his work, in October, 1886.

## CHAPTER IX

THE MINISTER OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
1886-1891

"A great pastorship," writes Phillips Brooks, "is the noblest picture of human influence, and of the relationship of man to man which the world has to show. It is the canonization of friendship. It is friendship lifted above the regions of mere instinct and sentiment and fondness, and exalted into the mutual helpfulness of the children of God."

These words truly describe my father's relation to his people. About his means of bringing help, there is nothing unusual. The musical interests of the church, for years in the hands of the distinguished organist, Mr. Clarence Eddy, always had my father's warm support. While he kept the sermon's place supreme, he found anything that beautified the service a good lens wherewith to see God. He says in one sermon: "Take away music from the house of God and from the Christian home, and you remove that which stirs our best emotions, lifts heavenward our best petitions, and teaches young and old the most spiritual truth. The Christian life of the world has been preserved not so much in sermons and printed prayers as in hymns. And perhaps the service rendered this day to the Lord our Maker and Redeemer, which is given in sacred song, is ampler and purer than that which has come from the teachings of Christian pulpits." And in another he asserts, "A piety that discards all forms, symbols, and visible helps is in danger of evaporation."

Annually or semi-annually he sent out a printed letter impressing upon his people their spiritual needs. During some years he taught a weekly Bible class for men, and a catechism class for children, and his touch was felt on the manifold organizations of the Church. He started a Christian Endeavor Society, and was its most loyal supporter.

On his return from Europe in 1886, the Central Music Hall work was abandoned. Financial difficulties were in the way, since a large sum was needed for the erection of a new Railroad Chapel. From 1889 to 1891 he held evening preaching services in his own church. The audiences were always large and hundreds, at times, were turned away; one of his church members complained that if something wasn't done to reduce the evening audiences the new carpets would be worn out!

Although without regular paid assistants, he shifted many of the activities of the church upon other shoulders. In this way he both trained earnest and able workers, and rarely let mere routine close the door of his soul, which, to his thinking, should be ever left ajar for those heavenly guests that come "without observation." He once reports making six hundred calls in a year, no trifling task in a constantly shifting parish stretching from Monroe street to Hyde Park; on the sick, troubled, and dying, his calls were always many; yet they grew constantly fewer. Preaching was his mission, and in his creed it was poor economy to keep a race-horse continually plowing.

He came strangely close to his people. A social gathering often followed upon the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. Here, as in a large family, he recounted his hopes and fears, shared his travels, vacations, and reading. Testimonies are countless of his leaving those who had

been cynical and weak, sanguine and courageous. He believed in men and women. There was a healing and tonic happiness about him that made the air electric as he passed.

Some of his experiences he thus recounts:

"It is hard to look over my record of marriage services without continuous merriment, as memory recalls this and that amusing incident or mistake. I think of the couple whom I called by wrong names, saying, 'Do you, George?' and 'Do you, Martha?', when I was really addressing 'John' and 'Jane'. In hurriedly glancing over the license I had read the names of the bride's father and mother, instead of the bride and groom. Then I recall the marriage where the groom saluted the bride with a sonorous kiss at the close of the service, and then, in his hymeneal ecstasy, exclaimed in a voice heard by the entire congregation, 'Wasn't that a smacker?' I think of the awkward father of a certain bride, who was himself nearly seven feet tall, and who tried to kneel when his daughter knelt, and who required help, after the benediction, to bring him to his feet again. I remember my brother-in-law, who forgot his trunk, and for four weeks after marriage forgot to pay the wedding fee. I think of the loving groom who came to my house to be wed, and who, after the ceremony, tenderly remarked, 'Jennie has no friends here, Doctor, and I should be so glad if you would kiss her.' I think of the young man in church who walked with five other young men up one aisle, while the bride and five other young ladies walked up the other aisle, the two forming a straight military line before the altar, and who, when I whisperingly asked him his first name, replied in loud tones, 'I do'; and who, at the close of the service, took out a ten-dollar bill and presented it in the presence of the



entire congregation. I recall a summons one evening to a humble home on Cottage Grove avenue, where Emma, a servant in the household, was to be married to a German mechanic. I took off my fur cap and my rubbers, and two boys found huge sport in playing with them while the mother vainly strove to preserve order. All were waiting for somebody; the man of the house had not returned. Emma and her German lover sat on the black, horse-hair sofa holding hands. I endeavored to keep up the conversation, and soon found unexpected help. A tight-bodied little woman, looking as if she had stepped out of one of Dickens's stories, came in and sat down, and immediately piped out, 'Dr. Barrows, I think marriage is a very interesting episode.' I agreed with her, and soon discovered that she was a widow of ten years' standing, or waiting. Soon a young iceman, with his trousers in his boots, walked in and shook hands all around, remarking that he was 'sorry he hadn't time to fix up.' After awhile there was a noise in the back room—a strange, wheezy sound—which indicated that the man of the house had returned intoxicated. His friends tried to exclude him, but he came in and drew a chair close to where I was sitting. The service was now ordered and all were in evident anxiety lest the new-comer should interrupt it. I finally got Emma and the bridegroom properly placed and began my address, which was interrupted by loud whoops from the jovial inebriate. I struggled along until I came to the prayer, which I unfortunately introduced with the Lord's Prayer. I had scarcely begun its familiar words when the intoxicated chorus called out, 'Chestnuts, chestnuts;' and what happened after that I scarcely knew, except that poor Emma, when the service was over, threw herself on the sofa and burst into tears.

I walked home that night something of a Prohibitionist.

"Marriages recall funerals, as they are often recorded in the same book. A few years ago a famous Chicago lawyer named O. died in the house next my own. He had been notoriously successful in saving thieves and murderers from justice. He had been a man of exceedingly vicious life, though for a year or two he had drank little. He was divorced from his wife and had been living with a daughter who had been trained in the Presbyterian church. He had had the very slightest acquaintance with Professor Swing. The landlady of the house where he died was anxious to make the funeral a very great occasion. She wanted sermons, she said, both from Professor Swing and myself. I consented to take some part in the services for the sake of the daughter, but confessed I did not want to make any remarks. Professor Swing called at my house before the service and said, 'Barrows, we have rather a tough job on hand.' I assented, but told the Professor that I was confident he could pull the case through if anybody could. I asked to have the simplest part of the exercises, the reading from the Scriptures, and the Professor offered to furnish me some appropriate selections. We entered the house of death together. The rooms were crowded, largely with ex-convicts, escaped criminals. I sat next to one of the most famous murderers in Chicago. The time came for the service to begin, and I read the selections offered me, the first of which did not seem altogether appropriate: 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' After the reading, the landlady sitting at the piano in the back-parlor started the hymn, 'Nearer my God to Thee,' expecting the congregation to join in, but the words were not familiar to the assembly, and soon the music died out. Then the Professor began

his remarks in his low, quiet, almost inaudible tones. Those on the stairway and in the hall could not hear, and the landlady, feeling that the occasion had not reached the impressive dignity which she coveted, came forward and asked the gentle Professor to stand in the entrance of the hall and speak louder. He quietly declined. His remarks, as I remember them, were about these: 'Neither Brother Barrows nor I had much acquaintance with Brother O. I met him once at a railroad station about two o'clock in the morning, when I had to wait for awhile, and we talked together of the general truths of Christianity and I found he was sound in regard to the ordinary tenets of religion.' This testimony of Brother Swing's to Brother O.'s soundness was very comforting to my spirit. Then Professor Swing continued: 'Brother O. did not profess to have attained unto faith, he was striving to attain faith; that is what we are all striving for. The old orthodox tenets of religion are fast disappearing. God is no longer thought of as a God of fear, but as a God of love. What we all need is a God of love. I read of a man who was walking through a valley in Wales. It was called 'Paradise Vale,' and the little birds came out of the grass and out of the bushes and out of the trees and lighted on this man's head and on his clothes. Why did these little birds do this? Because the man loved little birds. God is love. I read an article not long ago in the *Popular Science Monthly*, called 'The March of the Million.' It represents a million persons setting out in life together, and after five years fifty thousand are gone. After ten years a hundred thousand are gone. After fifty years five hundred thousand are gone. Friends, Brother O. was one of the five hundred thousand. We believe he has at last attained unto faith. 'God is love.' After a

few words of prayer by the Professor, one of the criminals present laid his hand on Brother O.'s forehead and said to me, 'You didn't know him?' I modestly answered, 'No.' 'He was a good man,' said this jail-bird, on whose ugly countenance all the vices had stamped their feet. As we came out, I said to the Professor, 'I must confess that you are equal to such an occasion, and did far better than I could have done.' Several months later Professor Swing, meeting me, said, 'We seem to meet usually at funerals; what a pity we cannot attend each other's obsequies.' I certainly could not ask for a gentler critic of my faults than the eulogist of Brother O.!"

During these years the Presbyterian Church was considering the advisability of revising the Westminster Confession. In the discussion my father took a prominent part. So rapidly is religious history made that this controversy is already an old story, but in the eighties its outcome was doubtful, and the opposition to men of his views and courage, strong. His position is shown by these citations from sermons and speeches before his congregation and the Chicago Presbytery.

"I do believe that our confession of faith is now, and has been in the past, a hindrance to the progress of the Kingdom of Christ. Professor Goldwin Smith once remarked to a friend of mine that in his judgment the Presbyterian church of America would have three times its present strength if it had not persisted in carrying a millstone around its neck in the shape of the confession. We know that the Cumberland Presbyterian church broke off from us because of the teachings of the third chapter regarding the decree of reprobation or preterition. We know that we have been at a serious disadvantage with other denominations in commending our doctrine to the

popular mind, and the present discussion will show that inside the church there has been so much of drifting and departure from the Westminster standards that they do not fairly represent the convictions of to-day. The time is coming, if it is not already here, when improved Biblical science will demand from us a better and broader interpretation of the Scriptures. There will be less of the letter and more of the spirit. Many things which the Christian spirit condemns have been defended by the letter of Scripture, and the Church of Christ has suffered on account of it. We rightly believe some things that are not expressly taught in the Scriptures, and under the inspiration of Christian truth we come to better judgments of Christian doctrines as a whole. We need a confession that shall make the impression upon us which is made by the words of Christ: 'How often would I have gathered ye, but ye would not;' and by the words of Paul: 'God, our Saviour, willeth that all men should be saved.' We want a confession that is not out of harmony with the teaching of that early reformer who wrote: 'Our salvation is from God, our perdition is from ourselves.' If the final outcome of these years of intelligent and charitable Christian discussion shall be a new creed which we can heartily proclaim, it will express a living faith that will give our churches and our pulpits a new spiritual power. It is better to believe a few things thoroughly than to hold a confession that weighs down many minds with a deal of theological lumber."

"Dr. Patton, in his masterly and classic argument against revision, may quietly sneer at the doctrine of the Christian consciousness as 'a modern compound of Hegel and Schleiermacher,' but the fact remains that the Christian consciousness is the joint product of the Holy Spirit

and the Holy Scriptures, and makes it impossible for any minister in Chicago to defend chattel slavery, and impossible for Dr. Patton to use before Presbyterian congregations to-day such pictures of the 'infants of Turks and Saracens' tormented in hell-fire, or such portraiture of the 'damned boiling in dungeons of everlasting brimstone,' with black and terrible devils pricking them with long and sharp-toothed forks, as were made by some of the authors of the Westminster Confession. We live in a different atmosphere—an atmosphere created by Christianity, by better conceptions of Christian doctrine and larger apprehensions of God's loving kindness. It is certain that many who have hope for revision are now feeling that revision alone would be inadequate and unsatisfactory. Undoubtedly the confession as it now stands is a logical and consistent document, and if it is to be slashed and altered according to the multitudinous views of all who are expressing their minds about it, we shall have an amended confession which its original authors would scarcely recognize, and which they certainly would repudiate. I do not think it is honoring the Westminster divines. I should vastly prefer to keep the confession as it is. I would not remove it from the place it now occupies in our history, but I would have a supplementary and shorter statement, giving what the Presbyterian church of to-day believes are its essential and necessary articles. A standard which allows four different interpretations to one clause does not definitely state our present beliefs. We need a supplementary creed in order to be square with the world and with ourselves; we need it to dampen some of the most effective ammunition of infidelity; we need it to explain what we deem the essentials of our system, and to bring into the light some things which the standards have left in ob-



scurity. We also need a new creed as a manual of instruction and a manifesto to the world. I have been greatly grieved that on account of the confessional barrier certain beloved and honored brethren are kept out of the eldership, and I am well aware that many are unwilling to enter the church as members because it is anchored to the doctrinal statement from so much of which they dissent. They are unwilling to seem affiliated with doctrines which they reject because they do not deem them a fair interpretation of the Scriptures. There are Christians in our congregations and not in our churches; they number multitudes of our best givers, our wisest counselors, our most respected fellow-citizens, and truest representatives of some parts of the Christian life.

"The new creed which I advocate should be a basis for popular instruction—should declare the Church's belief to the world. It ought to have the excellence of brevity, the attractiveness of moderation in its claims on belief, and the blessed power which belongs to the supreme and central truths of revelation. And why should a church which is going forth to conquer India, China, and Japan for Christ carry in her hand beside the Word of God anything less worthy than a fresh and modern statement of essential truth? I acknowledge that for the people generally the supplementary creed, if it ever comes, will utterly take the place of the Westminster Confession. It ought to; this will be a great gain. I should not like to see any seventeenth century theological yoke placed on the rising churches of the missionary world or on the coming generations in Christian lands. Who gave the Westminster divines any such authority that their work, which undoubtedly contains the substance of Christian truth, should remain unmodified and unex-



plained as the last test of theological soundness? Why should we not trust the Holy Spirit in the church of Christ to-day? Why should we not attempt, in connection with other Presbyterian churches it may be, to arrive at a formula which shall omit the offensive parts of the Westminster Confession, and set forth in modern language its essential truth? The great trouble with the offensive parts of the Westminster Confession is not that texts of Scripture cannot be found that apparently sustain them, but that they cannot be rationally used for the practical purposes of the pulpit. There are dogmas, as Professor Phelps has remarked, 'which have a place in historic creeds, \* \* \* \* which in systems of divinity can be made plausible, but which in contact with real life fade out of man's faith. They do not constitute a working theology and they never did.' Now, among such doctrines are the doctrine of reprobation, and the doctrine that to-day men are in any sense guilty of Adam's sin; that on account of it, irrespective of their own evil acts, they are justly liable to eternal damnation. Men do feel under the influence of the Holy Spirit and of divine truth the corruption of their own nature; they do feel the need of divine renewal; but when you attempt to bring them into responsible connection with Adam's sin, you confuse the judgment and weaken the power of the pulpit. I once heard President Dwight, of Yale College, say that he knew of a man who had been taught that he ought to repent not only of his own sins, but of the sins of his ancestors, clear back to the father of the race. But he said he had so many of his own to repent of, that he would begin at his end of the line and probably be compelled to stay there the rest of his life. Dr. Schaff says that the Westminster theology condemns the whole race

to everlasting woe for a single transgression committed without our knowledge or consent six thousand years ago. No wonder the church of to-day shrinks from it.

“There are some things which we believe so intensely and absolutely that they ought to constitute the substance of our creed. We believe in God, personal, infinite, eternal, and triune, and we desire, as the colored preacher said of Dr. Emmons’s preaching, ‘to make him big to human thought,’ to exalt him as Calvinism has always done. We believe in God’s infinite love to all his creatures, and would see this made as prominent and supreme in a confession of faith as it is in modern preaching. We believe that Christ is the light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world; that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him. We believe thoroughly, also, in man’s lost estate, in the need of divine deliverance and the universal working of God’s spirit, and that Christ is the divine Son of God, equal with the Father, who hath made a propitiation for the sins of the whole world. We do not believe that any sinner who turns penitently and believingly toward the divine mercy, even if he is so unfortunate as not to have heard of Jesus Christ, will be cast into hell and suffer ‘unspeakable torment in soul and body without intermission forevermore.’ We believe in the decisive character of this life, in its influence on the conditions of eternity, and therefore we are greatly in earnest that men should accept salvation. We believe that the Gospel bears down with tremendous force on the duty of immediate repentance and faith, and that if any are lost it is because they will not turn and live. We do not believe that because all men will not accept our church and our creed or our interpretation of the Word

we can have little hope of such. While evangelically earnest, we are evangelically charitable and hopeful. We believe most thoroughly that Christ is a sufficient Saviour for all mankind, that the Gospel was meant for all, and that it should be carried to all. Caring less for philosophizing than did our fathers, we believe that the preaching which builds up the soul, as well as saves the soul, is Biblical preaching. We believe that the new creed should keep closer than the old to essentials and not bristle against other Christians. It should be an olive branch, not a sword. We believe the law of Christian life in the Church and in the individual is growth, expansion. While holding settled beliefs they should be settled not like a rock which cannot be moved, but like an oak, which, rooted deep in the soil, has the principle of life within it and rises and expands and throws its giant arms on every side. We believe in the Holy Spirit, and that it is dishonoring Him to doubt that He is able to lead the Church, and to inspire even a heavenlier and more perfect wisdom than that which our fathers gained. We believe, with Dr. Alexander of New York, that the nineteenth century is nearer to Christ than the seventeenth century. Many of us believe, with Reverend Dr. James Candlish, professor of theology in the Free Church of Scotland, that 'The Westminster Confession in many parts has ceased to be a statement of the vital truths of Christianity in a form suitable and intelligible to the mind of the present day.' We believe that the Confession ought to be modified or supplemented, since it now as popularly apprehended seems to teach the horrible dogma that God from eternity has foredoomed the great mass of his children to eternal torment, passing them by and leaving them no possibility of redemption on account of the failure of their first

parents, Christ not dying for them, and they unable by conforming their lives ever so diligently to the light of nature to come within the power of his redeeming mercy. Moreover, we believe that the time is swiftly coming when a growing demand for the union of Christendom must lead to practical results. We believe that the elaborate metaphysical and in some respects offensive creed of the seventeenth century, unexplained and unchanged, is a hindrance to the fulfillment of Christ's last prayer. The Presbyterian Church has in some respects the best form of government of any of the denominations. It is a mediator between them. It has strong affiliations with the Congregationalists on one side, and with the Methodists and Episcopalians on the other. I believe that it will be far better equipped for the work before it if it presents to the world a simpler theology. Let the Westminster Confession occupy its honored place in our seminaries; let it stand unchanged as a grand landmark of Puritan theology. But may we not wisely take steps which shall lead to the theological consensus of the reformed churches?"

In the spring of 1890, the Chicago Presbytery voted for revision, but the idea of a supplementary creed had little following there or elsewhere. Only a year from the next fall, however, it voted for a new creed, and eleven years later my father rejoiced that he had lived to read that creed and witness its peaceable adoption by the General Assembly.

His tenth anniversary sermon gives the chief facts concerning the growth and work of the church under his leadership. "Since 1881 there have been twelve hundred and twenty-seven members added, eight hundred and twenty-seven of whom come by confession of faith. In

these ten years the church has raised and expended eight hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars, a large portion of it for public charities of every sort. Men are beginning to learn that wealth comes from God and that he expects them to use it for good works. In the first five years of this decade this Church gave one hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars in charities, in the second five years, five hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars, nearly four times as much."

A large measure of success, fair health, joy in his wife and in his five children, in friends and in work, were surely his. Just as certainly was his life one of heavy responsibility and almost unremitting labor, saddened by his father's death, by the sin about him, by the indifference of others to his ideals, or their censure of his methods, by his temptations to lower his standards, and the frequent condemnations of his sensitive conscience. Those near him knew by the light he radiated that he was walking the way of the cross; for such as he there is none other, and whether its thorns or rocks, steeps and pitfalls be few or many, it is the way of blessedness.

But in order to know rightly either his personality or his achievement, we must examine his leisure, his preaching, and his connection with civic, national, and international movements toward righteousness.

## CHAPTER X

### LEISURE HOURS

Men like Charles Lamb and Matthew Arnold are known only apart from their daily round; it is not the city clerk or the school examiner that we count dear, but the writers of *Dream Children* and *Dover Beach*. My father was particularly fortunate in his vocation. It elicited his best. Yet even with him, the office imposed somewhat of its own nature upon its holder; and we must see him disassociated from it.

Early in the summer of 1886, he and my mother paid their first visit to Ireland. In Killarney they met an old man, who, pointing out the mountain that held on its summit a lake called the Devil's Punch Bowl, said: "There's an island in the lake where the Devil spends his nights when he comes to drink. It's the only bit of ground he owns in these parts, and it's enough, Sir." At Blarney they learned from the driver that the treasure there hidden would never be recovered until four hundred black horses with no white hair among them should be collected to remove it; the sad conclusion being, "and we've never been able to get them together, Sir." It seemed to them that in contrasting the Irish peasants with the tillers of the soil in Illinois, they found in the one case, destitution, pathos, and yet cheerfulness, in the other brutal plenty, but a sort of low discontent. After a glance at the International Exposition in Liverpool, they journeyed to London. Here in June my father addressed the Mildmay Conference in Mildmay Hall, where a large audi-

ence received him with enthusiasm. To secure the perfect quiet that he was seeking, he refused further invitations and did not present his letters of introduction. He wrote from London to his brother Walter:

"Mr. Gladstone's magnanimity and unselfishness lift him as much above his opponents as his intellectual superiority. The comic papers are as brutal here over the 'old man's fall' as any papers in America ever were in similar circumstances. One thing has struck me in the English elections—viz.—the great mass of people who have no concern in them. This makes it impossible to have outward demonstrations, parades, and so forth, so common with us.

"The ministers here are very active in politics. Even in the Mildmay Conference they couldn't help praying politics. One man told the Lord all about the danger of yielding to the 'damnable system of Rome,' and assailed England for her manifold sins, in the style of an Irish dynamiter. Canon Farrar preached a sermon against Gladstone on the fourth of July as bitter as any of his sermons against the liquor traffic.

"The greatest preacher now living in my judgment is—shall I say it?—Dr. Parker of the 'Temple.' And yet, I should say greatest only in some things. He hasn't the popular powers of Beecher, the evangelical unction and earnestness of Spurgeon, the rhetorical captivation of Farrar, the Ciceronian eloquence of Storrs, the scriptural instructiveness of William M. Taylor,—but he has such a combination of good qualities that, unaccustomed as I am to him, I should delight more to hear him, at least for a time, than any preacher I know."

Of Stratford, he writes: "Seldom in my life have I had so vivid a feeling and so sweet a certainty of immor-



tality, as when, full of the thoughts of Shakespeare, I wandered through the little Warwickshire city that gave him birth and where rises the slim spire of the church under whose pavement his body lies. Who, knowing his mind and wandering over the fields which he loved three centuries ago, could think of Shakespeare as dead? To me he almost seemed to live in the life of my own soul, and in the sunshine which fell on the outstretched meadows."

The Isle of Wight, too, brought emotions that he has recounted: "While there I read again the story of the Dairyman's Daughter, written by Leigh Richmond, who was a rector in one of the parishes of that beautiful island. The life of a Christian servant-girl, who knew so much of Christ and who died so victorious a death, has been read in millions of copies in Great Britain and America. It has been translated into most of the European languages, and a Russian version, made by a Russian princess, found its way into the palace of the Czar, who expressed his gratitude by a valuable gift to the author. Elizabeth Walbridge, the dairyman's daughter, lived in the humble parish of Arreton, about eight miles from where we were visiting. Pilgrims in great numbers from all Christian lands resort to that lowly grave over which friends have erected a simple stone with an inscription which begins:

'Stranger, if e'er by chance or feeling led  
Upon this hallowed ground to tread,  
Turn from the contemplation of this sod  
To think on her whose spirit rests with God.'

"We determined to visit Arreton by ourselves. In the twilight we rode along the perfect highways, between the hedgerows having wide views of verdant fields and

ivy-clad walls, with occasional glimpses of the sea which separates the island from the Hampshire coast. There on our right were the two towers of Osborn Palace, the Queen's dwelling for three months of the year, and where she then was.

"The twilight was deepening as we looked down on the lowly church of Arreton, almost hidden in the vale. A walk across the fields and over the stiles soon brought us to the grave we had come so far to see. There we were alone, and we read the inscription and prayed that the Lord would incline our hearts to walk more humbly in the paths of the meek, who are to inherit the earth. The twilight shade, which is not deep in these northern latitudes, was brightened by the 'star which ushers evening in,' and we did not forget that they that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever. Do not such graves as this make old England sacred? Do not such graves as this teach us the worth and worthiness of the human soul beyond all the pageants of history?"

The dull routine of Ems and Schwalbach occupied most of August and September, but for this, a week in Holland compensated. He writes: "The little land, with its picturesque, winged towers that tell how a sagacious and indomitable people yoked the storm-wind into their combat with the waves, and with its gaily-colored boats and its painted houses within which domestic comfort and the goddess of cleanliness are worshipped, is still so notable that the proudest traveler may well doff his hat to the humblest Dutchman he meets, for he stands before the representative of a race, which more than any other since time began, excepting only the Hebrew, illus-

trates the power of the human soul to suffer, to dare, and to conquer." His chief experience in this land he thus described some few years later: "Rembrandt gave me the most considerable intellectual sensation that I remember ever to have received. Many of us seek, and long in vain, to find the embodiment of our own spirit in the domain of art. Fifteen years ago, I made some incursions into the world of pictures, in the galleries of England and Belgium, France and Italy. I had been greatly impressed, and slightly oppressed, by what I had seen. In my memories of miles of canvases, I had realized that 'Art is long,' and when in August, 1886, I found myself for the first time in Holland, I did not dream of the artistic regeneration that awaited me. A man nearing forty, who had crossed the ocean, seen the Alps and the Vatican, St. Peter's and the Pyramids, Damascus and Baalbec, Jerusalem and Chicago, is not usually expecting a powerful, new sensation. Unconsciously, however, I was making ready for one of the chief shocks of pleasure of which a man is capable. I was in The Hague, one of the fairest of cities, girdled by those lovely, sacred, immemorial woods which gave Holland its ancient name, the Holt Land. I had been reading something of Rembrandt, and in this receptive and sensitive mood, I found myself standing before that renowned picture which Rembrandt executed at the age of twenty-five, the Lesson or School of Anatomy. Such is the wealth and force of life in the countenances of this picture, such the vital beauty and expressiveness of teacher and spectators, that in this miracle of art the thought and horror of death were completely overpowered. I was face to face with living men, my kindred, students of truth, fathers of science, children of liberty, and then I owned that I belonged to that north-

ern race which finds beauty, not so much in forms of Greek outline or soft Italian grace, not so much in the idealized world of Madonnas and saints, as in the realm of actual humanity, and there in the presence of Rembrandt's astonishing portraits, even the grandeurs of Michael Angelo and the seraphic ideals of Raphael faded from my fancy, and, beside the grave, manly, intellectual beauty of these noble faces, all of Rubens's lusty and rubicund goddesses seemed more than ever the products of a fleshly paganism. Although subsequent study has enlarged and deepened my admiration for Rembrandt, it has also chastened and modified it. It is a relief at times to turn from the sombre poetry of his chiaroscuro, from his literal and often graceless drawing, and from the frequent commonness of his subjects and the grotesqueness of their treatment, and to feel once more the beauty, dignity, style, splendor, of the Italian schools. Yet there is a strong masculine element in Rembrandt which makes him the artist for all persons who value vigor and thought more than prettiness, who are touched by mystery and sublimity and far-reaching suggestiveness, and who can tolerate external deformities as did this robust genius." After this sensation, it is not strange that he felt for Holland the affection reflected in these further words of his:

"In no other nation does the art belong so naturally and so beautifully to the people. It appears to spring out of their soil, rise through its vapors, sit by their firesides, join in their merriment, and glorify their rude and thoughtful faces. The Dutch painters depict the Dutch home adorned with festoons and quaint heraldic devices and succeed, as Emerson sometimes did, in finding out the poetry of a kitchen and a saucepan; they revel in

the flickering lights of the town market; they lead us over the grassy plains of their level landscapes, amid tree-bordered canals and brown, fantastic windmills and meek-eyed, prosperous cattle and along the shores of the great sea; they perpetuate the faces of their soldiers and physicians and scholars; they do their work with unequalled care and finish, and throw into it a new magic of color; for beneath their misty skies they loved all brightness as they loved their tulips and their hyacinths, their painted ships and rose-colored houses and the bright flagons of Delft ware that gleamed from their comfortable chimneys. In the grasp of her Art as of her commerce, the Batavian commonwealth held the lands of splendor, and it has been said that many a Dutch sailing-master, when he saw his vessels coming home laden with the treasures of the East 'dreamed of the sun of Java when he saw only the grey shadows of Holland.' "

As an outcome of these Dutch and English experiences my father gave much of his leisure to Rembrandt and Shakespeare—both so virile, so free from hyper-fastidiousness, with imaginations sufficiently strong to brighten life's common roads. The direct fruits of this study were lectures on these men which he gave frequently thereafter, throughout his life.

To Shakespeare during several years he turned almost daily for refreshment. He found that there are times when work, the sky, the Bible even, fail to lift the soul; when it cherishes old truths most if they are mingled with unaccustomed, feebler elements. Always, and probably rightly, he rated his critical faculties comparatively low. His temperament was active, rather than introspective; his mind worked synthetically, not analytically; he was governed by his admirations, and had few dislikes. He

often jotted down his opinion of the books he read. He wrote:

"Mark Pattison's 'Life of Milton' is thoroughly readable and imbued with a just admiration of the great poet's lofty character. But it seems to me to be written somewhat in the spirit of the young man who was praising his mother and began by saying 'She is very lame and everybody in town calls her "Old Marm Hutch," but still I think my mother is a very good woman.' Pattison thrusts before our faces the criticisms and condemnations of Milton's life and works, makes us familiar, first of all, with what has been said against him, and then concludes that he was one of the grandest of characters and noblest of poets. It is like forcing a man to look intently at the wart on Cromwell's face as a preliminary to the study of Cromwell's character. It seems to me that the spirit of truth demands of the biographer of Milton the full, fair, eloquent portrayal of Milton's great character and work, and the subordination of the defects of his life to those positive and majestic virtues which constitute his greatness."

It is interesting to notice that in his strenuous life, in the heart of a great city, he lectured upon Shakespeare, not on his other chief friend among the poets—Milton. He thought Milton "the greater artist and loftier character," but described Shakespeare as "of ampler imagination, richer in worldly wisdom, reaching a wider audience, and touching the springs of all the arts." Many little personal traits that he discovered or fancied in Shakespeare pleased him; such for example, as his complete indifference to posterity. "In the golden twilight of his later years, it was not like him to treat his works as many great writers have treated their productions, combing



their locks, washing their faces, and straightening their clothes, in order to make a presentable appearance to posterity. His mind had discharged itself of its burden, he had laid aside his wand, even as his own Prospero broke his magic rod, and he could placidly permit the race he had enriched to guard the treasures he had given." But the principal ties binding him to Shakespeare were the dramatist's knowledge of men, and his profound ethical and religious teachings. This latter of course, my father qualifies. "He had none of the instincts of the reformer, either in politics, morals, or religion. Men call him a universal genius. It is a natural mistake. He knew so much of humanity, it seems as if he knew all. But there was one immense class of human characters, and that the most influential in history, into whose lives he did not enter. I mean those who are possessed and controlled by religious ideas. Such men as apostles, martyrs, missionaries, fanatics, saints, Christian reformers; such personages as Athanasius, Mohammed, Peter the Hermit, St. Bernard, Luther, St. Catherine did not come within the range of his marvellous interpreting sympathy. The soul life in its relation to God and duty, which is unveiled with such vividness and power in the pages of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Hawthorne and George MacDonald, and even more profoundly at times in the works of George Eliot, was not constantly present to the mind of Shakespeare. He had not the elevation of moral tone which strikes us at once in Dante and Milton, in Wordsworth, and often in Victor Hugo. No other poet ever had such a vast tolerance for human infirmity." "Yet," he continues, "his intellect was too comprehensive and penetrating not to discern a multitude of things which make him one of the greatest of ethical and even of re-



ligious teachers. The morality of Shakespeare is not in the words and characters so much as in the very plot of the plays. So it is in history. An era black with human baseness may, after all, furnish grand lessons in ethics. And so it is in the Bible. Thinking only of the sins of men like Jacob and David and Solomon, and calling attention to what are deemed coarse expressions here and there, shallow men have said the Bible is not altogether moral. The hinge of the Shakespearean play, that upon which it turns, is God's providential order which is commandingly ethical, blazing forth the truth that the government of the moral sphere is set against selfishness, against hypocrisy, against treachery, against the madness of an Antony—who for lust flung from him a world, and even against the hasty unwisdom of an Othello.

"The adjustment of good and evil is not always equitable, in the world of Shakespeare; he does not punish all villains as they deserve, 'on this bank and shoal of time.' It was left to Charles Dickens to accomplish this in his cheap, popular way. But Shakespeare is truer to nature and teaches, as the wrong-doers in the 'Tempest' discovered, that transgression comes into conflict with all spiritual powers, and that nothing finally avails 'except heartfelt sorrow and a clear life ensuing.' And this man was not in doubt regarding God, his personality, providence, righteousness, and mercy. In the many hundreds of times in which Shakespeare uses the Divine Name, every power, attribute, quality which faith and revelation have assigned Him, is again and again illustrated or affirmed."

He refers us to Henry V after Agincourt, to faithful Adam giving to Orlando his store of money, to Banquo in the horror and confusion following King Duncan's

murder, to Dame Quickly and the "jovial, sensuous, cowardly, vain, and half-lovable Falstaff," to Lorenzo whispering to Jessica, to Clarence crying to his murderer, to Richard III, and to the "sad and distracted Hamlet, the most speculative, intellectual, mysterious, and fascinating of Shakespeare's men." And Shakespeare's world is also full of prayer. "We breathe the atmosphere of prayer and hear its words, with kings on the edge of battle and with innocent women in the stress of sorrow; and while we behold the futile agony of the prayer of the wicked and unrepentant, as we see the Danish king on his knees, we also catch a glimpse of its heavenly beauty as Juliet exclaims that she has 'need of many orisons.'"

After relating his love for Perdita, "frolicsome Rosalind," "Miranda, the pure sweet daughter of wonder," and for those "meek victims of man's unwisdom," Ophelia, Desdemona, Hermione, and Cordelia, he calls them all "embodiments of the Christian graces of meekness, truth, sweetness, and mercy." Other distinctly Christian truth he also indicates. "What marvellous blending of the truth that God is merciful and man is sometimes incorrigible is found in the death-bed scene of the wicked Cardinal Beaufort! And who else, like this Stratford playwright, has pictured for us the beauty of the Christian grace of mercy, in the words of Isabella or of Portia. Where else is the work of Christ's Atonement more sweetly told than in these lines from *Measure for Measure*:

'Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;  
And He that might the vantage best have took  
Found out the remedy;'

unless it be in these other Shakespearean words:

'That dread King who took our state upon Him  
To free us from His Father's wrathful curse;'

though both of these passages pale before the splendid  
beauty of these lines of King Henry the Fourth,

'The holy fields  
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed  
For our advantage to the bitter cross.'

"And nowhere else outside of the Scriptures is the sin of man, perhaps I should say are the sins of men, revealed with more astonishing and terrific power as acts committed against the Divine order. This painter of ideal scenes that appear to us more actual than fields of battle, so that we walk in fancy over the platform of the castle of Elsinore with deeper emotions than over the plain of Marathon, is also so ethical, especially in his greater dramas, that his javelins strike deep at almost every sin, and he unconsciously takes moral rank for the moment with Aeschylus and Dante. Moreover, we feel that we are in the very spirit of the most solemn of Scriptural truths, when we follow Shakespeare as he unveils the workings of a guilty conscience." Then, too, he finds that Shakespeare comes "closer yet to the hearts of men generally in the marvelous reflections of Biblical truth which he gives us, as he sings of the instability of earthly happiness, the transitoriness of earthly beauty, the vanity of earthly glory, and ventures, now and then, to lead our thoughts and hopes into the lucid realms of the life immortal."

My father was also a lover of Lowell, whom he considered, on the whole, the best representative of American literary development. They had had some correspondence

and at Mr. Lowell's request, they met in 1887 when the poet came to Chicago to address the Union League Club. My father found him delightfully communicative about the new edition of his works, then only a prophecy, his opinions of great men, and of European life and politics. Mr. Lowell took occasion to say: "The only thing settled by the Congress of Vienna was that Gruyère cheese is the best cheese in the world," and to tell of turning a laugh on Sumner, who had no sense of humour. Sumner had been talking at great length about the recent suicide of the French Ambassador at Washington. After he had given all the theories as to the cause of the suicide, Lowell said: "Sumner, did you see the French Ambassador often before his death?" "Yes," said Sumner, "I saw him every day." "Did you speak with him in English or French?" "Oh, I talked nothing but French," said Sumner. On this Lowell said: "Gentlemen, we do not need to seek any further reason for his death; *this* fully explains the suicide!" Sumner was never able to understand the laughter which followed.

In the first five years after his return from Europe, my father spent many of his vacations in traveling. He caught muscullonge in Lost Lake, Wisconsin, and red fish in Tampa Bay, he scaled the heights of Quebec and inspected cigar factories in Cuba; he preached in places as dissimilar as Brooklyn and New Orleans, St. Louis and St. Augustine. Some experiences of his trip to Fort Worth, Texas, to speak at the opening of the Spring Palace, he related to his church in these words: "Along the road which passes by the railway track, I saw a dozen teams driven by Oklahoma boomers, returning sadly and slowly toward the land from which they came. When saluted by a wave of the handkerchief from a car window,

they always good-naturedly responded. We tried this salutation on a number of stolid Indians, but had our pains for our trouble. The aboriginal lord of the soil was not disposed to exchange greetings with strangers. There is no need to tell you at length of the sights in Oklahoma, of the patches of soil here and there turned up by the plow, of the very infrequent shanties or tents visible on the plains. But the city of Guthrie, the would-be capital of the new territory, where we paused a half hour, is worth a moment's description. This mushroom metropolis of pine and canvas spreads out over a square mile on either side of the track, and looks as though it had come out for the afternoon to enjoy a summer picnic; and yet there are signs of trade and enterprise. Hotels are visible, bearing such names as Sherman House, the Lindell Hotel, the European Hotel. These are usually one story, or one story and a half in height, and capable of housing a half-dozen people. I saw a tent, ten feet square, with this sign, 'Board by the day or week.' I saw a shanty without a roof, perhaps six feet by eight, in front of which, supported by two posts twelve feet high, was an immense sign, 'Bakery, Wholesale and Retail.' Another establishment a little larger had over it the sign, 'Groceries and Hardware, Wholesale and Retail.'

\* \* \* \* The people of Texas may have their faults, but among them are not a lack of frankness, and a lack of generous appreciation. This gigantic State is gigantic in its compliments, and the words in which your humble-minded pastor was introduced to this intelligent and eager and thoughtful congregation, exhausted his capacities for blushing, and made him wish that a large Texas knot-hole had been provided for the occasion. Right in front of the platform was a fountain playing, and in a basin

about it were swimming a dozen white ducks. After your doctor had been introduced in this tremendous way, one of the ducks very appropriately called out 'quack!'

The summer of 1887 and the four succeeding summers he went with his family to West Lake, a Canadian farming village, eighty miles east of Toronto. Here for the first time since his days in Kansas he reveled in country life. He writes: "The sun is a great healer when you are on the water. I believe that twelve hours spent in a boat, especially when some one else rows, will do more to restore the vigor of a tired man than several days spent in bed. \* \* \* \* The change in the sounds that smite the ear is a pleasure and a refreshment. Instead of the car-bell, the rumble of the market wagons and fire engines, the distant whistle of the locomotive, the yells of the newsboys, and the cries of the charcoal man, it was a relief to listen to the voiceful silence of Nature, for the voices seem *still* compared to those to which the ear is wont. The chirp of the cricket, the whistle of the meadow lark, the chirrup of the tree toad and of the squirrel, the humming of the bees, the sougning of the wind in the cedars, the splash of the waves, the lowing of the cattle, the cackle of the barnyard, the falling of apples and pears, the whinnying of horses, the click of the harvester and of the croquet balls, these are some of the sounds which replaced the din of the city." Something of this life shows in his article called "Two Miles of a Country Road," from which we quote: "You have never walked this road, unless you have made a summer trip through a somewhat obscure part of the Canadian dominion. It is not a very picturesque bit of the queen's highway, but to me it is hallowed by memories of sweetest domestic pleasure. Three or four times a week, for ten



weeks of my life, I have driven over it with my best friend and with one or another of our children. It was the closing pleasure of the happy, idyllic day, a day of air and sunshine and outdoor life between our three lakes.

"Our daily life here by this road may not seem at all attractive to people who love great hotels and elaborate dinners and much society. But we thought it a return to paradise. With the fresh products of the farm to live on, served by an excellent cook (and a good cook is one of the noblest inventions of the modern world), with pure, cool air to breathe, not wanting in the balsamic flavors of the near woods, with everything to invite us out of doors, we found the days too short. In our farmhouse we breakfasted at seven, and after prayers came the day's varied occupations. With tennis, croquet, archery, foot-ball, base-ball, riding, rowing, swimming, and above all, fishing, the day was almost as full as a city pastor's when at work. It is a blessing for a busy man to take time to get acquainted with his children, to find out what they like, to be their companion, to make himself a boy again, to teach them to row and swim and fish and to take a fresh and lively interest in the outer world.

"But we must begin our brief journey. 'Tom,' our horse, does not care to take more than ten minutes to whirl us to the end of two miles, and he is easily persuaded to return in even shorter time. Horses love to set their faces homeward, like travelers who have seen Egypt and Italy and France and England, and find themselves at last confronting the stormy sea at Liverpool. Our road leads from the farm-house to an old mill, a part of which is now used for a post-office. We often find the office locked and then call on the post-mistress at the house hard by. She lets us examine the small basket containing



the meagre mail, half of which is sometimes ours. I find it a saving of mental nerve to dwell for a time where the modern Mercury alights not three times a day, but every other day.

"Do you wish to ride with us tonight? Mary or Manning will give you the seat for just once. Before stepping into the buggy you must look at the splendid exhibition of clouds with which the Great Painter delights us. You perhaps never saw so wide and high a pillar of snow-white, luminous vapor as that which now reaches almost to the zenith. The winds are slowly tearing off islands of floating splendor and spreading them like golden fleeces over the azure upper sea. You may think this a rather common country, but God never lavished elsewhere more glory on the evening sky. You rejoice in an almost unobstructed vision of the horizon and the heaven; and the lake which gleams between you and the great sand dune to the westward (and that yellow sand-hill itself is a sort of mountainous Sahara) both help to make the picture more beautiful. We are in the carriage now and though the youngest child frowns a little at our departure, because it is not 'his turn,' we ride to the gate which the little hands hold open and are in our road going northward. There is a rail fence on either side, with juniper bushes, choke-cherries, wild plum trees, and willows, decorating and guarding its primitive abruptness. Back of us the road leads by several turns through a forest to the unseen shores of Ontario, where, unless the wind quiets, there may be no haul of white-fish tomorrow morning. To-night the great lake is roaring, as it rushes over the lime-stone shelves and tries to eat a little deeper into the coast. We may have no orchestra to delight us here with the music of Wagner and Beethoven, but there

is a deeper and grander music speaking to our hearts from the unseen organ of the waves, a music which has lulled human eyes to sleep for a hundred years. Our road is older than any across the prairies. Children walk over it to school to-day as their great-grandmothers did. I hope your children have learned to distinguish all these trees along the way. Mine love to say, 'Oh, I see an iron-wood, a beech, an ash, a birch, a bass-wood, a hickory, a wild-cherry, a cedar, a pine, a silver maple, a mountain-ash, a choke-cherry, a spruce, a willow, a hard maple, a butternut.' We see all of these on our little ride.

"I am thankful for these two miles of country road. They remind me of the way over which, thirty-four years ago, I trudged to a district school and my children will think of it as the road which led them into the fields of natural knowledge. Dante went through a forest on his way to hell. We do not find these woods so dusky, dense, and dreadful as his, and love and peace make us dream that we have come to a summer Eden.

"The lake looks rough tonight, the children will not ask us to go out 'bull-heading' on our return. I know an individual who thinks that, next to a good prayer-meeting, catching bull-heads by moonlight is the sweetest of pleasures. I know of no exercise to me pleasanter than on a still day to be rowing a boat with two friends besides, trailing three or four long lines through the water when the bass and pickerel happen to be hungry. Looking at the lake to-night from our buggy, I remember some successes and many failures in the last few weeks, and vividest of all is the recollection of a muscallonge, who this very morning let me haul him to the side of my boat so that I could see his silvery beauty, and who then concluded to finish his breakfast on something more palatable

than the 'spoon victuals' which were all that I offered him. But it is better to have fished and lost than never to have fished at all, when the game you are after is this savage and beautiful monster, the wolf of our waters, whose name the Indians and the white men spell or pronounce in some five different ways." During the summer evenings, too, he often played backgammon until, as he says, he came to feel "like the minister who indulged so much in this game that he became very restless when he looked down from his pulpit and saw in any part of the congregation, a pew with only one person in it. It seemed to him like a point uncovered, and he felt like coming down and placing some other person by the side of the solitary listener."

In these years, as always, his friendships play a large part in his life. These notes to Dr. Simon J. McPherson, then minister of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago, are characteristic:

1885.

Dear Mack:

We have put you on for the last speaker that we might say, "*Optimum vinum usque adhuc.*" Write that you approve and that you love me. I have been looking over the minutes of the Assembly and have been so impressed by the showing of your church that I send my congratulations. It is a noble record of which your elders (the First Church congregation) feel proud.

If you want to be still greater than you are, read daily Park's "*Discourses.*"

For two weeks my life has been a funeral procession. These recent days which the Nation has given to Grant have doubtless softened your heart as they have mine. I am happy to be able at last to reach some just estimate

of the old commander. During his life it was hard to do so.

March 7, 1888.

My Dear Mack:

I shall gladly rattle 'round in your pulpit a week from Sunday evening. You ought to go to the New York banquet, and I am glad that the Chicago Presbytery and the Chicago Princeton Club are to be represented there by the ablest man in our denomination. But don't let the New York fellows get their hooks into you. A Christian man can preserve his self-respect, his American principles, his religion, and everything good except his orthodoxy more easily in Chicago than in New York!

2957 Indiana Avenue, Nov. 15, 1889.

My Capital and "Capitalistic" Friend:

We have had a jubilee at our house this morning, reading John Crerar's noble and nobly characteristic will. *Every* good man in Chicago feels prouder and richer from what he reads of your friend's princely benefactions. We can do our work with stronger hope now that we see what reinforcement has come to us. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

But I cannot write one tithe of what I feel. John Crerar has made us all his debtors—How wisely and well he has distributed his fortune! You and I might have wished to see Lake Forest and the Presbyterian Board remembered, but nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of Chicago's best people will say, "It could hardly have been better."

I am so glad about the League, the Library, the Hospital, the statue, the Y. M. C. A., the Sunday School Union, and all the rest, including S. J. M.

By the way, I have one or two pet causes that I like to present to my rich friends, but I will not trouble you now.

October 16, 1891.

My Dear Mack:

Your letter was golden and the enclosure only "silver." I keep the gold but return the "silver," believing that the clerical laborer is worthy of his *argent*. I may claim the kiss from the bride when she returns. That emolument I ought not to lose. You must not begin a bad precedent. When you are sick and I officiate in the Second Church, I may get a hundred dollar fee, and my wife would quarrel with me if I sent it to you!

Yours, Jack.

Perhaps his most noticeable trait in his leisure hours was the lavishness with which he poured the best wine of his nature for those nearest to him. Few children have had a father like him. After waking his flock in the morning, he would tell them part of a never-ending Sinbad story, wherein Marienbad, Katrinenbad, Mannienbad, and the others played their several parts, sliding down hills of ice-cream, slaking their thirst in streams of foaming soda-water, and discovering every kind of magic treasure. Breakfast over, his prayer for help and forgiveness followed, full of thanks for "Thy favour which is life, and Thy loving kindness which is better than life," after which, with moistened eyes, he always kissed each member of his family. And so, until the evening hymns, "Upward where the stars are burning," "The spacious firmament on High," and "Lead, Kindly Light," which sometimes closed the day, his loving presence guided. According to some lax modern notions, he was too strict a parent.

Both he and his wife believed in corporal punishment, and as in other things, the bridge between their theory and practice was not unused. He was both just and tender, with the result that his children so early learned obedience, truthfulness, and absolute devotion to him, that though they were disorderly, quick-tempered, and wilful, severe discipline was rarely necessary.

He inaugurated many delightful family customs; a procession at Christmas time, when after breakfast each child playing a different instrument, mouth-organ, comb, bell, horn, or whistle, as the case might be, marched after him through all the house from attic to cellar and round and round the bulging stockings hanging on the parlor chairs. The plan was not to break ranks till he halted. Oh, the excitement of it! Every time we entered the parlor, our music would grow faint for we were breathless with expectancy; would our laughing leader pause, or would he still twang his zither and march relentlessly away? And then there was the birthday bonfire. This came each August, in honor of all those members of the family whose natal days fell in the summer months. It was weeks in building and when finally lighted on the top of the highest sand-dune it blazed more glorious than fire-works, so high that all night long, ships far out on Lake Ontario could see it. For each birthday, too, he wrote a hymn, which was sung to the child whose day was being celebrated. One of these, to the tune "America," contained the line, "I love thy frocks and frills."

Life was never monotonous with him as comrade. Surprises were his specialty, and of a kind and variety that only the most loving imagination could conceive. Soda-water tickets under plates upon hot mornings, rare stamps for collections falling out of napkins, invitations to drive



behind the ponies in Lincoln Park pinned on pillows, were among the minor varieties. He would send presents or post letters on his way to the train, that his wife might hear sooner than she anticipated, letters abounding in puns and rhymes, often containing long paragraphs wherein each word began with the same letter, or illustrated by strange designs, or relating imaginary adventures, or full of German, French, and Latin phrases written in Greek characters all to the endless delight of his children. For their pleasure there seemed nothing that he could not do; in rowing, swimming, and running races, every kind of tournament, tennis, croquet, and archery, he was the moving spirit. He loved even better than they, if that is possible, to play Indian, set night lines, turn the crank for the hand-organ man, ride in a merry-go-round, make pop-corn balls, and listen while his wife read aloud the *Parent's Assistant*, or the *Count of Monte Cristo*, as the case may be. At one time he bought oil paints and canvas, and though knowing nothing of the art, devoted his leisure noon hour for months to painting a landscape. Assured that when the picture was finished he could hardly face a picture dealer in its company without embarrassment, he had the canvas, while yet spotless, heavily framed in gilt. It was odd to watch him hard at work before it. His devices for gaining desired effects were sometimes ingenious. When the sun rising in the back-ground refused to round out as it should, he secured the proper bulge by gluing on a gilded fifty-cent piece. Professor Swing on being shown the completed picture hanging behind the door, exclaimed, "Did Barrows do that? He's a great man!" Yet this was the artist's sole attempt, and the forsaken paints sent to the talented daughter of a missionary brought forth a most



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touching letter of thanks. In a long poem entitled "The Idyl of the Queens" he wrote most fascinatingly of his second trip abroad. He could tell all of the interesting things the school books forgot to say, and he would recite poetry of many kinds, Homer and Byron, scenes from Hamlet, and whole books from Paradise Lost on beautiful walks among the wild flowers of Jackson Park, before the days of Fair buildings, or across the Canadian sand-dunes in the moonlight. To know him one must have stood beside him. His presence made the spot whereon he walked a beautiful and holy place.

## CHAPTER XI

### HIS PREACHING AND ITS REVELATION OF HIMSELF

One has truly said of my father, "His pulpit was his throne." From it he swayed thousands. Nor were his hearers the only ones that his words touched. Chicago dailies issued on Monday mornings large extracts from his sermons. *The Golden Rule*, years before it became the organ of the Christian Endeavor Society, often printed his sermons, as did, less frequently, the *Interior*, and other religious papers. Beginning with 1887, a newspaper syndicate secured each week a resumé of his Sunday's discourse and presented the abstract simultaneously in the larger cities from Pittsburg to St. Louis. Some of his sermons were widely distributed in pamphlet form, among them those on "Glorifying God," "Eternal Enjoyment," "Christian Manhood," "Christ and the Poor," "Municipal Patriotism," the "Nation's Hope," "Robert Elsmere," and "Religion the Motive Power in Human Progress." In 1891, D. Lothrop & Company published his first book, *The Gospels are True Histories*, seven lectures on the credibility of the Gospels. These addresses, originally written for his evening audiences, had proved very effective; all but two of them had come out earlier in the *Golden Rule* and had called forth warmest expressions of interest from all over the country; and on their appearance in book form, distinguished men praised them for meeting a real need. Dr. Cuyler deemed them "clear, convincing and powerful," adding, "They ought to be scattered broadcast in our schools and colleges;" and Dr.

Francis E. Clark felt assured that they would "do much to establish in the faith many souls that might otherwise slip their moorings and drift out on the sea of unbelief." Three years later a second book, entitled, *I Believe in God*, consisting of four sermons on theism and published by F. H. Revell Company, was similarly reviewed. Though these two collections are the only sermons that he ever published in book form, they are not those on which his fame as a preacher rests, nor is their distinctive style particularly characteristic of him, as the following study of his preaching will show.

Among his chief heroes were preachers. It was with quick-beating heart that he ascended at Eisenach, Wiemar, and Wittenberg, pulpits wherein Luther had preached. He was prone to remember Paul, Augustine, Francis, Wyclif, Whitefield, Robertson, and other illustrious occupants of his office, and its satisfactions were to him of the amplest. "I believe that happiness is a great duty," he writes, "and that happiness is simply impossible in a world of sickness and change and disappointment to any soul that is not anchored to Him who has conquered sorrow, trouble, and death. The chief and ever-present duty of man, is to get into accord with the mind of his Maker, to love those things that are dear to God's heart, to link his life with the one life that has brought more peace and happiness to human souls than all the thrones of kings and swords of conquerors. I fear that some of you pity a man who is called to preach, think that there are other things more satisfying. You are utterly wrong. A man who is called of Heaven to preach Christ's evangel, and who would willingly exchange the work of the minister and the pastor for any life of intellectual leisure, has surrendered his birthright, has thrown from him God's rich-

est crown. The Lord has given to me many joys in this world, the joy of friendship, and of blessed human love; the joy of success, and enough of what the world calls fame, to show its hollowness and unsatisfactoriness; he has given me something of the joy of intellectual achievement; but nothing ennobles and satisfies the soul like the consciousness that now and then one has been the minister of God to some stricken heart."

The reference to Christ in this passage is typical. His faith in a divine Christ is one of the most insistent notes in his preaching. Divinity, as he conceived it, was neither tangible nor limited, truth being mysterious and measureless. No single group of men could ever monopolize it; he was truly protestant in his advocacy of every man's right to his own view. Yet to his mind, a religion not expressed in terms of Christ is too easily dissipated to avail much with men. He observes that just as "a man often walks in the cold light of the October moon with no grateful thought of the sun whose reflected splendor silvers the autumn field," so men without the Christ may have somewhat of the "brightness of Christianity," but are without "its personal light and consolation;" and again, "Those subject to Christ pray often and with fervor; those breaking their allegiance, with coldness and increasing rarity." In the midst of a eulogy of the Bible he questions: "Why do you grope so blindly after the fireflies of truth which can never warm you? Why attempt to tear out the crimson pages of God's word, when from your choicest literatures you can bring nothing so comforting to man's soul? Destroy, if you may, human faith in the Word of God, but where shall the guilty turn for peace and the dying for hope? The deep of science says, 'They are not with me.' The bending heav-

ens and the burning stars cry out, 'They are not with us,' and all the while the human heart will be yearning and listening for some strong voice in the wilderness of doubt, exclaiming, 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.' "

His belief in the paradoxical truths of the Crucifixion and Resurrection live in these passages: "The new Christianity sees in the sacrifice of Jesus the perpetual principle, the abiding law, of the individual. It would not have the cross lifted up merely in systems of theology and in pulpit eloquence; it would have the cross not merely exalted upon church-spires and framed into sword-hilts, and held in the hand of the prayerful, and ornamenting the breasts of devoted recluses, but, above all, it would have the cross, in its vital and permanent spirit, borne upon the heart of every disciple. No wonder that St. Ambrose saw in the cross the image of the destroying sword thrust into the earth. The upper end is the hilt, about which is clasped Almighty power. The outstretched arms are the guard, and the body of it is the sharp blade driven down into the head of the old red dragon."

"In the history of the Church men unfortunately seemed to forget that ours is the risen Saviour. What meant the gloom and asceticism of the Middle Ages? What meant the perpetual singing of the Dies Irae, and what means the everlasting parade in some of the European cathedrals of the dead Christ? Shall the Psalms of David be alive with spiritual gladness and the Church of the risen Lord be sunk into anxiety and despair? No bridal music is half so glad as the notes in which faith pours forth her Easter song. All good things seem possible to us as we stand with Jesus beneath the olive trees of the garden and look back at the broken portals and empty prison of His tomb."

The following are quotations from a sermon on the "Attractiveness of Christ:" "Where else will you find a love which covers or absorbs the whole domain of life, like that which Christ has called forth? The love which is born of gratitude, He certainly has kindled that. The love which is linked with reverent and perfect admiration, He certainly has commanded that. The love which rejoices in tender communing of mind with mind, He surely has evoked that. The love which delights to pour itself out in lyric ecstasy, that He certainly has gained in amplest measure, as witnessed by the golden treasury of the Christian hymns. The love which is pitiful sorrow for great suffering, the love which bows in humble adoration, the love which inspires men to endure hardships, traverse oceans, penetrate the heart of the American or the African continent, brave dangers from savage tribes or wasting pestilence, submit to shame, and despise death in its direst forms, all these manifestations of love appear like a band of radiant angels about the Christ, covering His Cross with garlands of roses and forests of laurel.

"In all greatest souls there are two passions, a passion for holiness or right character, and a passion for doing good. In the Christian the two are one, in the passion for Christ. He, by his unparalleled greatness, fills the mind that comes to know Him with an angelic enthusiasm. One who has been ensnared by the golden mesh of the Lord's transfiguring love and loveliness, is not lightly drawn away to meaner attractions. He who has known and seen Jesus has seen life lifted to its highest. This man had the secret we all need to learn, the secret which is missed equally by the sensualist and the materialist and the pessimist. In every hour of hungry disappointment, when the soul, baffled and beaten back, is still

craving and is as eager as ever to find that which does not disappoint, there comes before us the figure of this transcendent being calm amid all storms, victorious in all apparent defeats, royal in His lowliest service, and we feel that He can teach us His own secret and thus cure our trouble.

"No one else ever brought to the sinner such powerful incentives to escape from sin or such strong assurances that sin may be forgiven and overcome. And what inducements, sweet as the spring sunshine, fragrant as the breath of pine forests in northern solitudes, many-voiced as the sound of the sea, tender as the grace which breathed forgiveness from the cross, and mighty as the solemnities of eternity, He presses on our hearts to lead us to commit their keeping unto Him."

"We have a moral and intellectual right, with all brotherly kindness in our souls, to ask kings and sages, poets and prophets, to crown Him Lord of all. In the olden days when the German emperor was chosen, the three archbishops of Trèves, Mayence, and Cologne, girt him with the sword and crowned him with the crown of Charlemagne. At the banquet the Bohemian king was his cup-bearer, the Count Palatine plunged his knife into the roasted ox and waited on his master, the Duke of Saxony spurred his horse into heaps of golden grain and bore off a full measure for his lord, while the Margrave of Brandenburg rode to a fountain and filled the imperial ewer with water. Standing now, as in the presence of the chief prophets and mightiest forces in all His world, let us pray for and expect a new coronation of the world's Christ, the rightful Emperor of mankind. Let the churches gird Him with the sword of spiritual power and crown Him with the royal diadem which is His due ;



let princes and nobles be servants of His Gospel; let kings and emperors wait on Him who is the Ancient of Days; let cities bring great measure of gold to publish His Word, and let universities, forsaking every unworthy and strange idolatry of human leaders, fill their imperial chalices from the River of the Water of Life, and stand attendant on their Lord."

But his preaching does not relate simply to Christ. It unveils, in the second place, the speaker's own profound love for every human being. The appellation of "Beloved Disciple" bestowed upon him by his fellow ministers, was suggested by the gentleness, charity, compassion, and faith of his attitude toward men. Humanity was to him the glory of the universe, people not systems, God's instruments of progress. "The martyr ashes in the Colosseum outweigh the whole Roman Empire," he writes. And again, "It is the Devil's own creed that omits men's divine sonship; if each man have his price, it is that which Jesus set." His interest in human relations led him to exclaim, "The age of Christian theology is being followed by the age of Christian sociology."

For all his sublime faith in men he believed that their chief need is moral. We are almost dismayed by his insistence on the deadly and all-pervasive properties of sin. In hundreds of sermons he seems to be crying out, "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us." "You cannot rightly or safely ignore sin. You might as well push back Niagara with your open palm. The trouble with the skeptics of our time is that they have followed Renan's example and 'suppressed sin,' have sought to film over its wound, doubt its poison, refuse its remedy. Hence the restlessness, the cynicism, the pessimism which are the accompaniments of a Christ-

less culture." Again he writes: "Some men are in truth like Noah's Ark, carrying a menagerie of animals on the surface of the sea of life, and if you put your ear close to them you will hear the roar of the lion and the hiss of the serpent and the low snarl of the fox; and then the scream of the vulture, the howl of the wolf, the grunting of the swine, and the bray of the wild ass. And the men we reckon on the whole good, and indeed among the best, show at times this strange and provoking inconsistency and moral versatility."

His conviction of the impossibility of eluding the consequences of sin appears in this passage: "We run away from the scenes where our wild oats were sown; we cover over the sores that have made us suffer with bandages of new friends, new hopes, new virtues. All seems as though all had ever been right. But into our bodies there comes a death-arrow which was shot, it may be, twenty years ago. The Greeks were not wrong in imagining that a revengeful fate followed a wicked house down the line of the generations. And every one who moves through the years is aware that whatever he leaves behind follows after, and that the blood and bitterness which he drops into the stream of life leave a taste and a colouring which Time may lessen, but which Time alone may not destroy." And again we find him saying: "If this be not a life of constant and fearful temptation, if there be no terrible experiences and possibilities which make the need of such a Saviour as Christ and such a sacrifice as the cross and such an armoury of steel-bright weapons as the Scriptures, then the Bible is a book of foolish exaggerations. It offers us oceans when we need only goblets. It is bright with suns when candles are all-sufficient."

He thus makes clear his opinion that vigorous natures

are those most open to temptation: "I can scarcely conceive a man who has force of nature, that power which overcomes obstacles, triumphs in creative work, and becomes a master in any department of activity, who, if we knew his life, would not be seen wrestling at certain crises with the Prince of darkness. And such men are not usually in any doubt about the evil personality who has played such a vast part in human affairs. They find an echo to their own surmises, or an explanation of their own difficulties in the Scriptural representation of an evil person, the head of the kingdom of evil, chained to a degree, under God's authority, but for inscrutable reasons permitted to try the children of men. If in your life you have not been confronted by his enticements, it may be because Satan has not thought it worth while to train his heavy artillery on such small deer. The old Spanish pirates used to strike the galleons laden with the gold of Mexico and Peru. They knew what was worth gaining. It is the souls that have on board the unsearchable riches of Christ that the Devil sets his covetous and deadly eyes on." He thus expresses the doubtful appearance of sin: "Sin, before its commission, is often radiant with attractions, like the clouds of the morning. Sin, after its commission, is black and lurid as an advancing thunder storm, from which there is no hiding place. Sin was one thing to Judas when Jesus was washing his feet; quite another thing when remorse was eating his soul with a tooth of everlasting fire." To escape from sin we must enter the kingdom of heaven, which comprises, he tells us, "those who have the mind of the king." Some men seem to happen into it, others spend time and strength in finding it; but membership in it, whether

gained slowly or quickly, belongs only to those born of its spirit.

Assured that sin contaminates and depraves every faculty of man, and convinced that it can be escaped only through gaining the mind of Christ, he applied himself with energy to impressing this twofold truth. Intimate understanding of his people and ability to assail sin, not in the abstract alone, but in its peculiar manifestations, accorded him very large success. So perfectly were they adapted to their hearers, that many of his sermons clearly depict the audience for which they were written; one composed of city people with property and social standing, with brains and culture, yet possessing needs similar to those of their less endowed fellows, in their minister's mind at least, for he declares: "Some men who have all are too poor to crave anything but pity." They were men and women exposed to temptations of greed, pride, frivolity, hardness of heart, skepticism fostered by indifference, living intricate lives freighted with responsibility, in danger in their quest for money, pleasure, and knowledge, of missing righteousness, faith, and joy. This leads their minister to cry out: "If God's existence, the divine character and revelation of Jesus Christ, the reality of the life beyond the grave, are not truths that live and glow in the heart of the Christian; if he writes 'perhaps' or 'I hope' over any, or even if it come to be true to him only after a careful series of reasonings and argumentations; if it is not as certain and intimate to his very soul as the air he breathes, as vital to his daily life as his belief in the love of his mother, then his Christian life is at best one of careful moralities, and not also one of spiritual life and joy. I know very well what devitalizes this truth to many. A selfish and luxurious and worldly-

spirited life will do it. Separation from living sympathy with men will do it. Absorption in purely physical studies will often do it. What a man believes depends very largely on where he looks. It is of no use to talk with men about stars if they are all the while gazing into a muddy well. If the well were clear they might see the Pleiades looking downward."

"Christians whirling daily in a giddy circle of frivolities are no more likely to get a deep and adequate impression of such supreme realities as God, human guilt, the divine wrath against sin, the atonement, the worth of souls, the power of the world to come, the crying necessity of seeking lost men and keeping before them the need of a Redeemer, than a traveller running at full speed through a gallery of art is to have any conception of the grace of Raphael and the splendor of Titian. By the love of Him who died on Calvary I call on you to stop and think and repent and pray; I beseech you to meditate on the vital truths of God's Word; to measure your responsibilities in the light of God's mercy to you; I beseech you to begin with your heart, and then to be right with your own family, and brethren, and neighbors; I ask you to forsake not the meeting for prayer, but to come in the Spirit and to seek a mightier contact with His blessed Almightyness; I ask you to abide, as did the early disciples, with Christ the life, and you shall know the joy of salvation in your own soul."

. He once tells us that: "We can no more absorb the Cross through the reason than we can analyze the sunbeam with the keen edge of a razor." Yet he also says: "If the Christian creed cannot abide the severest testing of the intellect, it is doomed, and rightly so." Hence, his sermons abound in practical suggestions of many

kinds, and indicate a searching knowledge of men, as the following quotations bear witness: "Some men want perfect knowledge" before they will offer perfect obedience. They will not worship until their temple of truth is finished, every stone from the everlasting hills of God in place, every buttress impregnable, every window clear-shining with the light of heaven, every pinnacle wrought out in perfect beauty as it springs upwards to the skies. They are like some mad Italian who should refuse to worship in the Milan Cathedral because, though it gleams over the Lombard plains like a resplendent crown, there are unfinished portions in this white wilderness of marble, ornaments not in place, and airy pinnacles yet waiting for some saintly or heroic statue to complete their heavenward soaring. Such a temple of faith was never erected, and never will be till heaven and earth are one, and all the shadows of the infinite are dispelled by the light of the Great White Throne on high."

"Judas, like the rest of us, could endure a great deal of self-contempt, but was unable to bear up under public reproach. We can get along with the discomforts of our own conscience for a time more easily if they are not reinforced by the consciences of others, finding expression in condemnation."

"Where a man is, does not determine his character and outcome so much as the way he is heading. Two ships are in midocean, one is bound for Liverpool and the other for New York. Every day's voyage may carry one American family nearer home, and another family farther away from it. Two men are at the same spot half way up the mountain; one may be rushing to its foot, while the other is climbing to its far-viewing summit."

"It is not the historic which teaches all men most im-



pressively. The great picture in Berlin of the late Emperor William on the battle-field of Sadowa may move you much less than a new photograph of your little child, enclosed in a letter from over the sea. There is doubtless an immense dignity and nobility belonging to man as we survey the pageants of the past, but when a father watches by the sick-bed of an only son and sees the strength ebbing like the fast retreating tide, when the preciousness of that one bit of life cheapens all the treasures he has gathered, and when at last the bodiless spirit takes its flight into the voiceless and mystic unknown, there is taught to one soul at least the truth that a single creature of God, with the powers and possibilities of manhood, has not only an unspeakable dignity, but also an immeasurable value."

"There is to me no more beautiful habit than that which some married people have of never depreciating each other before their friends. I think the lack of this one habit has led many of the young men and women of today into the mistake of believing that there are only a few husbands and wives who have been married ten years that really care much for each other."

"I wish that we would learn to read the books of the Bible more sensibly. We take up the Word of God as we take up a jewel—to look at it, to get light from some beautiful point in it, and thus we lose the movement, the rush, the momentum, which might come to us from reading at one sitting an entire Gospel, a whole Epistle, or this epic poem of the early Church, the Acts of the Apostles."

"Many have made shipwreck of their faith, by always steering their craft against every rock on the coast of this ocean of truth. Wise navigators prefer a safe chan-



nel, an open sea; but restless, impracticable, and willful minds often covet a dangerous shore. They go through the Bible, not like the traveller who keeps the safe highway, but like the wayward children who climb over the rocks and sport along the stony hedges until, foot-sore and bleeding they ask, 'Is this the way of life?' The wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err if he seek from this Book chiefly a safe, practical direction in the path of duty; but the wayfaring man may be a prodigy of learning and metaphysical acuteness, and wander far off from the truth, if he is seeking chiefly to solve all difficulties and explore the heart of every mystery."

"The evidences of Christianity may grow clearer age after age till they become like the legend of God's glory which is written out on the starry heavens above us, but so long as human nature remains unchanged, so long as men are disinclined to a self-sacrificing and holy life, there will be skeptics."

Besides his love for men and his attempt to satisfy various human needs with his message, his sermons, in the third place, proclaim him somewhat of a mystic. To stand consciously in God's presence was to him a possibility and the most genuine of realities. This presence was not confined to any local habitation. It might be met on State Street just as truly as at the door of Abraham's tent, on the Island of Patmos, or in Savonarola's cell. But whenever, wherever, to whomsoever the vision appeared, its effect was ever the same, to alter the fashion of the beholder's countenance. He trusted in the messages of his highest moments. Feeling the impress of the Spirit was an experience whose quality made it the determining and interpreting force in his life. To the divine impulses of the unseen world about him, which

sapped the sources of sin and of despair, are rightly attributable his calm amid perplexities, his quick renewal of depleted energies, and his courage after failure for new attempts. "Faith," he tells us, "is the highest effort of mind, the mind grasping the eternal," and this faith permeates his sermons. His God is that of the Hebrews, personal, present, and loving. "The deities of other nations," he says, "are now only a dream, a whiff of ancient mist gilding some far-off morning of the past." "O, would that I might destroy for you the cold abstraction which some of you call God." "I know men have a thousand various conceptions of God; I know that to some He is only a vagueness undefined that fills the universe, intangible, cold, and comfortless; that to some He is only a speculation, a collection of qualities that mean nothing attractive in the same way that a rose is attractive to the eye, or a beautiful face is attractive to the heart; I know that to some God is a terror and a black cloud of wrath that touches the earth only as the lightning does, to pierce and blight it. But to the Christian, God is He who said, 'I and my Father are one.'" "In the early evening, on the Atlantic coast, I have sometimes been watching the stars, when suddenly a fog from the ocean swept inland, covering the earth and blotting out the heavens. So the idea of God as a mist filling all things, even though it be the golden mist of Pantheism, blots out every star of truth and hope, for the Divine personality is obliterated. The Hebrew prophets made no such mistake, and what a comfort there is in their manifold representations of God as father, mother, husband, king, fortress, sun, shield, rock, and star."

"The root of skepticism is the banishing of a personal God from ourselves. There is a faith which nothing dis-

turbs, and that is the faith which springs from experience. If we have seen God, if we have felt His indwelling love, then we shall walk day by day as in a supernatural world. The attitude of some men toward the world of the Spirit is that of a blind man who denies the existence of the sun. They do not need proof or facts; what they need is capacity of vision." "The secret of perfection is to know God's presence." "Behold Him in the light, as the Persian poets did, for He is there. See Him in the sun, as the makers of the Hindu Scriptures did. Breathe in His life as you breathe the morning air, for it is God's atmosphere in which you dwell." "Death is mighty, mighty enough to tear the mother from her children, the monarch from his throne, the idolater from his idols, the miser from his hoard, the school-boy from his books, the dying actress from her jewels, the statesman from his place in the halls of legislation, the man of business from the roaring exchange. Death can separate us from 'this visible, diurnal sphere,' but has no power to separate us from that love which saved us and will cherish us forever. And 'life' shall not separate us from God's love. It follows us from the mountain heights of childhood, over the broad rich fields, and through the tangled forests of middle life and of earth's closing years, into the eternal sea; and there it brings us a glory and a joy such as the world has never known. And though life separates, oftentimes, the friendships of this world; though these friendships appear like the school-day attachments, which in a few years are so outgrown that we forget the name of the boy who recited his Latin grammar by our side in the old academy on the hilltop; God's love, like His memory, never fades; and when a thousand summers have adorned the valleys with blossoms, and a thousand

autumns have decked the hills with crimson and gold, we shall be nearer to God's soul than the first-born child is to its mother's heart."

He was too true a mystic to over-emphasize miracles. Christ's personality was to him the great miracle; and Christ would have appeared to him divine, were his individual acts all explicable by natural laws and had his physical birth been attended by no marvelous signs. Yet, as natural corollaries to his faith in the unseen, he believed in miracles, in angels, and in heaven, with the simple faith of the little child and the great man. "The Word of God," he says, "is not a field all blazing with sunlight. Clouds hover over it; for, even with this book in our hands, the Apostle tells us we know in part. Shadows fall on its pages—the shadows of the Infinite. It is impossible that *we* should comprehend *God*. We may apprehend Him—that is, lay hold of His nature, touch the shining hem of His holiness and the soft hand of His grace, but who shall grasp the fullness, or measure the altitude of His being and comprehend the circumference of His truth?" "It was natural that the Holy One of Nazareth, whose touch is the life of our civilization today, whose spirit is the very breath of God, should do the works of the Father. Miracles are the 'burning bush' in the divine Word drawing men ever aside to listen to the voice of God; and when they ask why this burning bush is not consumed, the answer, as in the day of Moses, is now and ever shall be, 'Because God is in it.' " Of angels he says: "It is these ministering spirits, one with Christ in suffering sympathy with us, whom we meet when first, and when last, we look upon our Lord. There was movement and holy ecstasy in the upper air when Jesus was born in the lowly manger. The dawn of our

redemption is glorified by their radiance. And when all was finished, and the clouds hid the ascending Lord from straining, earthly eyes that saw Him not, even through the telescope of tears, they lingered by, like the glowing colors of evening when the sun is gone, and foretold His final coming. Remembering their ministries, so august and tender, shall we not heed the entreaties of the Divine Word to make our peace with God, because of the angels?" He writes of heaven: "It is a locality as well as a condition of mind, and wherever it is, however far removed from the universe which we perceive, even though our astronomical lenses may never discern it, Heaven is God's dwelling-place, where He reigns in super-eminent glory, and, though we may seem to be far from it, the infinite Jehovah, to whom this universe is but the outward expression of His power and wisdom, may be surely depended on to take us there, for in God's hands there is safety."

God and immortality are to him inseparable, and furnish the soul's chief motives. "If no future, edged with intolerable radiance like the empurpled bars of sunset, lies along the horizon of our lives, then we have no God, for God assures of transformation and of higher life. Take from the Christian heart the sweet hope of immortality, and all our highest impulses would be shriveled. Even Jesus our Lord endured the Cross, despising the shame, because of the joy that was set before Him. It is not easy to walk the burning stairs of self-sacrifice, except when confident that they reach up at last to the gates of pearl."

And he was full of vitalizing assurance and cheer. "I can hardly think," he writes, "of any soul that is flooded with a sense of the majesty, and that is filled

with the consciousness of the mercy and goodness of Christ, that is habitually, or even frequently, cast down by fear, and hampered by those petty timidities which make so many people the slaves of the opinions of fools, or cowards before the uncertainties of life, property, and health; for the truly Christly soul, having been linked in love and faith to the all-loving and the altogether lovely, has come to judge this world with other than human judgments and to look out upon time and change and sorrow with eyes that are often turned to that victorious Author and Finisher of our faith, who, having borne the Cross, is now regnant in eternal glory."

The final impression that he leaves is always of necessary ultimate triumph to men of faith. "We shall see God; we shall have perfect knowledge and shall be free from sickness, sorrow, pain, hunger, thirst, tears. Ordinary language is insufficient to express what God has prepared for us. Who knows the meaning of the words that tell of eating of the 'hidden manna,' of having the 'white stone' and the 'new name,' of being given the 'morning star,' of partaking of the 'tree of life,' of being led of God to the 'living fountains of waters,' of standing on the 'sea of glass,' of having His name in our foreheads and of sitting on His throne? But, though the words are mysterious, out of them come sweetest visions; and the blessings that they prophesy have their beginnings and counterparts here; and it is not possible to imagine motives greater or finer or nobler, leading to repentance and holy living. Immortality, freedom from sin, joy, growth in knowledge and power, serving God always in His universe—what can one desire above these?"



## CHAPTER XII

### HIS PREACHING AND ITS REVELATION OF HIMSELF

(Continued)

"My God has been slowly fashioned, so to speak, out of the elements and forces furnished through the whole experience of life. Into my conception there has entered something that came from my mother's early prayers, something from my father's love of beauty, of righteousness, and of freedom, something from the streaming eyes of the earnest college President who prayed for the salvation of the students, something from the peace which came to my heart when I looked toward the Crucified and felt the burden gone, something associated with the impression of God's greatness when I first ascended the slope of a lofty mountain and saw half of New England spread out before me. God is associated in my thought with doxologies sung over a nation's triumph, with strange raptures which came at sea while looking at the wild, tumbling crags of the ocean. He is linked with those deeper joys which the pastor knows in the midst of his first revival. God means compassion towards my many short-comings and sins, tender wisdom and mercy, both in chastisement and in rescue, a deep sense of His goodness in the home when children have been born or have been saved from death, and He means more and more that mental expansion which is brought through communion with His liberating and life-giving Word. Now this atom of knowledge, this faintest glimpse of



God is the source of whatever goodness or serviceableness we possess. How much more we might know, how much more we shall know!"

With such a faith and the belief that preaching might be made the "clearest trumpet of the armies of Christ," he naturally spent himself upon his sermons. These he always wrote, but such was his memory that after an hour's work he could repeat a sermon verbatim. Therefore, until his nervous breakdown in 1886, he spoke without notes, and even after that he was never bound to his manuscript in preaching. Thus, while possessing the careful preparation of the writer, he attained in the pulpit the ease of the extemporaneous speaker. Since his motto was "Say something in every sentence, and something that the people care to hear," he devoted part of each morning to study. "The best preparation for sermon-writing," he says, "I often find to be the reading of some poet that enkindles the imagination. I do my best preaching when I have a mind kept full by reading on some great subject outside the line of the minister's chief studies." His sermons were composed in many different ways—sometimes written at white heat. More often he dictated an outline and rough notes to his wife, early in the week, and on Saturday declaimed to his stenographer in an hour and a half, the whole sermon, speaking as if directly to his congregation. As a general thing this sermon was based less on the thinking of that week than on the work of previous weeks and months. Sometimes he kept the thought for years to ripen it, with the result that few hasty conclusions mar his utterances. This practice did not deter him, however, from timely application of his thinking. Sermons on municipal reform were given in times of political agitation; his ideas on Christ's relation

to the social question appear along with the hanging of the anarchists, the issue of "Looking Backward," and the Pullman strike. When his hearers' minds are full of Ingersoll's lectures, he attacks agnosticism; when the papers discuss a new Presbyterian creed, the trial of Professor Briggs, or the Sunday opening of the World's Fair, he preaches on a modified Calvinism, higher criticism, or the American Sunday. Nor did his careful preparation prevent his discarding a newly-written sermon when, as sometimes happened, his mood changed, or Sunday morning brought to his notice some pressing need of his audience which his sermon failed to meet.

Moreover, mere discernment of truth seemed to him insufficient qualification for effectiveness. His eulogy of the Sermon on the Mount reads: "This sermon is not made up of brilliant speculations; it is not a constellation of maybes, perhapses, guesses, bright suggestions; it is the voice of the eternal, the word that was with God and was God uttering itself to men who need to be lifted above the region of speculations, above the uncertainties of human thought into the atmosphere and altitude of God's eternity." Yet he believed even the voice of the eternal to be powerless unless so pitched that men can hear it. He usually preached more than half an hour at a time. Still he perceived clearly that, unless it defeat its purpose, a sermon must seem short. To this end, its delivery, composition, and effect demanded careful study. At intervals he studied elocution with a teacher; and although when in the pulpit all rules for gesture slipped his mind, his well-modulated voice, and his commanding presence held the audience. His friends, remembering John of Antioch, "the golden tongued," called him Chrysostom.

To the structure of his sermon he gave the attention of a rhetorician. At times the proverbial homiletic first, secondly, thirdly serve to connect its points; more often the skeleton, though well knit together, is so clothed that not even the joints protrude. Frequently the order is historical, the past preceding the present; again it is logical, effects leading him to causes. Sometimes, when his tone is argumentative, possible objections are refuted in turn. But whatever the order, his sermons are singularly unified, each division related closely not simply to its neighbors, but to the central truth under consideration. Besides, he guards lest his thought seem stationary; it runs like a melody through the whole, bearing the reader with it, for to his mind movement, like unity, is a chief requisite for securing the effect of brevity. Their potential momentum may account for his fondness for series of sermons. Of these he wrote many, on such themes as Early Jewish History, the Temptations of Christ, the Lord's Prayer, The Beatitudes, The Commandments, and different phases of a man's life.

But unity and movement are not his chief achievement in expression. Writing of Mr. Beecher, he truly described himself: "He never affects a colorless simplicity that has no beauty in it." Truth was to him infinite in suggestion and warm in its emotional tone. Variety of form and richness of texture were therefore his natural and chosen means of exposition. The use of two texts as foils to one another, is one of his favorite devices. "The wages of sin is death" and "Ye shall not surely die" head one sermon. Another on "The Shadow and the Substance" opens with the words: "Man Fleeth as a Shadow." "Unto Thee will I cry, O Lord, my Rock." In the interests of movement, many of his sentences are

long. But monotony is often broken and the thought pinned down by the insertion of shorter sentences, often figures of speech, such as: "‘If’ and ‘But,’ between these two words how many souls has Satan crucified." "Nothing makes such cowards as unfaithfulness." "We must not wither the blossom of the Gospel into an apothecary’s drug to be bought at a fixed price." "Prayers from an unforgiving heart are like flint arrows sent straight skyward that fall back on our own souls."

In his earlier sermons he spins similes and metaphors like a gold web across his pages, not to conceal defective logic or faulty proportion, but as an additional means of appeal. They usually seem the natural overflowing of a full mind and heart. The following citations may reveal their nature:

"We are seeking unity, not by getting all men to subscribe to the same metaphysical creed, not by forcing their heads under the same sacerdotal fingers, not by plunging their bodies under the same cleansing waters, but by bringing about a sense of spiritual fellowship in our Lord Jesus Christ, just as the unity of the branches of an oak tree is found in this, that they draw the life-giving sap from the same roots, whereas the ecclesiastical idea of unity is found in the lopping off of all the wide-spread latitude of the oak’s boughs, or compressing them into one body till, like a liberty pole, it stands tall, smooth, straight, and dead, fitted only to fly from its top some narrow streamer scrawled over with sectarian watchwords."

"God does not shower miracles on the earth as He does snowflakes in the winter. A single flake falling in the course of a thousand years would excite admiration and

delight. The storms of the winter season excite in some minds quite different emotions."

"When Satan seizes hold of some passage that is poetic, and makes it literal, he holds out a glittering bait that covers a sharp, dangerous hook."

"Life is something that is fed by memories that go back, like angels, to the Cross of Christ, and by hopes that wing their way heavenward to the Throne of God and of the Lamb."

"The sayings of Jesus seem the easy expressions of One who was greater far than what He said, snowy petals shaken by the breezes of discussion from the boughs of this tree of life."

His experience taught him that men often deem a truth worn out, simply because its everyday apparel is threadbare and ill-fitting; such a dress he was ever seeking to replace. Yet for some minds his figures were too numerous, at times distracting. And it is noticeable that in his later sermons he uses far less figurative language. As his thought strengthens with years and his people become his friends, his homiletic style grows ever less rhetorical, though always rich in color.

As an additional means of force he employs illustrations as well as imagery. These are sometimes pathetic, again humorous, always stimulating. On poetry, history, personal reminiscence, music, and science he draws freely. Every experience was to him a symbol of some aspect of truth, so that such dissimilar things as the breakfast-table, factory, ocean steamer, picture gallery, stock exchange, golf links, and ball-room creep into his preaching. These selections from his sermons on "Religion the Motive Power of Human Progress" and on

"Christianity in Our National Life" well exemplify his illustrations:

"If the sharp-tongued critics of religion would study the genius of the Gospels they might gain juster views of Christian faith. The chemist who explores only a poisoned atmosphere is not likely to understand the properties of air. Suppose some brilliant babbler in science should have the following experience: He sits by his evening lamp—a gust of wind blows it out; he walks the street—the cold air chills him; he ascends a mountain—the thin air makes him gasp for breath; he crosses the ocean—a hurricane imperils the ship; he descends into an English coal-pit—the choke-damp endangers his life; he crosses the Campagna of Rome—a deadly wind withers his strength; he looks down into Vesuvius—a sulphurous gust half chokes him. Whereupon he returns home and having thought over all his painful experiences with the atmosphere, he takes the platform and announces his conviction that air is the greatest curse of the world! Fools listen and applaud, forgetting that in this vast ethereal ocean we move and have our being, and that without it, all 'life dies, death lives, and nature breeds perverse.' So religion is the atmosphere in which humanity lives, and rather than dispense with it, we can well endure the thin air of ritualism, the cold fogs of bigotry, and even the noxious vapors of cruel superstition."

"It is said that an Illinois farmer plants corn to feed swine to buy land, to plant more corn to feed more swine in order to get more money to buy still more land to plant still more acres of corn to feed still more herds of swine. And woe be unto us if our boasted America ends in swine or the fruits of a material civilization merely. I would that in the midst of our selfish and spendthrift



lives we might catch something of the spirit of that Western preacher who once had a vacation, and went to a boarding house in Saratoga, and thence wrote home to his wife that a certain fashionable woman's habiliments and adornments, as he reckoned, were equivalent to one meeting-house, seven cabinet organs, and forty-two Sunday-school libraries!"

"Three years after the close of the Franco-Prussian war, it was my fortune to be present at the trial of Marshal Bazaine in the little palace among the woods of Versailles which Louis XIV. had erected for one of his favorites. Bazaine, as you remember, had shown great irresolution at the siege of Metz, resulting in disaster to France, and when he sought to exculpate himself by declaring that he could not tell what was the government of the country, or if it still had any government, the President of the military tribunal, the Duc d'Aumale, burst forth on the Marshal with the pathetic and passionate cry: '*Mais la France, la France.*' The instinct of the nation's indestructible life found expression in that intense and ringing utterance. France still lived, and to her every soldier and citizen owed supreme and instant allegiance. Though her Emperor was a prisoner and his empire a ruin, though the Prussian cavalry had swept over her vine-clad hills, and the Prussian artillery had crushed her army at Sedan, though a hostile sovereign held her fortresses in his iron hand and encamped his cuirassiers in the heart of Paris, in those Elysian fields between the gorgeous palace of the Tuileries and the great arch of the First Napoleon's triumphs, France, the nation, was not dead. She extemporized a government, liberated her soil, paid her indebtedness, and rose up purified and strengthened to moral heights never reached



before. And so, though our horizon is lurid with the camp-fires of evil, though the men of Babylon have built their temples in the vales that have been dedicated to a pure Gospel, though Mammon and Belial and Moloch have erected ten thousand altars in our great cities, and though envious hosts from other lands shake their fists at the palaces and towers of our Christian Zion, tonight let the ringing cry of faith go forth, 'But Christ, but Christ!' He still lives, the God-man that was delivered unto death for our offenses and raised from the sepulchre for our justification, Christ who hath all power in heaven and earth, He holds in His hands the reins of universal government and athwart the devices of all error and evil, and along the footpaths of all history, from the morning of time until now, He directs the serene and unwearied Omnipotence of redeeming love."

His sermons are not theological treatises, though he offered with clear logic a modified Calvinism. Nor, though of sound judgment, did he write critical essays distinguished by subtle analyses and delicate phrasing. He loves truth, yet philosophical abstractions do not compose the chief part of his pages, and shrewd worldly wisdom fills still less. His method is, on the whole, not that of the logician but that of the artist. His greatness lies not so much in the weight of his thought as in his depth of feeling, and command of vivid expression. His sermons are his visions, and they filled the eyes and melted the hearts of his hearers. He is wonderfully concrete, presenting beautiful pictures in words full of music. Many pages of his illustrate this as perfectly as the following paragraph:

"'Man fleeth as a shadow.' What is a shadow? Nothing; it is the absence of light, some obstruction has

come between the earth and sun, light has been intercepted, and as rapidly as light moves so the shadow withdraws itself. A leaf creates it, a limb, a tree, a fence, a snow-flake, a cloud, a house, a flower, a church spire, a child's hand. It is very beautiful like life itself. Nature delights in shadows, they are essential to loveliness and to expression, and the master of light and shade is the great painter. But O, how swiftly the shadows flee away!"

His sermons, however, reveal in their picturesque and beautiful form not merely intensity of conviction and spiritual insight, but his singular completeness; a many-sidedness and largeness of view due to a rare docility of spirit which prevented his own conception of truth from eclipsing God's revelation. "I am determined," he says, "that nothing shall keep me from entering into heartiest sympathy with all. I prefer to see the good things, rather than the evil, in every body of Christians. No pope shall excommunicate me from being a good Catholic. I shall never cease to cherish grateful thoughts of the English Church, so long as the books of her scholars occupy so large a place in my library. While I hold a modern hymn-book in my hand, I shall remain a good Methodist, and so long as they continue to save the souls of the poor, I shall be a member of the Salvation Army. It is a great mistake, for it narrows and hurts our souls, to fix our thoughts chiefly on what we deem the defects of other Christian bodies. The result is bigoted Presbyterians and poor Christians. What our age wants is larger-minded men. When they come in great multitudes the unification of Christendom will not be delayed. Men are great not on account of their denominational connections, not on account of their ecclesiasticism, but on

account of service and character. The late Cardinal Manning, who was mourned by millions of England's poor, belonged to the Church Universal. His Christianity was greater than his cardinal's hat and more divine than his princely office."

Alive to the consecrating influence of associations, declaiming against lawlessness, devoted to the established order of society, such was his faith in the magnitude and ultimate supremacy of truth that he listened to the social reformer, advocated a new creed, welcomed the doctrine of evolution, encouraged scientific study of the Bible, and finally organized a Parliament of Religions. He rarely exalted devotion to the exclusion of service, or vice versa, but exclaims: "Blessed is holy contemplation, blessed is prayer; but the prophet, in his vision of the angels in glory, saw that they not only veiled their faces in awe before the face of God—not only did their wings cover their eyes as they worshipped in the presence of Jehovah, but they had wings wherewith they might fly on the errands of God." He is given to prayer and meditation, though intensely active and social by nature. Quick to learn the lessons of sorrow, he writes: "It is the mistake of the young, and it is a mistake of those who grow more and more selfish and discontented with life, to think that it is best always to live in the sun. The sun is a great benefactor. How much of beauty and of life he is all the while creating; but the sun hides far more than he reveals! It is the sun that shuts from our view the greater part of the universe we live in. If there were never any night shadowing our globe in gloom, we should be unable to behold the stars, and how small to our instructed minds the heavens would be without those stellar orbs, each one of which is a sun, the center of its own great universe.

So it is that the night of sorrow and trouble comes down over us in God's own ordering, that our hearts may be filled with the divine joy of knowing the larger worlds of the spirit, and believing in immortality."

And again: "Tragedy appears to take deeper hold of the human mind than any other form of literary art, for the reason that it is in harmony with the deepest facts of a world that sees a lost Paradise at the beginning of history and a Day of Judgment at the end of it. One element of the immense power of the life of Jesus is its tragic pathos; for with the grief of unrequited and of rejected love, He offered Himself to Israel, His own people, and to Nazareth, His own city."

Yet few men so exalted or eulogized joy. He writes of Cana: "It is a large place in the moral world, for there was struck the key-note of Christ's ministry, and it ranks almost with Bethlehem, where the angels sang 'Peace and Good-will.' It is joy which Christ came to bring men; joy, after earth's thousand years of discord and dolor; joy, in the home and in the heart and in the community, the happy and harmonious working of the forces of human life, which even though discipline and sorrow and death shall come, must ultimately prevail because joy is the key-note of God's moral universe. The world gives the best wine at the start, and how desperate people become when they find that the quality of pleasure is lowered and its quantity lessened. O, how they struggle and agonize to refresh their aged lips with the wine of youth! But things grow worse and worse until the end is reached in desolateness and despair. It is not so with us. The path grows brighter, the pleasures grow sweeter, our peace which began as a tiny rivulet flows at length as a river, the River of God. The water is turned into

wine, earth is changed to heaven, Cana to the New Jerusalem." In a sermon on Christian Optimism, he says: "There are two sides of the curtain of life, and God sees both. The angels see both, and they wonder, almost, at our tears, at least over those things which bring greatest joy to Heaven, those things that add to the spiritual powers of the universe, those things that are a divine summons to our souls to come up higher; those things that are ladders of light ascending from earth to Heaven. We may not rightly be blind to the Divine side of our human lot; for we are not those who have been left in the twilight of Nature. Something better than a stoical endurance of life's woes is beseeining men and women who have been instructed as we have been."

Then, too, whatever his denunciations of sin, we still feel his magnanimity. We can say of him, as he said of Paul: "He was not lenient toward fundamental error but flamed against it with consuming zeal, yet he was not cramped into believing that his conceptions of truth and service exhausted all the possibilities of the Spirit." So great is his moral earnestness that he declares: "We must not expect too much of the ministry of the beautiful; there are some things which Art cannot do. Paris cannot cure her sensualities with pictures, any more than she could kill the Commune with a canvas, even though Delacroix had covered it with matchless colorings or Millet had filled it with heavenly-minded peasants." Yet he adds, "Though art in Paris may seem only a pearl on the neck of the demi-monde, it is nevertheless true that it has a gracious ministry"—and the rest of the sermon extols that ministry. He tells us that "God delights in beautiful thoughts and beautiful things,

otherwise He would not have given us the Scriptures or made the golden-rod to fringe the dusty road of life." Much as he loves righteousness, his very treatment of a theme proclaims his instinct for the beautiful. For example, with the subject, "A faith worth contending for," he discourses not upon the countless contentions and schisms of history, but on the beauty of Christianity. And part of that nobleness of spirit which excluded petty dogmatising, wrangling, and personal dislikes from his sermons is his devotion to whatsoever things are lovely.

He is conservative and radical, a mystic and a reformer, sensitive alike to sorrow and to joy, moved equally by nature and by art, loving righteousness and beauty, his own land and the world. Still if one idea rarely blinded him to the complexity of truth, neither did his variety of interest destroy his singleness of purpose. So glowing was his faith in Christ, in man, and in God, and so complete his nature that we may truly apply to his impassioned eloquence his description of Mr. Beecher's: "One will never forget, who knew it in its golden and wondrous prime, that preaching which swept with angelic strength and splendor over the whole domain of human experience, and touched every chord of memory and hope, of reason and imagination, of playfulness and indignant passion, of self-sacrifice and of sympathy; so that it seemed as if all the powers of a great organ had been concentrated into a living man, through whom spake the living God; now uttering his voice in homelike familiarity, and then with the trumpet's most piercing and passionate notes; now with the plaintiveness of a child's pleading, and anon with a Miltonic sweep and grandeur of sound like the thunderous music of the ocean's shore."



## CHAPTER XIII

### CITIZEN AND PATRIOT

"There is no civic virtue more urgently demanded in American life to-day than a wise patriotism, especially that form of public spirit which has been called municipal patriotism. We know that among the future possibilities of American life are a heathenism and wretchedness, concentrated in some American London, approaching the awful brutality and misery depicted in "Darkest England," where the cry of distress, breaking from pestilential rookeries, is wrung from lips purple with alcohol and crimson with fever. It is the city which Biblical inspiration makes the type of an inhuman, material civilization, that Babylon, which is yet to be destroyed, whose merchants shall mourn as they stand afar off and see the smoke of its burning, the city whose merchandise is gold and silver and precious stones and pearls and fine linen and scarlet and all manner of vessels of iron and brass and marble, and cinnamon and odors and ointments and frankincense and wine and oil and fine flour and wheat and beasts and sheep and horses and chariots and slaves and the souls of men. Is not many a civilized metropolis rapidly becoming a ruthless machine wherein are ground up the souls of men? Chicago is past the age of mere material bigness, and is gathering to herself many elements of the higher civilization. She is no longer a mere commercial capital; she is a metropolis, with all the tremendous responsibilities belonging to one of the chief cities of our globe. Our best people, our farthest-sighted



citizens, desire what Matthew Arnold somewhat inelegantly calls 'the best ideas that are going.' But, while we know far better than some of our critics the excellent features of our city life, the public spirit of many who are giving their time and wealth and wisdom to the improvement of the common weal; while we are proud of our churches and schools, our parks and charities, and while we hug with complacency Dudley Warner's compliments in regard to our increasing interest in the intellectual life, and while our sturdy Americanism and the firmness which throttled anarchy and the magnificent energy which the fire could not destroy or dim, are recognized, it must be confessed that we cannot justly claim to have reached any high degree of municipal excellence; it must be confessed that we are governed by the criminal classes."

At the heart of his Thanksgiving sermon of 1890, from which we have just quoted, lay my father's deep love and grave fear for his city. The appeal that Chicago made to him was compelling; its possibilities for good and evil seemed incalculable. He was a patriot, too, and the city typically American. Besides, Chicago's boyish conceit covered a teachableness that was able to circumvent the deadliest forms of provincialism. As he looked upon the city in its ugliness and wickedness, its powers and fascinations, stretching its huge form north, south, and west, he longed to change its foulness into a beauty as pure and shining as the depths of Lake Michigan. He was glad to be connected with Chicago during such formative years. On coming from Boston, he had left a larger city for a smaller. Though well restored after its great fire, Chicago, in 1881, boasted few of its present most impressive factories, elevators, and wholesale estab-

lishments, none of its largest apartment houses, offices, and department stores, not even its Board of Trade building. It had no electric lights, electric cars, or elevated trains. Those were the days when fairs, May festivals, and summer concerts were held in the dark, rambling Exposition building on the Lake Front; when Chicago's half-million people traveled in horse-cars which, moving in opposite directions on a single track, waited for each other at the corner "bulges." The city possessed no Thomas Orchestra or St. Gaudens's Lincoln; no Fine Arts Building, "Dial," "Brush and Pencil," and School of Fiction. My father watched the growth of the McCormick Theological Seminary, from small beginnings, helped establish the Presbyterian Social Union, preached sermons at the dedications of the Normal Training School and Presbyterian Hospital. In 1881, Hull House, the Auditorium, Armour and Lewis Institutes, the Dewey School, the Newberry and Crerar libraries, the Field Columbian Museum, the present Art Institute and University, existed, if at all, but in dreams. And as miles of pavement were laid, as scores of suburbs sprung up, and as the population trebled, my father was one of the city's best dreamers and workers. His connections with its World's Fair and University shall be treated later, but of only slighter import was his more general civic work.

"I am earnestly opposed," he says, "to the minister's becoming an active political partisan. He can accomplish more by teaching principles than by advocating policies. But I do not believe that it is the minister's place, in this age which needs ethical truth in a thousand applications to life, to hide himself as a 'gentle hermit.' The American pulpit is called on to treat of a large number of politi-

cal themes, such as Temperance Legislation; the Sunday Question in its many legal aspects; the Indian Question; the Bible in School Question; Obedience to Law, and the ways to secure it; Divorce; Gambling in its various forms; the Health of Cities; Pauperism; Illiteracy; and that problem, to solve which the Church should call on the government to help, like Paul making an 'Appeal to Cæsar,' the great educational and moral problem presented by seven million freedmen at the South. These ask only for occasional treatment, compared with the ordinary themes of pulpit teaching, but they are not to be ignored. If it is right to preach against ordinary stealing, then it is right to denounce the infamy of public officials in making honest voters stand four and six hours in a line reaching to a ballot-box, but a line so long that they are robbed of the dearest right of citizenship. In applying Christian principles to political affairs, the preachers will find that political and partisan politics sometimes overlap. So much the worse for the party in the greater wrong. There are times when a sermon on the Ten Commandments might be objected to as bringing campaign issues into the pulpit! The General Assembly of our church trespassed on the verge of partisan politics in some of its deliverances on the prohibition of slavery, and the rights of the Union. We are not bound to refrain from speaking against wrong from the pulpit because the wrong may be sheltered behind other good men's consciences. We all know that in what we call conscience is hidden a vast deal of prejudice, interest, timidity, and self-will. We all know how much of weak human nature goes into conscience, so-called, as the pompous colored man said in reply to the question, what is conscience? 'Conscience is that feeling in here that says I won't; that is conscience.'

"There are times when to be true to God the pulpit must preach truths that have immediate political bearings. In fact, the objections made to the pulpit's applying the principles of the Sermon on the Mount to affairs of government, often come from those whose own political ideas could not seriously be proclaimed from a Christian pulpit. Immense mischief is wrought when men feel that the motive power in moral reforms is not generated by Christianity. Much of the infidelity of New England sprang from the cowardly action of the Church toward American slavery. I pray that in the important readjustments of labor and capital which are at hand, the workingmen may not feel that organized Christianity is their enemy, but may come to know that there is a Christian socialism, wiser, deeper, more real and helpful than godless communism. The way to Christianize human activities, in political and all other spheres, is not to keep out of them, but boldly to enter them and claim them for God."

He found in his Central Music Hall services a God-given opportunity to apply the teachings of Christ to men's civic life. His pulpit, too, he sometimes used for this purpose. Year after year he was a prominent speaker at mass meetings in behalf of Sunday observance and temperance, and before the Citizens' and the Law and Order Leagues. He laments the indifference of many to the public weal, the greed of gold and love of excitement evidenced in wheat pits and gambling dens, the corrupt city council, the spread of atheistic and anarchistic views, the public disregard for Sunday, the growing spirit of caste in rich churches, the scarcity of churches in districts most needing them, the prevalence of crime, and the power of the saloon and the house of impurity to destroy their

victims and undermine the social order. His fairness pleased the honest minded; he appealed to men's highest motives; his courage, fire and knowledge of facts made his blows strike home. This preaching did not win him the favor of those standing on lower moral ground than his. Managers of theaters that held Sunday performances were among his enemies, and one of the mayors attacked him openly, saying among other things, "Dr. Barrows wears the cloak of the Lord. I have a shrewd suspicion that if Christ were here to-day he would say to this man who preaches politics on Sunday, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

In these addresses my father often clearly expounds his belief that individuals, not systems, are the determining forces in social progress. He distrusted the materialism, the over-reliance upon machinery, the infringement of individual liberty, and the consequent curtailment of mental and moral achievement, which he discerned in some socialistic schemes. He writes, "I greatly dread any approach to the doctrine that society owes every man a support. I remember the words of one of my old teachers who said, 'Beware of the man who says that "society owes him a living."' The farmer has learned not to leave his cellar door open when such theorists are about.' Nationalism will not succeed in doing what all other external institutions have failed to accomplish. It is not wisdom but folly to imagine that just one social panacea is all that is needed; that the nationalizing of industry will keep men from overreaching each other, and turn inherent selfishness into brotherly love. I long as earnestly as any one to see principles of coöperation and brotherhood applied to the production and distribution of wealth, but it should be voluntary, not compulsory coöperation. The right handle

for all reform is the individual. Man could attain his noblest development, as in Paul, under the infamous empire of Nero. Man can sink to his lowest degradation amid all the benignities of a Christian republic. I am not opposing the efforts of good men to adjust more equally the relations of labor and capital. Christ demands that the golden rule shall be the law of all life. I am not decrying the work of any reform associations. The spirit of Christ is back of every one of them that is good. But all these movements should remember that they are but scaffolding for the reconstruction of man. They should make easier the great work of the Church, the work of renewing men. Better conditions and external improvements are not able to meet of themselves the radical needs of human nature. Men are aliens from God, death-stricken with sin. The blinded efforts of some people to-day to cure this world, suggest the picture of a man whitewashing a pest-house, or opening schools and mansions for children bitten by mad dogs."

While describing those who refuse to help the man who has fallen among thieves, he does not eulogize the passing reformer who muses thus: "What is the use of helping one wounded sufferer; he is only one of a multitude? Other men will be robbed and plundered and destroyed by these Bedouin banditti; it will not mend the matter to care for this *one*. The thing to be done is to change the whole system of government, to inaugurate a new order of things which will make plundering impossible; to do away with the whole body of monopolists, land-sharks, money-grabbers, banded plunderers of the poor, trust-pirates, who are desolating the modern world and making the path of the poor a red and bloody road indeed. And so he neglects the call of humanity, the cry



of personal need, because he has a theory that certain sweeping changes must be brought about, and that relief to individuals is only a mockery." Again he tells us that "An excellent form of government, unless it is conducted by wise and good men, will no more prevent or abolish present evils than a fine broadcloth coat will keep off the Russian grippe."

And so, since he based his hope of social progress far more upon improved manhood than upon improved institutions, his chief endeavor was to train ideal citizens, men who voluntarily sacrifice personal and party interests for the city, preferring to undertake distasteful offices rather than submit themselves to be ill-governed. "There is too little concern," he says, "for things outside ourselves and our households; we live in a community where palaces are girded with weeds and surrounded by filthy lanes. So long as Chicago is governed by its saloons, so long as the care of our streets is in the hands of unscrupulous jobbery, so long as the city fathers continue to shield the open violators of the law and the municipal executive refuses to meet his sworn obligations, so long as public nuisances abound on every hand, darkening the sky and polluting the air to such an extent that the man in the moon is supposed to hold his nostrils when he comes too near our city limits, so long will it be needful that good citizens should unselfishly labor for good government." "The trouble is that so many men's pockets control their politics; they weakly imagine that they cannot afford to follow their consciences; they are determined not to offend their patrons; they prefer to sell their principles to get a larger sale for their goods. As Dante, the Florentine patriot, who cherished even in exile the lilled loveliness of the city of the Arno, looked upon her



fierce factions as the spotted panther which impeded his poetic way up the mount of vision, so the fierce, unmeaning factions of our city life obstruct the elevation of our municipality. In city affairs I am thoroughly convinced that there should be henceforth only two parties—the saloon party and the anti-saloon party. The anti-saloon party would be primarily the law and order party, and, in view of our municipal needs, there is no sense in any other division of the people. The evidences are numerous that our best newspapers and an increasing number of the voters are championing political independence. Partisanship in city affairs has become like the relic which Hezekiah broke in pieces, Nehushtan, a thing of brass, the brassiest thing now in circulation, especially when embodied in partisan clubs organized to plunder a giant municipality. The ideal citizen is not a man who is merely a clothed and animated roll of bank stock and railroad bonds. There is many a gilded youth in Chicago who is not worth to the better life of our city, one tithe of that wealth which many a young woman furnishes in a mission school. O, young millionaire of to-day, living amid such splendid opportunities, with God's riches intrusted to you, set your face against a selfish life, against the ostentatious vulgarities which recent books have opened to our view in the American metropolis, the social contentions where *chef* vies with *chef*, and butler strives with butler, and wine-cellar contends with wine-cellar, and where Worth and Redfern are the Achilles and Hector of the social battlefield! God save Chicago from such vulgar Iliads!"

Yet, for all his apprehensions about the city of his love, his final words were always hopeful. "Perhaps the time shall come when the signal weather-flag from our Audi-

torium tower, and the gilded ship over the Board of Trade shall be saluted by some Wordsworth, or Hugo, or Emerson of the better age, his heart thrilled and kindled by the loftiest civic pride."

His Christianity also included love of country. "A religion without patriotism," he once remarked, "is not inspired of that Christ who came first to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, who wept over Jerusalem, and whose patriotic heart gave the command that his gospel should be preached first in the capital city of his nation. The deepest philosophy now recognizes that the nation is not a political accident, that it is not merely the work of man, a voluntary association for economic ends, but that it has its origin in God, and like God has continuance, authority, and a moral being." His love for America was strengthened by his faith in her. Unhesitatingly he believed in democracy, in spite of its moral dangers and the unbeautiful living it engenders. The waters of the Pierian spring should be freely offered. A little learning seemed to him less dangerous than none at all. Then, too, he always kept in mind the thousandth man who would drink deep. He writes: "There has risen a power this side the Atlantic which more and more will modify the methods of all other governments. It is painful to hear Americans speak despondently of our future and slightly of things American. I know liberty is dangerous; like fire, and water, and air, the necessities of life, it can be misused. It needs healthful regulation, so as to prevent the fever spasms of revolution, which come when life and freedom are brutally repressed. But in our land the ebullitions of popular discontent find continuous and natural outlets in local, state, and national governments. It is Germany and Russia that sit trem-

blingly on the steam-boilers holding down too many of the valves. English laborers sometimes complain that nobles and bishops promise them plenty of land when they get to heaven, but are very careful that they shall not possess a part of it on earth. But Christian democracy, which I hope America represents, demands that all who are created God's children should have an equal chance with all others to a many-sided and healthful life and development here below. And we ought to rejoice that so generally manly character is still higher than factitious distinctions of wealth and position."

Natural outgrowths of his patriotism were his interest in the Grand Army of the Republic, in politics, and in education. The Abraham Lincoln Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, in 1884, made him an honorary member and their permanent orator, presented him with a framed resolution of thanks, and a gold badge in appreciation of his patriotic addresses. This honor seems fitting when we remember his words, which have found their way into a school reader: "America need not go beyond her own annals to read once more the story of Bayard and Sidney, of Vane and Havelock. And one there was, greater than all, whose name will never be inscribed on the scroll of history, but whose fame is immortal. He held a lowly place. In his hand was a musket, not a sword. In his heart was the love of country, the love of freedom, the love of home. He knew every hardship—the long march under the cruel sun, the picket's lonely watch, the meager fare, the dreary pain of the hospital. Sometimes he was seen gayly marching through Georgia. Again he was found in the deadly swamps of the Chickahominy. He was patient, though generals blundered. He was happiest when commanders sent him away from

the idle encampment into the field of strife. His manhood saved the Nation, and the Nation has not altogether forgotten him and his children. You will see him on the street, sometimes armless and crippled, or in some Soldiers' Home, and as you raise your hand to him in military salute the hot tears will sometimes start from your eyes. He lives in the midst of a not ungrateful people, but full honor has not yet been given him. I bid citizens to hail him with grateful hearts—the hero of the war, the pledge of America's future, the common soldier of the Union Army."

Politics rarely crept into his addresses, except those dealing with municipal evils. But in 1884, at a convention of the National Law and Order League, he opposed a national prohibition party. The same summer, he wrote to the Boston Journal a letter in support of Mr. Blaine, which was widely quoted. And later, he opened the National Republican Convention with a prayer, of which thousands of copies were circulated through Indiana as a campaign document!

It was a favorite remark of his, that "If the torch of Liberty is to enlighten the world, it must be fed from the lamp of knowledge." Early in the eighties, when many minds looked askance at the discoveries of science, he declared the doctrine of Evolution to be "a relief and a help in solving many scriptural difficulties." And later, when some of his hearers shrank from the discoveries of Biblical scholars, he declared: "We are not to be afraid of the truth; all truth is of God, therefore we welcome it, or, if it seems hard at first, we adjust ourselves to it. Therefore we should seek for it as for hidden treasure. Bring to the Bible all the light which may be gained from Hebrew study, from Assyrian research, from the higher

and the lower criticism. Discover, if you may, how the Bible was constructed, and when, and who were all its authors; but you will not have touched with one destroying finger its central and celestial light. God is in it." Education, therefore, claimed his attention. In his own city, the children of the Harrison school considered him their friend; he offered annual prizes for the best work done in English composition by the pupils of the eighth grade, and it was one of his pleasures each June to present Macaulay's *History of England* and a set of Shakespeare to the happy winners. Lake Forest University early won his interest. In 1882, it conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He spoke before its students and several times raised money for it. Of Knox College, in 1884, he was made a trustee. During his Chicago ministry he gave seventy addresses before more than twenty different colleges and universities, diverse as Beloit, Blackburn, Chicago, Cornell, Hope, Holland, Illinois, Kansas, Olivet, Purdue, Rockford, Yale, Wellesley, and Williams.

The summer of 1887, he lectured for the first time at Chautauqua, "the people's college," which stood, he believed, "for universal education and the helping of every ardent and aspiring seeker after knowledge." Later he became one of the Board of Councilors, and he continued year after year to lecture to Chautauqua assemblies. He once said: "The Chautauqua movement will ultimately be seen to rank with the chief religious, reformatory, and educational movements of the past. It enobles domestic life, quickens and directs intellectual enthusiasm, promotes brotherhood and patriotism, lays broad and sure foundation for the better American civilization, honors God's word and enthrones Christ."

In 1888, he was elected Trustee of the United Society

of Christian Endeavor. During the next thirteen years he addressed conventions at Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Nashville, Detroit, and Portland, on such subjects as "America for Christ," "The Religious Possibilities of the World's Fair," "The Brotherhood of Nations," "The Conquest of the World," "The Supreme Value of Higher Education," and "Christian Endeavor and Missions." These words express his faith in this work: "The Christian Endeavor Movement is a distinct, divinely guided movement, and has given our churches some gleams of millennial daybreak, planting in the hearts of the young those convictions and enthusiasms, forming those habits and setting in motion those activities that are to give the Church of the next generation new prayer meetings, Christians better equipped with the Bible, new missionaries, hosts of new givers, and men and women who will represent the new Christianity, which is as old as Jesus the Christ."

One of the Trustees of the United Society writes: "I feel like reaching out my hands toward the millions I represent, saying, 'Let us take hold of one another's hands; I want to feel your presence; I would gladly utter your name; I want only to name those things on which we are all agreed.' They would say to me,—I speak for them—you may refer to Dr. Barrows as our Chrysostom; he was the golden-mouthed; he was put forward on all our great occasions. When we have conventions numbering twenty, forty, seventy thousand young persons, of course there are great summits, when some man who can command the assembly must stand forth and voice the common sentiment. Almost uniformly Dr. Barrows was appointed to that position. He was our foremost trustee."

It may be that my father's optimistic spirit is due in



part to his participation in so many important activities. It is certain that such activities seemed to him but the minor part of his rightful work. "We need," he writes, "a wise balance between the two views of the kingdom, as within or without. It must be within first; but the spirit in the soul is not one of solitude, it is one of fellowship. All morality has regard to relations, and we feel the incongruity of such collocation of words as a Christian taskmaster, a Christian distiller, a heavenly-minded slave-trader, a philanthropic despot. The Christian spirit is profoundly concerned in bringing about better conditions, but it should seek these things and all things under the shadow and shelter, under the joy and glory of the encompassing and overarching kingdom of God. It is possible for benevolent men to-day to devote themselves so exclusively to some one reform, to be so completely absorbed in securing some one amendment in human life, some amelioration of the condition of labour, as to forget that, after all, the chief enfranchisement which men need is spiritual, and also to forget that their little reform, which is to hurry forward the millennium, is only one little acre of those golden fields which make up the kingdom of heaven."

It is certain, too, that his hope for his city and land was largely the outgrowth of the love for every human soul so constantly manifested by his life. "Oh, what a rebuke," he exclaims, "are the words 'Our Father' to the social paganism which strives to preserve its respectability by avoiding those to whom Christ gave His whole life. Let kid-gloved and lavender-scented delicacy gather its white skirts away from the pollution of the ordinary crowd; let men refuse any brotherly recognition of hard-handed toil; let women decline to speak to those who



have sinned against society and shrink even from association with their braver sisters who help the fallen outcast. Let all such assemble themselves for God's worship in some temple of beauty thinking themselves safe from vulgar intrusion, and they will find that in the highest and noblest exercise of the human powers, that of prayer, they must associate with those to whom they have denied the meanest fellowship; they must remain forever dumb before God until they can descend to the level of mere humanity and enter his gates with the motley hosts of a poor and sinful race. The pyramid that reaches heaven must have humanity for its base. God does not call us upward unattended. As we can approach God only by bringing with us all men, so we can live to God only as we live for all men."

## CHAPTER XIV

### PREPARATIONS FOR THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS

1891-1893

In 1889, my father was appointed a member of the World's Congress Committee, which developed the next year into the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition, "an organization authorized and supported by the Exposition corporation for the purpose of bringing about a series of world's conventions of the leaders in the various departments of human progress, during the exposition season of 1893." In the fall of 1890 this Auxiliary made him chairman of its Committee on Religious Congresses, a committee composed of men of fifteen denominations, and probably "the most broadly representative that ever signed a religious manifesto." These men soon began to call the most important of these Religious Congresses, the Parliament of Religions, a name probably suggested to my father by Tennyson's line:

"In the Parliament of man, the federation of the world."

They commenced their work under the impression that nothing resembling a Parliament of Religions had been heretofore imagined. They soon ascertained that the Buddhist Emperor Asoka, twenty centuries previous had presided over such a gathering; that in the 16th century a similar Parliament had been conceived by the Moravian bishop, John Comenius, and by Akbar, the greatest of the Mogul emperors; that the Free Religious Association of Boston had in the seventies originated the idea of such a convention and that Dr. W. F. Warren of the

Boston University had preached a sermon on an imaginary conference in Tokyo of the religious leaders of the Orient. But if their plan was not wholly new, my father and his confederates were the first men of the Christian era to bring it to fruition.

In the spring of 1891, they sent to personages and periodicals in all lands a letter containing this invitation: "Believing that God is, and that He has not left Himself without witness; believing that the influence of Religion tends to advance the general welfare, and is the most vital force in the social order of every people; and convinced that of a truth God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him, we affectionately invite the representatives of all faiths to aid us in presenting to the world, at the Exposition of 1893, the religious harmonies and unities of humanity, and also in showing forth the moral and spiritual agencies which are at the root of human progress."

The replies that poured in voiced sharp differences of opinion. Some men prophesied that the proposed Congress would compromise and belittle Christianity; others, that it would be a picturesque spectacle unique and suggestive enough to dazzle visionaries, but of slight actual significance; still others that it might be a signal manifestation of the modern scientific spirit and an efficacious means of disseminating enlightenment and inculcating religious tolerance. From the men who held this last view an advisory council was formed, which proved of great aid in presenting the proposed Parliament to the public. With the advice of this council the committee finally proposed the following statement of the objects of the World's Parliament of Religions:

“First, to bring together in conference, for the first time in history, the leading representatives of the great Historic Religions of the world; secondly, to show to men, in the most impressive way, what and how many important truths the various Religions hold and teach in common; thirdly, to promote and deepen the spirit of human brotherhood among religious men of diverse faiths, through friendly conference and mutual good understanding, while not seeking to foster the temper of indifference, and not striving to achieve any formal and outward unity; fourthly, to set forth, by those most competent to speak, what are deemed the important distinctive truths held and taught by each Religion, and by the various chief branches of Christendom; fifthly, to indicate the impregnable foundations of Theism, and the reasons for man’s faith in Immortality, and thus to unite and strengthen the forces which are adverse to a materialistic philosophy of the universe; sixthly, to secure from leading scholars, representing the Brahman, Buddhist, Confucian, Parsee, Mohammedan, Jewish, and other Faiths, and from representatives of the various Churches of Christendom, full and accurate statements of the spiritual and other effects of the Religions which they hold, upon the literature, art, commerce, government, domestic and social life of the peoples among whom these Faiths have prevailed; seventhly, to inquire what light each Religion has afforded, or may afford, to the other Religions of the world; eighthly, to set forth, for permanent record to be published to the world, an accurate and authoritative account of the present condition and outlook of Religion among the leading nations of the earth; ninthly, to discover, from competent men, what light Religion has to throw on the great problems of the

present age, especially the important questions connected with temperance, labor, education, wealth and poverty; tenthly, to bring the nations of the earth into a more friendly fellowship, in the hope of securing permanent international peace."

However stoutly thinkers wrangled over the value of attaining some of these objects, they agreed, that were his plan to succeed the organizer of the Parliament of Religions must be a man of faith and of executive genius. The difficulties that he had to meet were greater than is generally known and are but faintly shadowed in his laughing remark when the Parliament had become history, "I had to toil for an unprecedented achievement with the General Assembly of my own church, forty infallible religious editors, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Archbishop of Canterbury pulling hard on my unclerical coat tails." Such hostility of course jeopardized his plan, and could be counteracted only by securing leading English and American Episcopalians and Presbyterians for his advisory council. In this he was eminently successful. The participation of the Roman Catholic Church was also of supreme moment, since an invitation to the Pagan world issued merely by Protestant Christianity would have comparatively little weight.

In his travels the condition of Catholic countries had impressed him unpleasantly. The political power and diplomacy of Catholics about him in Kansas had awakened in him distrust and recollections of the corruption and bigotry of Rome's mediæval secular power. And though ten years in Chicago had convinced him that the lower elements of the population can be restrained from anarchy only by the priests, he was uncertain what response his propositions would receive. During the months

of silence that succeeded his dispatching a letter to Cardinal Gibbons, so frequently did my father impress upon his children the importance of his receiving the desired answer, that whenever he sat lost in thought, we used to exclaim, "He must be willing the Cardinal!" And we were not far wrong. The letter that finally came ran thus: "Judged by the tenor of the Preliminary Address of the General Committee on Religious Congresses in connection with the Exposition of 1893, I deem the movement you are engaged in promoting worthy of all encouragement and praise. Assuredly a congress of eminent men gathered together to declare, as your address sets forth, what they have to offer or suggest for the world's betterment, what light Religion has to throw on the labor problems, the educational questions, and the perplexing social conditions of our times cannot but result in good to our common country. I rejoice accordingly to learn that the project for a Religious Congress in Chicago in 1893 has already won the sympathies and enlisted the active coöperation of those in the front rank of human thought and progress even in other lands than ours. If conducted with moderation and good will such a congress may result, by the blessing of divine providence, in benefits more far reaching than the most sanguine would dare to hope for." The receiver's joy but deepened when Archbishop Ireland wrote, "I promise my active coöperation in the work. The conception of such a religious assembly seems almost like an inspiration." These and like responses from Roman Catholic dignitaries confirmed in my father the belief that the Catholic Church in America to-day differs from that of the past and of the Continent, in that it is being led by American citizens with American ideas.

But hostile criticism and the uncertainties it engendered were not his sole trials, nor the friendliness of many leaders his only cause of thanksgiving. The seers of the Orient are poor—and even if he succeeded in communicating with those most truly representative, and won them to his point of view, how could they find means of traveling thirteen thousand miles? By the time this question faced him Chicago business men had come to place confidence in his plan; and they answered his plea for aid, with thousands of dollars. He perceived, too, that some steps must be taken early, to preserve the records of the gathering and to bring it more prominently to public attention. Therefore, in the spring of 1893, the Parliament Publishing Company was formed, and the widely distributed prospectus of the History of the Parliament of Religions gained him the support of many thousands, heretofore indifferent.

The results of these preparations are made evident in his report to the Auxiliary in March, 1893. He writes that "Nearly fifteen hundred men eminent in the realm of religion have accepted places on the Advisory Council; that the plan of holding a Parliament of Religions at which the representatives of the great historic faiths shall sit together in frank and friendly conference over the great things of our common spiritual and moral life, is no longer a dream. It is now confidently expected that representatives of the leading historic faiths will be present in the Parliament. A Confucian scholar has been commissioned by the Chinese government to attend. Buddhist scholars, representing both the Northern and Southern Church, among them Reverend Zitsuzen Ashitsu, editor of a Buddhist magazine in Tokyo; a high priest of Shintoism, Moslem scholars from India, Parsis from Bom-



bay, representatives of various types of Hinduism, eminent Christian missionaries, leading scholars from Europe and America, and probably representatives of the Russian, Armenian, and Bulgarian churches, will all have part in this great meeting. Jewish Rabbis of Europe and America are in earnest sympathy with this movement. The interest in the Exposition and in this approaching Congress will draw to Chicago numerous representatives of the historic religions. Leading Christian missionaries and native Christians of many lands will be present, including some of the foremost men of India. Prominent scholars in America, England, and Germany have already accepted invitations to address the Parliament.

"The Catholic Archbishops of America at their meeting in New York, in November, 1892, took action approving the participation of the Catholic Church in the Parliament of Religions, and appointed the Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., to arrange with the General Committee for the proper and adequate presentation of the Catholic doctrine on the questions coming before the Parliament.

"In communicating the action of the Board of Archbishops, Bishop Keane writes: 'I ask leave to add the expression of my own profound conviction that the project is an admirable one, and that it ought to receive the encouragement of all who really love truth and charity, and who wish to further their reign among mankind. It is only by a friendly and brotherly comparison of convictions that reasonable men can ever come to an agreement about the all-important truths which are the foundation of Religion, and that an end can be put to the religious divisions and antagonisms which are a grief to

our Father in Heaven. Such an assemblage of intelligent and conscientious men, presenting their religious convictions without minimizing, without acrimony, without controversy, with love of truth and of humanity, will be an honorable event in the history of Religion, and cannot fail to accomplish much good.' "

This report also contains a general programme for the seventeen days' meetings to be held the following September.

The amount of work all this involved is hardly calculable and can be appreciated only by those who saw my father rising at six and working until midnight, writing thousands of letters, providing work for several secretaries, and assuming large financial obligations. To quote his own words: "The Chairman early formed a resolution, strictly adhered to, never to notice by public reply any criticism of the Parliament, and yet it became inevitably a part of his work to explain the Christian and Scriptural grounds on which the defense of the Parliament securely rested. In many public addresses, at the International Christian Endeavor Convention (1892) in New York, before the International Missionary Union at Clifton Springs, at the Bay View Assembly in Michigan and elsewhere and by frequent contributions to the *Missionary Review of the World*, *The Homiletic Review*, the *Independent*, the *Golden Rule*, the *Congregationalist*, the *Christian at Work*, the *Review of Reviews* or some other organ of public opinion, he endeavored to show how fully the Parliament was in accord with the Christian spirit of brotherhood."

However much the coming Congress might demand his full energies he had no mind to shirk his regular duties. "My engagements," he writes early in 1892, "stretch like

Wordsworth's daffodils in never ending line." Before the Parliament of Religions was dreamed, in obedience to a last wish of his father's, he had contracted with Funk & Wagnalls to write the life of Beecher for the American Reformers series. These quotations from my mother's diary during the winter and spring of 1892 mention some of his varied activities:

"Tonight J. introduced Thomas Nelson Page at Central Music Hall."

"J. spoke on the Religious Congresses for an hour this evening at the Church Club."

"J. has gone down to Pastors' Alliance to speak before five hundred 'amalgamated ministers' about the Religious Congresses.

"J. came in while we were at supper. He made a great hit yesterday with his Shakespeare at the Presbyterian Social Union in St. Louis."

"J. got home at one-thirty this morning from the Union League Club dinner, where he spoke, as he was chaplain."

"J. took his mother with him to the Colored Church and she enjoyed very much hearing him speak on Wendell Phillips, and meeting the colored people afterwards."

"He is writing hard on Beecher."

"He speaks tonight at a Chautauqua Rally." "Dean Hale came to dinner."

"J. is to speak at the International Mission Association at Clifton Springs." "Joseph Cook came to dinner and urged J. to become one of the Editors of 'Our Day.' " And May 2, 1892, the entry reads: "The mail today has been interesting; a Figaro with J.'s picture and article on 'The Library,' a long and interesting letter from Ameer Ali, 'Our Day' with a notice of J. as new editor, a document about the Russian Church from Dean

Hale, the *'Revue de Belgique'* with an article on the Parliament by Count D'Alviella, a typewritten article on the Parliament by Professor Wilkinson which he wanted J. to read and criticise before sending it to the Independent, a note from Professor Willis Beecher asking for a sketch of J. for Johnson's Encyclopedia—besides the usual letters. J. went to a ball game after luncheon, Chicago versus Boston, four to one."

The address that he gave that summer in Carnegie Hall, New York, contains the fullest early expression of his hopes for the coming Parliament.

"I have no doubt that this phenomenal meeting will make apparent the fact that there is a certain unity in religion,—that is, that men not only have common desires and needs, but also have perceived more or less clearly, certain common truths. And as the Apostle Paul, with his unfailing tact and courtesy, was careful to find common ground for himself and his Greek auditors in Athens, before he preached to them Jesus and the resurrection, so the wise Christian missionary is discovering that he must not ignore any fragment of truth which the heathen mind cherishes, for, thus ignoring it, he makes an impassable barrier against conviction in the non-Christian mind. I believe that the Parliament will do much to promote the spirit of human brotherhood among those of diverse faiths, by diminishing ill-will, by softening rancor, and giving men the privilege of getting their impressions of others at first hand. Though light has no fellowship with darkness, light does have fellowship with twilight. God has not left himself without witness, and those who have the full light of the cross should bear brotherly hearts toward all who grope in a dimmer illumination. While the Apostle Paul denounced an idol worship which was devil

worship, he fully recognized that heathen religion was not of that malign quality. He instructed the Athenians that he and they adored the same God, of whom all were the offspring, they in ignorance of God's full nature, and he in the blessed knowledge which Christ had given him.

"And I believe that there will be furnished a grand field for Christian apologetics, a matchless opportunity of setting forth the distinctive truths of the Christian Gospel. A Parliament of Christendom is to be interwoven with the Parliament of Religions, and able Christian scholars will treat of such themes as the Incarnation, the Divine Person, the Atonement and Resurrection of Christ, and the relations of Christians to one another. Thomas Arnold has said: 'Other religions show us man seeking God. Christianity shows us God seeking man.' It is on this account that Christianity claims to be the true religion, fitted to all and demanding the submission of all. Christianity alone shows us a Mediator. The Church of Christ has a unique message which she will proclaim to all the world, giving the reasons why her faith should supplant all others, showing, among other truths, that transmigration is not regeneration, that ethical knowledge is not redemption from sin, and that Nirvana is not heaven.

"I believe that the Parliament of Religions will be valuable to scholars and to young missionaries and to Christian people everywhere by exciting a deeper interest in the non-Christian world and a deeper respect for it. I know that the worst things in pagan lands excite our horror and pity, but pagandom should not be judged solely by its worst. We have pitied the poor heathen so much that most Christians despise him and do little or nothing for his enlightenment. When the doors of China were

thrown open to the missionary and also to the worst elements of European and American life, some people imagined that China, with her ancient and marvelous institutions, would succumb at once to our Christian civilization. But she did not, and, as Professor Fisher, of Yale, said to me the other day, 'I think all the more of her for not surrendering immediately.' There is tenacious and splendid material there for the future Christian church. And on the other hand, while it would be better for Christendom to know the full truth about pagan lands, it would be vastly better for pagan lands to know the full truth about Christendom, and that cannot be gained by reading only the 'Cry of Out-cast London,' Zola's fictions, the descriptions of American society in English magazines, the records of our crimes and divorces, the statistics of the liquor traffic, some of the newspaper pictures of Chicago, and Dr. Parkhurst's brave sermons on municipal corruption in New York. At the Parliament of Religions the nobler and grander facts of our Christian civilization will be presented to the candid judgment of the world. And yet, in the light of the discussions which may be evoked, so-called Christian nations may, in some things, stand rebuked before the non-Christian. And I, for one, shall not be sorry. The time is come when Christendom should repent in dust and ashes. Missionary progress is frightfully checked by the sins of Christian people. I need not characterize the barbarous Chinese exclusion bill; I need not speak of the rum traffic on the west coast of Africa, the whiskey and gunpowder of Christian commerce, or the forcing of the opium trade into China, or the miserable examples of greed, pride, and cruelty which have disfigured the name of Christian in India and



Cathay. With Christian life, as portrayed in Rudyard Kipling's pictures of British character in India, before him, we do not wonder that the student of the Vedas is not altogether fascinated with Christian civilization. May it not be, under the blessing of God, a means of pricking Christendom to the heart, to see itself rebuked in 'The Parliament of man, the federation of the world?'

"And while the Parliament will do something to promote Christian unity and bridge the chasms of separation between the disciples of Christ, it will do much, I hope, to bring the non-Christian world before the minds and hearts of a selfish and indifferent Christendom. Speaking as a pastor, living in the capital of Western materialism, with all the world knocking at our doors and thronging our streets, let me here record the conviction that the divine way of building up the kingdom of Christ in America is to engage with fresh ardor in efforts to Christianize India and Africa, Turkey and China. The heart that is aglow with a wise Christian patriotism must plead earnestly for foreign missions. One chief hindrance to missionary progress is the misty unreality of the great heathen world. We scarcely think of them as our brethren. Many people's interest in them, judged by their gifts, is hardly noticeable. I believe they will soon be brought nearer to our thought; I believe that the coming event is to stir a wide-reaching interest in the study of comparative religion, thereby strengthening the faith of disciples and quickening their benevolent impulses. Biblical Christianity, exhibited by the side of the systems of Buddha, Mohammed, and Confucius, seems more divine than ever. Those who appreciate most fully the truths of natural religion are increasing their unselfish efforts to give all the world the supreme and priceless



blessings of the Christian Gospel. Let no one fear that the solar orb of Christianity is to be eclipsed by the lanterns and rush-lights of other faiths."

The distinction between sacred and secular was not a favorite one of his, and not only the Religious Congresses but the Exposition itself interested him. He wrote of it:

"Its approach causes a stir in the studios of Paris and Munich, and on the pasture-grounds of far-off Australia; among the Esquimaux of the icy North, and the skilled artisans of Delhi and Damascus. The work-shops of Sheffield, Geneva, and Moscow, and the marble quarries of Italy, the ostrich farms of Cape Colony, and the mines of Brazil, know of its coming. The ivory hunters in the forests of Africa and the ivory cutters in the thronged cities of Japan and China, the silk-weavers of Lyons and the shawl-makers of Cashmere, the designers of Kensington, the lace-weavers of Brussels, and the Indian tribes of South America, the cannon founders of Germany, the silver-miners of Mexico, the ship-makers of the Clyde, and the canoe-builders of the Mackenzie River, toil with the eyes of their minds daily turned toward the Columbian Exposition. Over the ample site on the shore of Lake Michigan, which has been transformed into a scene of more than Venetian loveliness, fall the shadows from the Alps and the Pyrenees, from the white crags of the Himalayas and the snowy cone of the sacred mount of Japan.

"As I was looking the other day at the immense building for the mines and mining exhibit in Jackson Park, I was glad to see in the ornamentation of the grand southern portico the words that are stamped on our national coins, 'In God we trust.' And to the reverent mind,—to him who sees God and the instrumentalities for the en-

largement of His kingdom in the forces of material civilization, even these displays of human progress and achievement in subduing and transforming nature will suggest inspiring and hopeful thoughts. It would be easy for the Biblical student to find appropriate scriptural words to write on every structure in the World's Fair. Below the gilded dome of the administration building, I would inscribe the words of Isaiah: 'The government shall be upon his shoulders;' over the machinery hall I would write: 'Every house is builded by some man, but he that built all things is God;' over the transportation building I would write: 'Make straight a highway for our God;' over the palace of fine arts: 'The gate of the temple which is called beautiful;' over the agricultural hall: 'Behold, a sower went forth to sow;' over the electrical palace: 'His lightnings enlighten the world;' over the woman's pavilion: 'She stretcheth out her hands to the needy;' over the horticultural building: 'I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys;' over the building of the United States government: 'He hath not dealt so with any nation;' over the unique and beautiful fisheries building: 'And the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee;' over the mineral palace: 'In his hand are the deep places of the earth;' over one of the resplendent gates to the exposition ground I would write the prophecy: 'The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.' "

That August he underwent a surgical operation which for two months kept him from work. Part of this interval he spent with his wife at Mackinac Island, whence he wrote to me:

"We have found the place to tone up our nerves, the 'gem' of all islands, where we are likely to have a sum-

mer home. Yesterday I contracted for a lot, covered with pines, on a bluff overlooking 'the sea,' as we call it, where you can watch the stately ships as they go 'to their haven under the hill.' We are two hundred feet above the lake (Lake Huron) and the steep slope down to it is covered with the forest primeval. Such crystal waters, such spendid forests, such beautiful drives, such exhilarating air! No heat, no mosquitoes, no hay-fever, no malaria! I can now walk ten miles, and when you saw me I could hardly creep to the carriage."

In spite of all his work that fall and winter he found time to write me such letters as the following, which was in reply to accounts of the arguments used by certain skeptics of my acquaintance:

"Jan. 28, 1893.

"It is not the mark of good breeding,—it is a sign of intellectual and social coarseness for those people by assertion, by ridicule, and by what they call argument, to dim the light in you which has guided your path thus far. I know and love men who hold their views, but if they should use such methods in striving to quench my faith, I should not rank them so high as I do now. There are 'superstitions' in the world and God gives us our minds that we may carefully and wisely discriminate between reasonable and unreasonable beliefs. Among the chief 'superstitions' are to be reckoned the notion that the Bible is only a human production, that Jesus Christ was an impostor or a dupe, although He, the sinless One, claimed to have been sent from God, and that the life beyond, which Christ came to make more real to men, is only a dream. Some in our time who have been conspicuous in arguing against Christian superstitions have been found worshipping 'atoms' instead of God. The favorite argu-

ment that all the greatest minds, Darwin, Spencer, and Mill, believe 'so and so' becomes resistible when you recall a remark of Stopford Brooke's that, compared with the mental power of a great poet, the mental power of a great scientist seems small indeed. The great poets, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Hugo, Emerson, Lowell, Tennyson, Browning not only believed in God, immortality, and in Jesus as someone better and greater than good, wise Socrates, but most of them adored Christ as a Divine Redeemer. Of course, if your acquaintances have mastered Butler's 'Analogy' and Paley's 'Evidences' and Fisher's 'Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief' and Christlieb's 'Modern Doubt and Christian Belief,' and Bushnell's 'Nature and the Supernatural' and Schaff's 'Person of Christ' and the works of Schleiermacher and Professor Henry B. Smith and Dr. Peabody's 'Lowell Lectures' and Canon Liddon's 'Divinity of Christ,' and have seen on the spot that the girls of India who have been taught in Christian schools are no better—if they have done all this and still cling to their unbelief you need not think that they will be easily led by you into the truth!

"But I know that you will keep on loving them. I believe that it is right that your faith should be tested, but I am not eager that it should be tried. You know that I am considered very liberal and tolerant in theology, but I have no respect for the blatant materialism that is all the while making mouths at the Gospel of Christ. 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.' Doubt is not necessarily 'devil born.' We all have our doubts to fight. You remember what Tennyson says of one:

'Who fought his doubts and gathered strength:  
He would not make his judgment blind:

He faced the spectres of the mind  
And laid them; thus he came at length  
To find a stronger faith his own.'

"And so will you. I send you some good books for reference. You will get much from the Bushnell."

That spring and summer my mother's diary contains these entries:

"March 10. The chief blessings to record to-day are a letter from Andrew D. White announcing what J. calls the 'capture of the Greek Church' and a box of oranges from an unknown friend in California."

"April 14. J. wrote the preface to the Parliament book."

"April 29. J. called on President Cleveland, who received him immediately after his luncheon. He was easy and familiar in his manner and in reply to J.'s invitation to address the Parliament on September 10, said that he could not decide definitely now, he might have a congress of his own about that time."

"June 15, Mackinac Island. A telegram came from J. saying 'Beecher finished. Start for you this afternoon. Love. Glory!' We are happy."

Several visits with his family at their new Mackinac cottage, The Seven Pines, broke up that summer of 1893. He found time to take his children camping and fishing at the Cheneaux Islands and to share with them that part of his voluminous mail which they could appreciate—letters from men like Gladstone, Tennyson, Phillips Brooks, Whittier, Col. Higginson, George W. Cable, George William Curtis, and others.

Final arrangements for the Parliament and welcoming the Oriental speakers filled the last of the summer. Nor

were his trials over. Just a few days before the Congress opened, his secretary announced, "The Buddhists are packing up to leave." These Japanese priests warned by friends at home of probable unjust treatment had come to Chicago with misgivings. These fears were quickened by the rule of the committee that copies of all Parliament addresses should be sent in for inspection, and when the secretary unfortunately mislaid the manuscript about whose reception their doubts were keenest they decided on instant departure. The secretary's apologies for the loss, his expressions of delight that the missing paper was but a copy, and his assurances that their addresses should all be given in full, did not change their plans. Yet my father, with no new fact to offer them, so won their confidence and affection by a single interview, that they straightway unpacked their boxes.

Under the pressure of this life he learned to work with great dispatch. Yet he rarely hurried. He did not allow trifles to exhaust his strength or weights to crush it. Because of the elasticity of his nature responsibilities neither cowed nor cramped him. Perpetual moiling was impossible to him. Out of work hours, taught by necessity perhaps, he divested himself of his load as completely as if it were another's. His friends and children found him every year a better play fellow. Few people rode the camels in the Streets of Cairo, dined in old Vienna, or glided in gondolas about the Court of Honor, with hearts lighter than his.

And his expansion of mind and heart was in keeping with his faith that "Comprehension and not exclusiveness is the key to the world's progress and enlightenment at the present time. Men are unwilling to know only half the truth. Not only are their thoughts widened with the

process of the suns, but their hearts are growing larger. They are unwilling to exclude from their brotherly sympathies any who are groping, however blindly, after God. If the proposed Congress does not prove itself to be, what Ameer Ali prophesied, 'the greatest event of the century' it may yet accomplish a noble work in calling a truce to theological strife, in deepening the spirit of human brotherhood, and in leading men to discover whether the elements of a perfect and ultimate religion have yet been recognized and embodied in any one of the great historic faiths. It will be a great moment in human history, when for the first time the representatives of the world-religions stand side by side. May the Holy Ghost be the divine apostle preaching Jesus to an assembled world!"



## CHAPTER XV

### SUCCESS AND SORROW 1893-1894

The Parliament of Religions opened on September 11, 1893, "with the great peace-bell at the Fair tolling, as many hoped, the death-knell to intolerance; with the Rabbis of Israel praying at that hour in many lands that the name of Jehovah might be revered over all the earth; with representatives of ten religions gathered beneath one roof; and with a Catholic Cardinal repeating the universal prayer of the world's Saviour." It continued in session seventeen days, with a total attendance of nearly 150,000 and was "a meeting of brotherhood, where 'the Brahman forgot his caste, and the Catholic was chiefly conscious of his catholicity;' and where, in the audience, 'the variety of interests, faiths, ranks, and races was as great as that found on the platform.'" To quote its chairman still further: "It was not like the Emperor Asoka's conference, a meeting of Indian Buddhists only; it was not like the Emperor Akbar's little debating society where rival priests of several faiths contended before him like mediæval knights, in no spirit of fellowship, each anxious for an imperial verdict in his favor. It was full of the highest religious enthusiasm. At times the scenes were Pentecostal." The imperial government of China, the Buddhist Church of Southern India, the Brahmo-Somaj, the Jains, the Kayasth Society of India, and the Roman Catholic Church of America, were officially represented and eminent individuals from all of the great religious bodies of the world made addresses.

The daily press of Chicago gave fifty columns a day to the proceedings of this Congress during its sessions. Several large histories of it have been written, hundreds of pamphlets and magazine articles have been devoted to it, and courses of lectures upon it have been delivered by men as distinguished and diverse as Father Hyacinthe and Joseph Cook, Professor Bonet-Maury before Paris audiences, Max Müller before Oxford students, and Count Goblet d'Alviella before the school of Social Sciences annexed to the University at Brussels. We shall therefore not pause with its programme but shall cite its chairman's account of its spirit and of the world's thought concerning it.

"Too much cannot be said in commendation of the spirit which prevailed in this great meeting. It was a novel sight that orthodox Christians should greet with cordial words the representatives of alien faiths which they were endeavoring to bring into the light of the Christian Gospel; but it was felt to be wise and advantageous that the religions of the world, which are competing at so many points in all the continents, should be brought together, not for contention but for loving conference, in one room. Those who saw the Greek Archbishop, Dionysios Latas, greeting the Catholic Bishop Keane, with an apostolic kiss on the cheek and words of brotherly love; those who heard Bishop Keane relate how Archbishop Ireland and himself, finding that they were unable to enter the Hall of Columbus on account of the throng, went to the Hall of Washington and presided over the Jewish Conference; those who witnessed the enthusiasm with which Christians greeted a Buddhist's denunciation of false Christianity; and the scores of thousands who beheld day after day the representatives of the





From a Photograph taken in Chicago in 1893.

great historic religions joining in the Lord's Prayer, felt profoundly that a new era of religious fraternity had dawned

"It is unwise to pronounce the Parliament, as some have done, a vindication or an illustration pre-eminently of one idea, either the Liberal, the Catholic, or the Evangelical. The Parliament was too large to be estimated and judged in this way. It did emphasize, as the Liberals have so emphatically done, liberty, fellowship, and character in religion; it did emphasize the Catholic idea of a universal church and the desirableness of greater unity in religious organization; it did emphasize and illustrate the great Evangelical claim that the historic Christ is divine, the sufficient and only Saviour of mankind; but from the fact that it made conspicuous so many truths and phases of religion, the glory of it cannot be monopolized by any one division of the religious world.

"It has presented to the world the idea of human brotherhood in the domain of the Spirit, and summoned mankind to a friendly conference over those themes which divide the race. If many years shall need to roll away before the leading idea of the Parliament shall be actualized, let us not forget that greatest things have at first been a dream, an inspiration, a hope. It is a great thing to fling an idea into the air, to throw an idea like a flash of light into the future. It is an idea of a great and peaceful empire, we are told, that has held China together through thirty centuries. It is an idea which Jesus flung upon the breezes of Palestine to become the joy of the ages; and the idea of a universal brotherhood beneath the mild supremacy of a heavenly King is now in the minds of men, and will yet in God's good time be enthroned over

all the high places of bigotry and alienation, of ignorance and oppression.

"A great variety of opinions has been expressed by leading participants in the Parliament and by others as to its nature and effects. To Nagarkar, it is 'a foretaste of universal brotherhood;' to Dr. Morgan Dix, 'a masterpiece of Satan;' to Dr. Schaff, 'a new epoch in the history of Religion, stimulating efforts for the reunion of Christendom;' to Professor Richey, 'a valuable setting forth of the relations of Christianity and Natural Religion;' to Kiretchjian, a movement sure to result in 'a rich harvest of right thinking and right doing;' to Professor Minas Tcheraz, supremely important, for having 'laid the basis of universal tolerance;' to Lakshmi Narain, of the Arya Somaj, useful to all who 'take interest in the study of Religions.'

"The world appears to be determined to regard the Parliament of Religions as vastly significant. To Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, an earnest foe of this congress, it is still 'one of the most serious events of the kind in the history of humanity, since the wise men from the east came to the cradle of Bethlehem.' Count D'Alviella regards it as a fact of great importance 'that the programme of the Congress was accepted by confessions so diverse and numerous, and that these were drawn to meet on a footing of equality.' The equality recognized was 'parliamentary,' not doctrinal. To Professor Emilio Comba, of Rome, it seems like reviving the spectacle of the ancient Pantheon, where the priests of many faiths met with a smile, not of cunning, but of courtesy and tolerance."

The following selections from final addresses at the Parliament show the impression that the gathering and

its organizer made upon its speakers. Dr. Alfred W. Momerie of London tendered the chairman his warmest congratulations saying: "First of all I do not believe there is another man living who could have carried this Congress through and made it such a gigantic success. It needed a head, a heart, an energy, a common sense, and a pluck such as I have never known to be united before in a single individual. During my stay in Chicago it has been my singular good fortune to be received as a guest by the kindest of hosts and the most charming of hostesses, and among the many pleasures of their brilliant and delightful table, one of the greatest has been that I have sat day by day by Dr. Barrows, and day by day I have learned to admire and love him more. In the successes that lie before him in the future I shall always take the keenest interest; but he has already achieved something that will eclipse all. As Chairman of this first Parliament of Religions he has won immortal glory which nothing in the future can diminish, which I fancy nothing in the future can very much augment. Secondly, I should like to offer my congratulations to the American people. This Parliament of Religions has been held in the new world. I confess I wish it had been held in the old world, in my own country, and that it had had its origin in my own church. It is the greatest event so far in the history of the world, and it has been held on American soil. I congratulate the people of America." Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar of Calcutta began his remarks with the opinion that, "The charge of materialism, laid against the age in general and against America in particular, is refuted forever. Could these myriads have spent their time, their energy, neglected their business, their pleasures, to be present with us if their spirit had not risen above their material needs or



carnal desires? The spirit dominates still over matter and over mankind." He concluded, "with acknowledging the singular cordiality and appreciation extended to us Orientals. Where everyone has done so well we did not deserve special honor, but undeserved as the honor may be, it shows the greatness of your leaders, and especially of your Chairman, Dr. Barrows. Dr. Barrows, humanly speaking, has been the soul of this noble movement. The profoundest blessings of the present and future generations shall follow him." Prince Wolkonsky said: "To be a man is the highest thing we can pretend to be on this earth. I do not know whether many have learned in the sessions of this Parliament what respect of God is, but I know that no one will leave the Congress without having learned what respect of man is. And should the Parliament of Religions of 1893 have no other result but this, it is enough to make the names of Dr. Barrows and those who have helped him imperishable in the history of humanity." And Mr. H. Dharmapala, "in behalf of four hundred and seventy-five millions of the followers of Buddha Gautama, offered his affectionate regards" to "John Henry Barrows, a man of noble tolerance, of sweet disposition whose equal I could hardly find."

In his own last words to the Parliament its chairman said, "Men of Asia and Europe, we have been made glad by your coming, and have been made wiser. I am happy that you have enjoyed our hospitalities. While floating one evening over the illuminated waters of the White City, Mr. Dharmapala said, with that smile which has won our hearts, 'All the joys of heaven are in Chicago;' and Dr. Momerie, with a characteristic mingling of enthusiasm and skepticism, replied, 'I wish I were sure that all the joys of Chicago are to be in Heaven.' But surely

there will be a multitude there, whom no man can number, out of every kindred and people and tongue, and in that perpetual parliament on high the people of God will be satisfied.

"We have learned that truth is large and that there are more ways than one in God's providence by which men emerge out of darkness into the heavenly light. It was not along the line of any one sect or philosophy that Augustine and Origen, John Henry Newman and Dean Stanley, Jonathan Edwards and Channing, Henry Ward Beecher and Keshub Chunder Sen walked out into the light of the eternal. The great high wall of Heaven is pierced by twelve portals, and we shall doubtless be surprised, if we ever pass within those gates, to find many there whom we did not expect to see. We certainly ought to cherish stronger hopes for those who are pure in deeds, even though living in the twilight of faith, than for selfish souls who rest down on a lifeless Christianity.

"I am glad that you will go back to India, to Japan, to China, and the Turkish empire and tell the men of other faiths that Christian America is hospitable to all truth and loving to all men. Yes, tell the men of the Orient that we have no sympathy with the abominations which falsely-named Christians have practiced.

"I thank God for the friendships which in this Parliament we have knit with men and women beyond the sea, and I thank you for your sympathy and over generous appreciation, and for the constant help which you have furnished in the midst of my multiplied duties. Christian America sends her greetings through you to all mankind. We cherish a broadened sympathy, a higher respect, a truer tenderness to the children of our common Father in all lands, and, as the story of this Parliament

is read in the cloisters of Japan, by the rivers of Southern Asia, amid the universities of Europe, and in the isles of all the seas, it is my prayer that non-Christian readers may in some measure discover what has been the source and strength of that faith in divine fatherhood and human brotherhood which, embodied in an Asiatic Peasant who was the Son of God and made divinely potent through Him, is clasping the globe with bands of heavenly light.

“Most that is in my heart of love and gratitude and happiness must go unsaid. If any honor is due for this magnificent achievement let it be given to the spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of love, in the hearts of those of many lands and faiths who have toiled for the high ends of this great meeting. May the blessing of Him who rules the storm and holds the ocean waves in his right hand, follow you with the prayers of all God’s people to your distant homes. And as Sir Joshua Reynolds closed his lectures on ‘The Art of Painting’ with the name of Michael Angelo, so, with a deeper reverence, I desire that the last words which I speak to this Parliament shall be the name of Him to whom I owe life and truth and hope and all things, who reconciles all contradictions, pacifies all antagonisms, and who from the throne of His heavenly kingdom directs the serene and unwearied omnipotence of redeeming love—Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.”

The feelings with which some of the delegates returned home, he thus described in the Forum:

“The Orientals attending the Parliament were deeply impressed by the fraternity and Christian love which invited them, furnished them hospitality, gave them a free platform, and welcomed their sharpest criticisms of Chris-

tendom. The eloquent Buddhist, Mr. Hirai, on leaving for Japan, said to me: 'I go back a Christian, by which I mean that Christianity is a religion which I shall be glad to see established in Japan. Only let the Christian missionaries not interfere with our national usages and patriotic holidays. I expected that before I finished my address, criticising false Christianity in Japan, I should be torn from the platform. But I was received with enthusiasm.'

"Mr. Gandhi, the critic of Christian missions, said: 'American Christianity I like; it is something better than what we have usually seen in India.' The high priest of Shintoism, Rt. Rev. R. Shibata, and the Buddhist bishop, Zitzusen Ashitsu, write with grateful enthusiasm of their reception in America. The international friendships knit by the Congress of 1893 are a contribution to international peace, while inter-religious good-will is a manifest help to the study of comparative theology."

No records hold the full inner history of the Parliament but my father once gave the Chicago Literary Club glimpses behind the scenes.

"The Congress of the World's Faiths has filled my study with a great variety of interesting things and interesting ghosts. I look around on thirty volumes of literature, which grew out of that meeting, twenty volumes of letters in a dozen languages, enough curios to stock one section of a museum, and opening a closet door, I see in the glimmering darkness four hundred volumes of the Buddhist Scriptures kindly brought to me by the Japanese delegates.

"A great many cranks tried to capture the Parliament without success. Here is an immense petition, signed by hundreds in Utah and Colorado, earnestly urging the

Congress to pass resolutions in favor of free silver; here a letter signed by a Hindu pre-millennialist Christian, who prophesied that the world would come to an end when the Parliament closed, because the Gospel would have been preached to all nations, after which, according to the Scriptures, cometh the end. What measureless leisure the men of the East must have: I have a letter, the longest I ever saw, sent i.e. from India, on sheets of paper two feet square, written with the beauty and regularity of copper plate, and giving elaborately the writer's views on all the great questions of faith and philosophy, which have been discussed since the morning of Time. There, lies a most elaborate biography and genealogy of an hereditary high priest of the Hindus, covering many pages carefully written out and showing conclusively that compared with his highbred and pure blooded stock, European Dukes and Marquises are upstarts and pretenders. One long letter in Greek contains a protest on the part of some Greek Christians against American missionaries carrying on any Gospel work in the Orient. Here, is the autobiography of a Siamese prince, in which he writes: 'When His Majesty, the present King, succeeded to the throne, I was only nine years old. It was through his kindness and care that I acquired education, wealth, and comfort, as can be in Siam.' At the close of the document, he says: 'This is my life, concisely described, which is nothing but a series of changeable appearances or modifications of one great truth, the Dharma.' I have a very clever caricature of the Parliament, pretending to be a translation of an ancient Baked Cylinder, giving the Proclamation of Ezra, etc., calling the hundred and twenty provinces of Babylon to a Parliament of Religions, at which the worshippers of Jehovah, Baal, Moloch,

Dagon, etc., should sit down together in friendly conference. In this document are letters of approval from many, for example, Zerubbabal the Architect, who says, 'I am rejoiced to see this movement towards union and harmony among discordant religions. We can greatly profit by each other's contribution, I am sure; I hope some day to lay the foundations of the new Temple, and want models of new altars such as can be had in Damascus and in Egypt.' Among those who approve of the plan are Haggai the Prophet, and Edowin-ben-Arnol, Poet Laureate of Baal.

"I see also four volumes written twelve thousand miles away, from the pen and heart of one of the most spiritually minded men of the century; the author of 'The Oriental Christ,' 'The Spirit of God,' and the life of his master Chunder Sen. In Mr. Mozoomdar I have found one of the deepest and richest souls. I am not acquainted with any English or American divine who seems to me to live so much in the world of spirit. His book called 'Heart-beats' is one of the most remarkable works of devotion in literature. He has cultivated the golden acres of the spiritual world beyond almost any other man of his time. I remember him as he stood in a friend's house in our city on the morning he was to leave us. He was offering a prayer and down his dusky cheeks the tears were rolling, as in simplest language he prayed the All Father to remember us in our separations and to bless the friends who had been kind to him.

"It would be easy to write a book of personal descriptions, detailing the peculiarities of the men and women who made up the membership of the Parliament of Religions. These friends, now scattered to the ends of the earth, sometimes visit me in spirit. I take once more



the thin, dark hand of the white-robed Dharmapala, and get a new acquaintance with Gautama Buddha, as I mark his gentleness, his unresentfulness, his helplessness in all practical matters, his quiet trust in Karma;—or as the Japanese brethren make their bows and take infinite time for an exchange of courtesies, I realize anew the great separation between the languid Orient and the rushing Occident. Opening my Greek Testament, I hear once more the strong voice of the Archbishop of Zante, declaiming to my household Paul's speech on Mars' Hill. The interior history of this meeting has never been written. It would contain some sensational anecdotes, and would rival in interest many a book of fiction.

“One of the most interesting forms that ever enters my study is that of the Honorable Pung Quang Yu, the rotund, big-headed, and ever-smiling representative of the Celestial Empire. He was a man of very capacious and vigorous mind, as may be discovered from his treatise on Confucianism. One remembrance of the Chinese secretary always fills me with inextinguishable laughter. I had invited him to respond for China to the addresses of welcome on the opening day, that day when the representatives of so many empires, nationalities, religions, spoke their words of kindness, and when thousands of hearts were filled with a noble enthusiasm. Mr. Pung accepted my invitation, but requested that I give him an outline of what would be appropriate at such a time. He sent me word through his secretary that he was not acquainted with our usages and so he desired my help. Thereupon I dictated perhaps two hundred words to my secretary, giving what seemed to me to be appropriate in order to direct the honorable Secretary's mind into the right channels. When this imperial Commissioner from China arose on



the afternoon of September eleventh, 1893, he was greeted with such manifestations of welcome and honor as came to no other speaker on the platform. Men and women sprang to their feet and there was wild waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Mr. Pung's secretary stood by him and began to read the address, since Mr. Pung's knowledge of English was very limited. This secretary, Mr. Kwai, is a graduate of Yale College, but, unlike Chauncey M. Depew and most other graduates of that institution, he could not make himself heard. The eager thousands called out my name and commanded me to read what they were so hungry to hear. As I took the paper from Mr. Kwai's hand, I found to my sad surprise that it was precisely the same sheet of paper which had come from the fingers of my own typewriter, without a single modification. As I read my own words, the people cheered and Mr. Pung bowed low. They kept on cheering as they listened to the noble Christian sentiments which came from the heart of this Confucian representative of the greatest of empires. When I had finished, the applause broke forth again, and Mr. Pung bowed and bowed his gracious thanks. Imagine my feelings as I afterwards read in the Christian journals of our land such words as these: 'The noble sentiments spoken by Mr. Pung at the Parliament of Religions mark an era in the progress of humanity. Such friendly and magnanimous words indicate that China has been touched by the Christian spirit, and is fast coming out into the brotherhood of nations.'

"It is said that Samuel Adams sometimes wrote the speeches of Governor John Hancock, his addresses to the Massachusetts Assembly, and then, he would be placed by his fellow members at the head of a committee to thank the Governor for his patriotic, able, and timely

utterances. I was saved from such moral embarrassment. I have every reason to think that Mr. Pung's opening address at the Parliament expressed, however, his real sentiments. His closing address, seventeen days later, was his own and I must humbly say was an improvement on his first speech."

The Parliament over, it remained for my father to give it permanent literary form. Six crowded weeks ensued. On October 19, he wrote to me:

"I have been thinking of you as I have lain on my bed this morning, wondering about many things in these strange lives of ours—but reaching the conclusion that to love God and our fellowmen is about all we know of wisdom. Your last letter made me realize that you are an example of the power of heredity. At your age I had the same exaltations and depressions and they continued—more or less—till I was married and had a home of my own. These fluctuations of life are all pointing and leading us to our future homes—on earth or in Heaven or both.

"I had a little talk with Professor Drummond the other evening. He approved my plan of going around the world to preach the Gospel in India, China, Japan, etc. He said that the Buddhists told him in Japan, 'You would better send us one ten thousand dollar missionary than ten one thousand dollar missionaries.'

"I cannot tell you what a godsend Dr. Leonard W. Bacon is to me. He takes Book and Church largely off my hands. He is one of the most interesting, able, and delightful men I know and he is a joy in the family. Mrs. Bacon is equally lovely. I hope that you will know her."

And on November 11, he wrote:

"Why don't I write? My getting through with the book is a matter of life and death. Professors Goodspeed and Votaw of the University, Dr. Leonard W. Bacon, Mr. F. P. Noble, and Professor Towne are at work on it with me, and Walter will be added to the force next week. The first volume will soon be out. Don't tell any body, but P. sails with copies of it for England next week. There are six rival publishers (piratical) who are getting out one-volume cheap imitations of our work."

That very day my brother Manning, a boy of rare intelligence and affectionateness, was injured in a game of football. Five days later he died of septic peritonitis. This was the chief sorrow of my father's life. It came to him in the midst of weariness and responsibility. The spirit in which he bore it lives in the concluding pages of the book which he was writing.

"Before closing my work I wish to contribute my strong and grateful testimony to the truth and power of the Christian Gospel. While I write these words, the body of my eldest son, John Manning Barrows, a noble boy of thirteen, lies unburied in my house. From behind this earthly shadow I would that a gleam of heavenly brightness might fall on these final pages. With millions of sorrowing hearts I now know the precious and unspeakable consolations of Christ, and to all, who in the Old World or the New, dwell in death-smitten homes, I would that he might enter, who is the Conqueror of death and who fills the believing heart with sweet and satisfying assurances of endless reunion and conscious blessedness beyond the grave."

On December 1, he sent me this note:

"Your mother is reading to the children and I am sitting by a blazing fire in my study, which for the first

time since last May is in order. Here it is where you used to come and say good-night to me in the happy days of last June. We are very heavy hearted at times these days—but are having everything to be grateful for—a dear child in heaven—good children on earth—a host of loving friends, all needed earthly blessings. Still nature asserts herself with our poor yearning hearts. Your mother got along fairly well through Thanksgiving Day, but I have been quite depressed for several days this week. I am better to-day.

“The sweet letters of sympathy have been grateful to us. We have a volume of choicest words in the literature of grief.

“My book is in the printer’s hands. The sales are good.

“I am looking forward to your being with us Christmas. I hope that, God willing, we shall find our skies brighter. But—compared with many—we live now under a noon-day sun.”

But Christmas time was saddened still further by the sudden death of his mother, to whom his life had been bound closely, and from whom he had inherited practical wisdom and reverence for truth. Shortly after, he wrote to his friend, Mrs. Haskell: “You wonder why so much sorrow has come to me. I often feel that I need this chastening. The world was getting too attractive and God is turning my heart to Heaven.”

Early in January he and my mother decided to accompany their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, to California. The letters to me tell the story of the ensuing months:

“2957 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Jan. 7, 1894.

“We have just returned from a communion service at

which ten were received into the Church, four of them Chinese 'boys,' one of whom came from New Zealand. I thought, of course, of the Sunday in September, when Greek, Japanese, and Chinese were in Church together. And this reminds me to thank your friend for her letter. I am more pleased when such as she like my book than I am to receive a whole bunch of newspaper book notices however cordial. Fresh roses are a better gift than pressed flowers. You will be glad to learn that more than 20,000 sets have actually been sold, that there are 1,500 agents in the field.

"Well, as you have kindly wished we are going to California. Perhaps you will get some letters from the 'Pacific Slope.'

"Please note any errors you find in the book. We will get it more perfect after a while. I fill up most of the blank pages in the new edition. I have a lovely letter from 'Shibata.' He is telling all Japan what a good time he had."

"The Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, Cal.

"Jan. 21, '94.

"All loving greetings from the soft dashing surf of the Pacific to our girl among the New England Hills! We had a lovely four days' journey across the Continent—with good traveling companions. The things of interest were not very many, and yet some of them were very grand. The Spanish Peaks of New Mexico, covered with snow—Pike's Peak 'n the distance, the hills of Western Arizona, the rose colored alkali plains, even the prairie wolf and prairie dogs and the great herds of cattle would have interested you. But the journey across the Continent is nothing to the won-

ders and delights of California. Here at Coronado Beach is our American Bay of Naples—only ours is much finer. There is a ring of snow covered mountains about us—a mile of glorious beach in front of us and beyond is the Pacific—with beautiful islands—and infinite scope for the imagination. I cannot look westward without thinking of the great populous Continent that lies on the other side—the mother of all civilizations and religions—beckoning us to bring to her the light and truth and love which have made us free and great. Well—there is no end to my musings here,

‘Where the haunted waves of Asia die  
On the shores of the world-wide sea.’

“At Riverside we saw miles of orange orchards, their ‘golden moons’ glowing amid dark-green leaves. At San Juan—near which we caught our first glimpse of the Pacific—we saw the ruins of a great Franciscan monastery.

“Dudley Warner says that superlatives are in place here. God, once in a great while, concentrates His marvels of climate and scenery and productions and attractions to eye and heart. The result is Coronado Beach.”

“Jan. 27, 1894.

“Your letter came in the mail with letters from Professor Carpenter and Dr. John Smith of Edinburgh, praising my Beecher very warmly; with a letter from Dr. Momerie praising my History and with a letter from Charles Dudley Warner, in reply to a letter of mine about the Wandering Jew and the Parliament of Religions (see Jan. Harper’s Editor’s Study), but to me your letter outweighed them all. I am glad that you had so good an afternoon with the ‘Man with a Country;’ that you are



taking so deep a delight in nature (How you would rave with oceanic ecstasy here!); that you enjoy amateur African Minstrelsy; that German is becoming a joy; that you eloquently defended that glory of English undefiled, John Bunyan; that you mourn over the vanished Peristyle—which will live only in art and in memory; and that you have placed your ‘song-birds in a row.’

“We have had a great week here. I weigh one hundred and seventy-six pounds and three quarters without an overcoat, my highest weight—which shows that I have been well fed. I am brown of cheek and red of nose—which tells a tale of sunshine—not of vinous potation. Tuesday Mr. B., Frank, and I went twenty-five miles out into old Mexico and with a fine hunter as guide shot thirty-five quail and a rabbit. There is a more marked contrast between our territory and the Mexican than between the American and Canadian. We were stopped at the custom house and forced to pay fifty-five cents on our cartridges.”

“Lamanda Park Station and P. O., Feb. 4, 1894.

“Your face is before me on the mantel, on the left the strange, beloved, clear-eyed face of the dear boy and brother who has led our minds and hearts out into the unseen, but not unknown, world. Your mother has been reading me this evening another chapter from Gordon’s fine, strong book on Immortality. Your early life is so different from what mine was. Death came very close to you at seventeen; to me it came close only when I was over forty.

“We are settled here at the foot of these mountains probably for two weeks. Our plan now is to give my head a little longer rest and return to Chicago early in



March. We came to Pasadena, as you know, last Monday. I was the only one of the party very deeply regretting our departure from Coronado. The music of the Pacific surf had entered my soul. But now I am fairly wedded to the mountains, these lovely California mountains, four, five, and six thousand feet high, with two snow peaks reaching up to eleven and twelve thousand feet. This beautiful San Gabriel valley reminds us of both Williamstown and Northampton, though the sweep here is wider and the peaks higher. We have had many lovely drives. And on Friday we followed the trail to the top of Mt. Wilson six thousand feet. It was a great experience, riding on burros and climbing into the heavens by a narrow path where one misstep of the tough little animal would have tumbled us down sometimes one thousand or fifteen hundred feet. If you happen to see Kate Sanborn's 'A Truthful Woman in Southern California' read the bright chapter called 'Camping on Mt. Wilson.' At first our climbing was made inexpressibly funny by our appearance, the women astride like the men, and your mother and Mrs. Bartlett striving for what we call the 'Aunt Julia prize.' You remember Dr. Momerie's story about Aunt Maria who was a fool and Aunt Julia who was a blamed fool! But we all became soberly estatic before we reached the peak, such glorious vistas, such great gorges musical with mountain brooks, such magnificent oaks and pines and hemlocks. At three-thirty we reached Martin's Camp and five inches of snow. Didn't we enjoy our dinner! And in the clear evening what a matchless vision of beauty and splendor dazzled us in the valley below. It was nothing but the various tinted electric lights, I should say more than a thousand in number in Pasadena,

and ten miles beyond in Los Angeles, but they looked as if all the great constellations had fallen into the valley and kept on twinkling."

"Sierra Madre Villa, Cal., Feb. 11, 1894.

"We earnestly hope to receive a lot of delayed mail tomorrow and perhaps a letter from you will be in the pile (for a pile it sometimes is). I reply now to most of my letters 'in propria manu.' I do not particularly enjoy much of this correspondence—and when I return, I hope to impose it on somebody else.

"Saturday Mr. B., Mr. S., and I went to Los Angeles. I was interviewed by a 'Times' reporter about the Parliament and there are two columns in to-day's paper regarding our talk together. This same Parliament is like the shirt of Nessus—something that sticks rather tight to your poor father. The mail is full of it. The people at the hotel talk it. Thirty-five ministers of Los Angeles sent me a petition to lecture on it. (Declined.) This morning we walked two miles to the Sierra Madre Congregational Church and the minister preached on it—the first of a series of sermons, etc.

"We talk much of living here some day. Phillips Brooks was at this Villa once and in his volume of letters he says that this region has some of the charms of Italy, Palestine, and India."

"Sierra Madre Villa, Lamanda Park, Feb. 18, 1894.

"On Thursday we went to Redlands—in the San Bernardino Valley—a most beautiful region. We had a four-horse wagon and drove up the famous Smiley Hill—from which we obtained the most wonderful view we have had in California—miles of orange groves and beyond, the mountain wall—here eight thousand feet high

with three great snow peaks rising to eleven, twelve, and thirteen thousand feet. Mr. Smiley came out to meet us and said to me, 'Is not this Dr. Barrows?' He showed us his beautiful estate. The next day we were in San Bernardino when I met on the street a man with a copy of my book in his hand. I stopped him and found him to be one of our agents. He had sold forty-four sets in this far-off town.

"Today we went to church and heard a sermon on Mohammedanism. By the way, Mohammed Webb has written me a letter, in which he indicates that the Dedication of the History of the Parliament to your mother is very offensive to him and to all Orientals."

"Chicago, April 3rd, 1894.

"I am sorry that I could not be your escort on your first visit in the Puritan metropolis. I love Boston very dearly and used to be a good guide to its many places of supreme historical interest.

"So you have attended service in the old Second Church of Boston! Cotton Mather, if he were living today, would probably have enjoyed the sermon of his successor; but I think Cotton Mather would have deemed all the Boston ministers of today tyros in learning. He could speak Latin, Greek, and Hebrew when he entered Harvard College, at the age of eleven, and he wrote more books than any other man who ever lived in America.

"It is four weeks next Friday since we came home and it seems to me that I was never busier, except during last September. I am giving myself entirely to the Church work. The only invitations which I have accepted were to speak at a Catholic banquet last Thursday and to give the baccalaureate sermon at Wellesley College on the

seventeenth of June. The Catholic banquet was given to Hon. W. J. Onahan, Secretary of the Catholic Congresses, who has been made a knight by the Pope. I sat next to Archbishop Ireland. About one hundred and fifty of the leading Catholics of the city were present and the dinner and speaking were fine. When the Archbishop asked the blessing all crossed themselves and bowed their heads. Father Butler, the jolliest and most learned priest in Chicago, was on my left. He speaks six languages equally well and sings divinely. He is very sorry the Archbishop of Chicago will not let him go to the opera. 'When I am abroad,' he said, 'I go every night.' I had a great many congratulations over the Parliament. Father Butler said: 'You can do anything you please with us Catholics except to make us Presbyterians.' I responded to the toast 'The Columbian Congresses,' and when I finished I had a very warm reception.

"I have had a copy of my book bound in white by the best binder in London. It has silk on the inside of the cover, beautiful white silk. There is a band of yellow on the white leather and the coat of arms is in the centre in gilt. It is the most beautiful piece of work I ever saw and cost twenty dollars. I am going to send it today to the Pope through the kindness of Cardinal Gibbons. We are expecting a new edition of our book tomorrow and I am going to send a fine copy to Castelar, the great Spanish orator and statesman, who has been writing some splendid things about the Parliament. A pleasant letter came from Dharmapala the other day; he heard of Manning's death on the Indian Ocean.

"I am giving my whole strength to preaching and trying to make up for lost time. The book has been a success and now I am going to do my work in Presbyterian

lines. I spent all day yesterday at the Spring meeting of the Chicago Presbytery in the Jefferson Park Church and made an address on the death of Dr. Patterson. Next Saturday evening the Hungarians here celebrate the immortal Kossuth. I declined several urgent invitations to speak. If you were here this week I would take you to hear 'Faust' and 'Lohengrin;' as you are not here I shall not go at all. Did you know that the Emperor of Japan had called for a sort of Japanese parliament of religions next October? He is going to have a competitive examination of the religions of the empire in the sacred city of Kioto. But I mustn't run on any longer."

"Chicago, May 16th, 1894.

"The parks are superb; but I should like to see the New England hills with you and take a long stroll over your favorite paths. We are in the tread-mill, as ever, and are looking forward to Mackinac with much eagerness. We'll try, won't we, to have a restful time? We are just finishing the reading of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and think that Scott leads nearly all the novelists.

"Did Mr. Dharmapala write to you his views about the cause of Manning's death? Here is an extract from a letter which he wrote to Miss McC.: 'Sad indeed that Dr. B. should have been deprived of his promising son. It was the boy's Karma to leave the world so soon. In his previous incarnations he must have destroyed life and according to the Karmic law he had to suffer and the world joins in his suffering.' Isn't it wonderful that our friend and so many others should believe in a number of things for which there is no evidence, and yet refuse to believe in certain Christian truths and facts for which the evidence is overwhelming?

"Bring your 'Sartor' to Mackinac and read me your favorite passages.

With great love,

"Your gray haired Sire."

During this winter enthusiastic reviews of the history of the Parliament of Religions appeared in many languages. The next year some of these notices were collected and published in pamphlet form by Professor George S. Goodspeed, of the University of Chicago.

Reverend George T. Candlin wrote to my father from Tien Tsin, China:

"The history of the Parliament takes an unique place among the books of the world, in two respects, which are of supreme importance. (1) There is a point of view from which the earnest believer in any religion views the faith which is precious to him, and which renders it to him at once so credible and so excellent that it commands his unbounded admiration. To sympathetically understand his religion, we must, at least temporarily, see it from his point of view. This book, alone of books, enables us to see all the great religions of the world in this manner. (2) For practical purposes, there is an enormous difference between a religion as we are able to conceive it at some stage of its development, through a millennium of history, and the religion as it is held vitally, in the present, by its recognized leaders and champions. This work is the only considerable collection of material which will enable us to understand what all the faiths of the world are now, and what is their value as forces which make for human well-being and spiritual comfort. Just as the Parliament of Religions gave us, not the Christianity of Augustine, or Aquinas, or Calvin, but of the present hour, so it gave us, not the Hinduism of Gau-



tama's time, nor the Buddhism of Asoka's, nor the Confucianism of Chu Hsi's, nor the Taoism of Chuang Tzu, but of men who in the present hour carry the lamp into the unexplored future. It must be, therefore, the best text-book of comparative religion."

But however great the applause this book received, attacks were made upon the Parliament of Religions by those opposed to its sentiments and many prophecies of its disastrous effect upon Christian Missions were rife. There were good reasons for some of these apprehensions, and years later, when the evidence was well in, my father wrote:

"It cannot be doubted that the Parliament has wrought some evil results. It has been confusing to some Christian minds, who have found it necessary to modify old ideas. It is like the Epistles of St. Paul in which there were some things hard to be understood, and which the unstable and the unlearned have perverted. It was like every advance movement in human thought liable to be misunderstood and misused, but I think these evils are diminishing and will pass away in time while the good will be permanent. The Parliament also gave occasion for some foolish and unfounded reports in heathendom. A few of the returning delegates, gravely informed the Oriental world that America was getting tired of Christianity and looked upon Buddhism or Hinduism as better. Such misinterpretations of the courtesy extended to them in America and our generous tolerance were to be expected. But, like other mistakes, they have been for the most part corrected. The gravest indictment against the Parliament is that in India and Japan it has stirred the ethnic religions to a new life and vigor, but the same indictment can be made against Christian missions."



There was never any doubt in my father's mind that its good far outweighed its evil results. He wrote to his friend Dr. George Dana Boardman: "Don't you really believe that the influence of the Parliament has, on the whole, been good rather than evil? I am perfectly confident of it. It has widened horizons, stimulated interest in the non-Christian world, challenged Christendom to consider its errors, and missionaries to review some of their methods; it has made heathendom feel better toward us; it has shown the vast significance of religion; it has brought Christians closer together. I acknowledge that some light-headed people have misconceived the Parliament as a step away from Christ, but they are not very many or very wise. Christ was supremely honored."

And in the Forum, he wrote: "No other event ever awakened so wide and sympathetic an interest in comparative religion. The spectacle itself gave vividness and reality to the vague popular notions of the ethnic faiths."

The attacks made against the Parliament of Religions called forth letters and articles favorable to it from all over the world; some of them from missionaries who deduced their opinions from plenty of first-hand observation. Hon. William E. Dodge, President of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, declared: "There is one man who, by virtue of the marvelous ability with which he organized and conducted the great Parliament of Religions, is I think fairly entitled to be called the foremost evangelist in the world."

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE HASKELL AND BARROWS LECTURESHIPS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO—1894-1895

As a direct outcome of the Parliament of Religions, Mrs. Caroline E. Haskell, a member of my father's congregation, gave to the University of Chicago, in April, 1894, \$20,000, for founding the Haskell Lectureship on Comparative Religion. She believed that "The immense interest awakened by the Parliament of Religions makes it eminently desirable that the students in the University and people generally shall be given more instruction in this most important of all subjects." And in June, she gave \$100,000 for the Haskell Oriental Museum.

My father sympathized fully with her idea: "What study should broaden the bounds of intellectual and moral sympathy like this? Should it not give to the heart an expansion like that which astronomy has given to the brain? We, ourselves, are heirs of all that has been; we feel the touch of hands that became dust when Nineveh was destroyed, and hear the sound of pathetic voices that were stilled before the Argive keels grated on the shores of Ilium or the Aryan races made their way to the plains of India. The sceptered spirits of the Past rule us from urns older than the Druidic arches of Stonehenge, or the rock hewn temples of Elephanta, from urns as ancient as the burial places of the Egyptian dead.

"And the study of religion in its entirety should be a mighty reinforcement to faith. The spiritual facts and problems in their majesty and universality must awe the

careless mind into reverence and rebuke the shallow skepticism which dismisses the greatest fact of man's development as a baseless superstition."

Two years before, he had begun a systematic study of comparative religion. It was therefore natural that he should be appointed to the Haskell Lectureship and in May, 1894, he was unanimously elected a member of the University faculty, with the rank of professor. This position he held until his death. Probably no other honor ever came to him for which he cared more, and of all the organizations with which he was ever connected few rivalled in his affections the University of Chicago. He used to say, "I earnestly believe that our beloved university represents all that is highest in our city's life and that it will do more than anything else to free us from reproach and to give our name, already honored as representing material masteries, a purer and more lasting lustre."

On October first, he lectured at the University Convocation on the "Greatness of Religion." "By religion," he said, "I mean a form of belief which furnishes what is deemed a divine sanction for righteousness and love. Like the presence of God, it is everywhere, and is not to be excluded by willful selfishness from any region of thought and activity. It is an inspiring and regulating force, the spirit of love, reverence, hope, and trust, penetrating every movement and forbidding the old division into secular and sacred. We have looked down with haughty and ignorant contempt on faiths older than Christian history, on philosophies which are among the stupendous exploits of the human intelligence, and we have sometimes defended our narrowness and ignorance with texts of scripture. But a better day has dawned.

In six of the leading American institutions comparative religion has found a place. Immense interest has been aroused and many will now sympathize with the conviction expressed by another that until our religious thoughts can claim to be universal they will not satisfy a rational being." Through the kindness of the University, this address was widely circulated. It was republished in England and India and received a warm welcome. In it he emphasized the importance of the study of comparative religion, called attention to Mr. Mozoomdar's wish that lectures upon it might be heard in India and added, "May not some friend of the University be moved to establish in Calcutta, the chief center of college training in the Asiatic world, a lectureship which shall carry on the good work of enlightenment and fraternity begun by the recent Parliament of Religions?" To this question Mrs. Haskell quickly replied in the following letter:

"Chicago, Oct. 12, 1894.

"To President William R. Harper, Ph. D., D. D.

"My Dear Sir: I take pleasure in offering to the University of Chicago the sum of twenty thousand dollars for the founding of a second Lectureship on the Relations of Christianity and the other religions. These lectures, six or more in number, are to be given in Calcutta (India), and, if deemed best, in Bombay, Madras, or some other of the chief cities of Hindustan, where large numbers of educated Hindus are familiar with the English language. The wish, so earnestly expressed by Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar, that a lectureship like that which I had the privilege of founding last summer might be provided for India, has led me to consider the desirability of establishing in some great collegiate center, like Cal-

cutta, a course of lectures to be given, either annually or as may seem better, biennially, by leading Christian scholars of Europe, Asia, and America, in which, in a friendly, temperate, conciliatory way, and in the fraternal spirit which pervaded the Parliament of Religions, the great questions of the truths of Christianity, its harmonies with the truths of other religions, its rightful claims, and the best methods of setting them forth should be presented to the scholarly and thoughtful people of India.

"It is my purpose to identify this work, which I believe will be a work of enlightenment and fraternity, with the University Extension Department of the University of Chicago, and it is my desire that the management of this lectureship should lie with yourself as President of all the Departments of the University, with Reverend John Henry Barrows, D. D., the Professorial Lecturer on Comparative Religion, with Professor George S. Goodspeed, the Associate Professor of Comparative Religion, and with those who shall be your and their successors in these positions. It is my request that this lectureship shall bear the name of John Henry Barrows, who has identified himself with the work of promoting friendly relations between Christian America and the people of India. The committee having the management of these lectures shall also have the authority to determine whether any of the courses shall be given in Asiatic or other cities outside of India.

"In reading the proceedings of the Parliament of Religions, I have been struck with the many points of harmony between the different faiths, and the possibility of so presenting Christianity to others as to win their favorable interest in its truths. If the committee shall decide to utilize this lectureship still further in calling forth the

views of scholarly representatives of the non-Christian faiths, I authorize and shall approve such a decision. Only good will grow out of such a comparison of views.

"Europe and America wish to hear and ponder the best that Asia can give them, and the world of Asia would gladly listen to the words of such Christian scholars as Archdeacon Farrar, of London; Dr. Fairbairn, of Oxford; Professor Henry Drummond and Professor A. B. Bruce, of Glasgow; Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale; Professor Francis G. Peabody, of Harvard; Bishop H. C. Potter and Dr. Lyman Abbott, of New York, and several others who might be named from the University of Chicago. It is my wish that, accepting the offer which I now make, the committee of the University will correspond with the leaders of religious thought in India, and secure from them such helpful suggestions as they may be ready to give. I cherish the expectation that the Barrows Lectures will prove, in the years that shall come, a new golden bond between the East and the West. In the belief that this foundation will be blessed by our Heavenly Father, to the extension of the benign influence of our great University, to the promotion of the highest interests of humanity, and to the enlargement of the kingdom of Truth and Love on earth, I remain, with much regard,

Yours sincerely,

"Caroline E. Haskell."

The response from India to the announcement of this proposed lectureship was most gratifying. The Calcutta "Statesman" and the Madras "Hindu" greeted it with enthusiasm, and Dr. K. S. MacDonald, President of the Missionary Conference of Calcutta, Dr. William Miller, President of the leading College of Madras, Professor



Alexander Tomary of Duff College, Reverend R. A. Hume and other prominent men of India offered the University their cordial support and sent Mrs. Haskell their thanks.

My father wrote to her: "I never can be grateful enough for the kindness and wisdom with which you have supplemented and carried on my work. These two Lectureships which you have founded will be an abiding monument for the Parliament of Religions and, more than that, they will perpetuate and widen its influence." Later he dedicated a volume of lectures to "The elect lady, beloved and honored in the East and in the West, with admiration for her world-embracing philanthropy, and her brave and far-seeing faith and also in recognition of her splendid services to the cause of Oriental learning in America and of the expanding kingdom of God in the continent of Asia."

That same October, he was greatly saddened by the death of his friend, David Swing. On the seventh he preached Professor Swing's funeral sermon, from which we quote:

"He will be remembered as a preacher of a new type. He stood before you, luminous with a heavenly light, his features made lovely by his thought, discoursing of the life of man, 'the life of love, the divine Jesus, the blissful immortality.' He found in the Bible, to use his own words, 'the record of God's will as to the life and salvation of His children.' He did not preach like others, but according to the bent of his own genius. His discourse might not harmonize with Professor Phelps's definition of a sermon; it was not always a popular speech on truth derived directly from the scriptures, elaborately treated with a view to persuasion, but there was a quiet



power which moved many minds as fiery exhortation or elaborate exegesis does not always move them. With ethical enthusiasm, with luminous intelligence, with gentle sympathy, he made known his faith in God's goodness and man's possibilities. His intellectual refinement was extraordinary, and it seems almost an irony of fate that this rude city of the West should have held the most cultured and esthetic of American preachers.

"As he felt deeply that men are to be aided best through hope and generous praise he would not fix his mind on the evil only. He said: 'If we come to think that all are worshiping gold, we, too, despairing of all else, will soon degrade ourselves by bowing at the same altar.' How he called our thoughts away to the better aspects of the age, and while men were scanning with eager envy deeds of the millionaires he bade us mark 'how our scholars hurried to the far west to study the last eclipse of the sun, and how a score of new sciences met on that mountain top to ask the shadow to tell them something more about the star depths and the throne of the Almighty.' Who else in our time has preached more continuously and persuasively the gospel of a kingdom of God on earth?

"Now, that he has gone, how many of us wish that we had known him better! And yet many felt that he was their friend and that they knew him well, though they may never have sat at his table or conversed with him familiarly of high themes. Their souls have had sympathetic communion with his spirit, and every week they have talked with what was best of him. For several years it was my fortune to live within a few miles of the poet Whittier, and I never thought it needful to intrude myself into his home in order to know him, for

had he not spoken his choicest thought to me for twenty years? Had not his psalm been to me like David's and why should I look at the features of the Hermit Thrush of Amesbury to know the music of his soul? All this is true with many of our friends; it was true with David Swing, and it will remain peculiarly true now that he has gone. A leader of thought, a prophet of the gentle humanities of Jesus, has fallen, and the old places which he loved here are desolate. The October leaves will cover paths where he used to walk; winter will spread her white mantle over the earth, and spring, which he so loved, will come again and clothe the fields with grass and blossoms, but he will not see them, nor the summer flowers which seemed to live in his speech. But we believe that his is an eternal springtime, or a beautiful unending summer, and that more than all the loveliness which he knew on earth shall be his forever."

Something more of his life that fall and winter may be learned from his letters:

"Chicago, Sept. 19, 1894.

"Your mother and I are deep in Kidd's 'Social Evolution' and she thinks it one of the greatest books she ever read. I am not quite so wild over it. We have been reading a little in Dean Stanley's letters and found some good stories. He called upon the Pope, who told him of an English clergyman who came to convert him. This English clergyman talked Latin with the English pronunciation and the Pope was surprised to be called by him Sancte Pater. He thought that the Protestant Englishman had called him 'Holy Peter.' So I am learning that there are some advantages in your pronunciation. If I had my life to live over again I should make up my

mind to read and speak Latin, German, and French before I was twenty.

"Chicago, Sept. 26, 1894.

"I am to speak at Miss Willard's reception on Friday evening. I have finished my Convocation Address. On Monday there came a letter from Monsignor O'Connell, the head of the American College in Rome, in reply to my present to the Pope of those two beautiful volumes which Mr. P. brought back from London. I will quote a part of the letter.

"He says, 'I was absent from Rome when the articles arrived, traveling in the East and in Greece, and on my return I found many duties awaiting my immediate attention, while in the meantime I was seeking a favorable opportunity for making the presentation. This I did last Wednesday evening. That work was in every way very much out of the common, in its magnificent get up, its striking illustrations and its highly and finely artistically finished binding. But then more unusual still the burden of its story was entirely new. "Holy Father," I said, "I present you a history, not only unique in its kind, but absolutely the only one ever written on this new subject, since the world began." "And what is that?" he inquired. "Your Holiness, The History of the Parliament of Religions." "It is presented to you," I continued, "by the Reverend John Henry Barrows of Chicago, President of the Parliament, who sent the work to London to have it finished in this artistic manner for your Holiness." All his interest was awakened. He inquired more about the Parliament, asked what part the Catholic Church had taken in it and heard with pleasure that it was well represented. Then volume after volume he turned over all

the pages to see the illustrations, and asked me explanations of the most striking ones. Finally, placing the volumes on his little writing table, he charged me to write you his most cordial thanks and to assure you that your present was most gratifying and that he appreciates very highly what you have done.

“It is a great pleasure for me to write you these words, and I take it as no mean sign of peace and good will for the future, that the Head of the Church receives with such gratification the history of the Parliament of Religions. “Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of good will,” is the sentiment I know you and I equally wish to gird the whole world round, and to unite the whole human brotherhood into one family whose father is God. “One fold and one shepherd.” Asking you again to pardon my long delay, I remain with sentiments of profound regard,

“Most respectfully yours,

“D. J. O’Connell.”

“I must say that I read this letter with very deep interest. It was a compensation for much of the hard labor and anxiety which I have undergone in the last four years. Just think of all my labors with the dignitaries of the Catholic Church from the time when I called on Archbishop Feehan in the spring of 1890 to this consummation of my work with the benediction and thanks of the Pope of Rome.

“I have no good stories to tell except one. I was talking with Father Cox, a Catholic priest, at a committee meeting the other day. In a pause in the meeting I told him that I had had the last communication of anybody in Chicago from His Holiness, the Pope, and then ex-

plained what it was. He grasped me by the hand, and said with a hearty grin, 'We'll have you in the Church yet.' I told him that I was in the Church already."

"November 23, 1894.

"I am getting first letters from Europe in regard to the pamphlets which I sent out. Yesterday I got a big dose of bitter and biting criticism of the Parliament from Dr. Pierson, in the *Missionary Review of the World*, but the chief interest of the last two days has been General Booth. The arrangements for his meeting the Ministers of Chicago were given to me, and I went to work to get him an audience. First, I got Willard Hall, which will hold about eight hundred. Then I had the leading Ministerial Associations unite to invite him. Then I sent invitations to all theological seminaries, Catholic and Protestant, of this neighborhood, asking the faculties to be present with the senior classes. Then I had the Salvation Army people send out a postal card invitation and reminder, to every minister in this city. In this way, I hoped to get perhaps three or four hundred ministers together. When I entered Willard Hall at three o'clock yesterday afternoon, a thousand had jammed themselves into every available square inch of the beautiful hall. The General was glorious. In the evening, K. and I went to the Auditorium. I was to introduce him there and make an address of welcome. Every seat was taken. Hundreds stood. There were two hundred and fifty Salvationists on the platform. You will be glad to know that K. has become very popular in Chicago. When she appeared on the platform last night, the drummers drummed, the horns tooted, the Salvationists and five thousand people besides, arose and cheered,

and waved their handkerchiefs. K. was almost terrified but as General Booth and I accompanied her, she soon was quieted. At the close of nearly every sentence of my address of welcome, the Salvationists beat the drums, clashed the cymbals, and shouted, Amen and Halleluiah. It was glorious. General Booth spoke on 'Darkest England and the Way Out.' He is a great orator, and made a great impression. The singing of the Salvation Army Hymn, led by Ballington Booth, was something to remember for a lifetime. The General is to speak at the University tomorrow, and if I get time I shall go down and present him to Dr. Harper. I am beginning to do a little work on my lectures. I suppose your mother has told you that we are thinking seriously of going to India in a year or two. I must get something ready which it will do to deliver in Calcutta."

"March 6, 1895.

"So you have been appointed to report on the Barrows Lectureship before your Oriental Club. You will find in the March number of the *Missionary Review of the World* important discussions on this Lectureship by Reverend J. T. Gracey, D. D. This will give both sides of the debate now going on in India. The whole discussion seems to hinge on this, whether Christianity will gain much by emphasizing the harmonies which are supposed to exist on some points between itself and the other faiths. If you take the affirmative of that position, you may find some reinforcement in the opinions of Professor Alexander Tomory of Duff College, Calcutta, who writes to me, 'Nothing has delighted me more in recent years than the growth of that spirit of toleration, based on knowledge, which now characterizes Christianity versus



Hinduism. Before I went to India my favorite study was comparative religion. In Duff College, Calcutta, I have taught Christianity in the Bible hour, and in recent years have gained great attention and cordial sympathy for Christianity by presenting it, not as is too often done, in sharp contrast to Hinduism and Buddhism, etc., but as a piece of the development of Religion, without which the history of Religion would be incomplete. I find that the Hindu mind is prepared for the theory of Incarnation by its own theology and that a large part of Christian vital truth as opposed to secondary truth can be deduced from the idea of Incarnation. This broad platform has been the basis of my teaching for the past few years, and I have seen, with great satisfaction, cordiality take the place of dogged indifference in the Bible Class, and in many cases I have seen spiritual interest aroused which will I believe be eternal in its consequences. From this you will understand how cordially I agree with your circular and its objects.' I think that Gracey's article, together with the *Biblical World*, will furnish you more than you can use. We are now trying to secure an eminent Anglican to give the first course of lectures. Things go by governmental influence in India and I have written to the Viceroy, Lord Elgin, asking his coöperation. The letter is forwarded by Lady Henry Somerset through her friends in the English Government. I do not expect to go before 1897. The Mohammedans have not welcomed the Lectureship in India. The missionaries in Southern India are more favorable than those in Northern India. An editorial has just come from Bombay from the "*Times*" of India—very friendly to the Lectureship. Among other things the editor says, 'We live in a day of comparative study; and are already far past the time



when the intelligent votaries of any creed see harm or insult in a quiet and philosophical attempt to compare it with others.' ”

“April 5, 1895.

“Did I write you that the University had offered Mr. Gladstone a thousand pounds if he would go to India next winter and give the first course of lectures on the new foundation? This is not in the papers yet. Of course, we had no hope that he would accept, but we did hope to receive from him an appreciative letter. A cable from Reverend F. Herbert Stead says: ‘Gladstone appreciatively declines, recommends Gore.’ This is Principal Charles Gore of the Pusey House, Oxford, one of the authors of ‘*Lux Mundi*.’ My mind has been on Gore for some time. I have just been reading his last book of lectures on the Incarnation. He is just now the ‘fad’ with orthodox English churchmen. He is a man of great ability and of reasonable liberality. Of course if he went to India we should get a backing for the Barrows Lecture-ship from the English Church; this is very important. The question which we have now in mind is, whether we shall try to get Principal Gore to go in December 1895 or in December 1896, or whether we would better wait for me to inaugurate the course in 1897.”

“April 11th, 1895.

“I have a letter from Canon Fremantle of Canterbury inviting me to speak in the ‘Jerusalem Chamber’ before the Christian Conference, an association founded by Dean Stanley representing all the leading churches. Unfortunately the meeting is June 17th and I cannot go. How I wish that I had not arranged to go to Chautauqua this summer and could have enlarged my European trip.

Canon Fremantle invites us to visit him in Canterbury.

"The letter from Mr. Gladstone has come and we are greatly pleased with the warm appreciation with which he writes. We are sending this week a letter of invitation to Canon Gore of Westminster, who, Mr. Gladstone says, 'is filling Westminster Abbey by his week-day sermons.' We had a lovely call on President Harper yesterday afternoon. I am invited to lecture at Oberlin next month, but I must decline. Dr. George Dana Boardman is here. I have heard two lectures from him already. He is one of the wisest and best of men. We had an election here a few days ago, as you may have seen, and the Republican candidate for mayor, Mr. George B. Swift, went in by the unprecedented plurality of forty-two thousand, and the corruptest administration that even Chicago ever had was trampled into the mud which it had made. The Civil Service Law was ratified by an immense majority. Mr. Swift is already at the helm and we have a chance, I think very good chance, for genuine municipal reform."

"May 20, 1895.

"Now I must tell you about Canon Gore. A letter has come from Mr. Stead written just after his interview with Canon Gore at the Abbey. He was delightfully received and found the Canon most pleasantly impressed with the idea of going to India. He is exceedingly busy, and thinks that he may not be able to go this year. He was very much touched by Mr. Gladstone's letter and is also favorably impressed with the Parliament of Religions. Mr. Stead writes that he believes Mr. Gore will accept. But a cable has come, sent a week after the letter, saying, 'Gore declines.' Dr. Harper, Professor Goodspeed and I think that we would better not take the

declination as final, since he wants to go. It is probably a question of time which troubles him. In a few days I expect to receive Mr. Gore's letter which will give us more definite information.

"We are on the whole encouraged by what we hear from London. I am used to delays and temporary disappointments. I had three years of such experience in the Parliament and came out ahead after all. This seems to me nothing. Perhaps I shall see Mr. Gore this summer. Two other men whom we have had in mind, Dr. Fairbairn and Professor Bruce, are to lecture at the University this summer and we may sound them and see what can be done. But unless Canon Gore can be secured it may be that I ought to go to India as the first Lecturer, in which case, I ought not to put it off later than the winter of 1896. That is a year from next December. I am afraid that affairs of the church will not be in a condition to make it prudent for me to ask release, so we will be patient for a while longer.

"You are daily in my loving thoughts and prayers. I too have been through intellectual trouble and unrest. The main thing is not to put too much confidence in any recently adopted philosophical theories. They may be venerable and worm-eaten 'chestnuts,' and are not to be mistaken for the bread of life. We all have responsibility to the coming generations. The life of the true Church must not be broken. God has given us great truth, to be handed down and handed on, and we must be careful that some of the water of life does not leak out of our imperfect vessels. While cherishing one truth, we must take care not to lose others of equal importance."

On six Sunday afternoons, beginning with May 5th, he gave to crowded audiences in Kent Theater the first

course of the Haskell lectures, choosing as his themes, "World-wide Aspects of Christianity," "World-wide Effects of Christianity," "The Universal Book," "The Universal Man and Saviour," "The Christian Revelation of God the Basis of a Universal Religion," and "The Historic Character of Christianity as Confirming its Claims to World-wide Authority."

During the next two months he wrote to Mrs. Haskell:

"May 25th, 1895.

"I have spent much time recently with Reverend Joseph Cook, who is to leave very soon for Australia, New Zealand, Japan, and India on a lecturing tour around the world. His wife will meet him in October in Japan. He has taken quite a number of the pamphlets and he is unbounded in his enthusiasm for the lectureship. He says that no halls in India will be large enough to hold the audiences that will come out to hear me when I go. He is greatly pleased with Canon Gore, but he thinks that I ought to be the first lecturer. Mr. Cook and I lunch with Dr. Harper this noon. He speaks at the University to-day and in our church Sunday night. I introduced him last night at the Union Park Congregational Church of the West Side. If you could have heard the magniloquent language in which he spoke of the Lectureships, of the Parliament and of me, you would have blushed for me.

"I have a letter from Professor Bonet-Maury from Paris giving an account of a very important conference held in Mrs. Potter Palmer's drawing-room at the Grand Hotel early this month, at which they talked over the prospects of a Parliament in Paris in 1900. She related her interview with the Pope. She asked of him if he ap-

proved of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago. He replied that he had been satisfied with the result, had approved the participation of the American bishops and had no objection that they should hold another Parliament or Congress elsewhere, although he did not say in Europe or in France. One of the Catholic writers present at the conference said that the Archbishops of Paris, several of the bishops and professors in the Catholic institutes, and several editors to Catholic reviews were favorable to the Parliament. The Jesuits are hostile to it."

"May 28th, 1895.

"Dr. Harper wishes to have a ceremony at the laying of the corner-stone of the Haskell Museum, in the course of two or three weeks, and after much reluctance I have consented to make the address. There never has been a ceremony at the laying of a corner-stone in the University before, but as yours is the first building ever erected in the New World dedicated exclusively to Oriental studies, and as the occasion can be made one of great interest and profit to the University, he is anxious to have the event properly celebrated."

"June 5th, 1895.

"Canon Gore writes as follows:

" '4 Little Cloisters,

" 'Westminster.

" 'To the President of the University of Chicago, Etc.:

" 'Gentlemen:—I should have felt that your weighty appeal demanded my most serious consideration, but, after consultation with the Dean of Westminster, I feel sure that I ought not for several years to come to entertain any proposal which would involve my absence during

the winter months from my work at Westminster upon which I have so recently entered.

“‘Allow me, gentlemen, to express my sense of the honor you have done me in offering me the post of lecturer on your new foundation, and, with every expression of regard, believe me to be,

“‘Yours faithfully,

“‘Charles Gore.’

“I am pleased with his letter for many reasons. I still hope we shall be able to get him for the next lecturer. Everything seems to point to my going to India first.”

“June 12th, 1895.

“Dr. Joseph Cook made a very graceful and hearty reference to my work in the introduction of his address at the First Church Sunday evening. Speaking of the minister, he said, ‘He has fought a good fight,’ and then, with tremendous emphasis, ‘and has kept the faith,’ then, pausing and bringing down his two heels so as to shake the rostrum, he added, ‘but he has by no means finished his course.’

“By the way, I have received a little book for you called ‘A Compilation of Theistic Texts’ from the various scriptures. It was sent to ‘Lady Caroline E. Haskell.’ It is partly in English and partly in some Hindu language. Shall I send it to you or wait till we meet?”

“June 19th, 1895.

“I arrived at Ithaca Saturday noon, and was met by the President’s Secretary with a carriage and was taken to Sage College, the College for Women on the Campus, where I was entertained. The views from the University Hill are magnificent. The buildings are numer-



ous and fine. I preached Sunday afternoon the baccalaureate sermon in the Armory Hall, before a great audience. I seldom enjoyed speaking so thoroughly. When I said 'Members of the graduating class,' more than four hundred men and women rose up to receive the parting words. It was a great sight. I was particularly pleased to have some of the mothers of the graduates come to me at the close and speak warmly and gratefully of what their sons had heard. In the evening I took dinner at President Schurman's, when I met Governor Cornell, and Mr. H. W. Sage, who has given more than half a million dollars to the University. In the evening I preached at a union service of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches and gave the second of the Haskell Lectures, which was cordially received."

"July, 1895.

"I thought of you often last week but was so fearfully busy preparing and delivering my addresses before the Christian Endeavor Convention in Boston, seeing friends and attending the meetings, that I had no time to write. I had a glorious time and hope I did some good. I suppose I addressed some twenty thousand people in the four speeches which I made. There were frequent references made to the work which I have done and which through your kindness I hope to do in India. One funny thing was this, that I was always introduced as having had a leading part in the Religious Congress of 1893. One man said in introducing me, 'I am to present to you a man who did something which no man ever did since Adam kissed Eve.'"

In spite of the extras so prominent in these letters, he was still giving most of his energy to preaching. His



sermons of this year lead us to think that his responsibilities and outward successes were but deepening his prayerfulness. He himself seems an illustration of the truth of his own words—"A swift and instant reference of all things to God is the essence of humility. If one has a truly noble nature, you will never find him more humble than in the hour of triumph." However, the chief new interests of these months were comparative religion and the University of Chicago. And his love for both is plain in his speech on July 1, 1895, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Haskell Oriental Museum.

"As the three chief languages of the ancient world were employed to write on the Cross of Christ the inscription of his royalty, so the same three languages are used to inscribe on the corner-stone of this building sentences which will be both inspiration and guidance to the scholars who, through coming centuries, shall pass in and out of this beautiful edifice.

"*Lux ex Oriente*. It comes to us with every daybreak, awakening joy and hope, as the solar king flames in the forehead of the morning sky. From the East have come the world's religions, all of them native to Asia; from the East has come the Bible of humanity; in the East have risen the mighty prophets whose words are the life of our civilization. And with faces fronting the dawn, we still anticipate new sunbursts of truth, that light which never was on sea or land, which dwells in the souls of sages and saints, of apostles and martyrs, and of all devout seekers after the divine.

"On this corner-stone is also inscribed a sentence from the Hebrew psalms in that venerable language wherein was written the chief part of the world's great Bible,

'The entrance of thy words giveth light.' All of God's utterances deserve this eulogy. It was enlightenment which came to Prince Siddartha beneath the bo-tree; it was enlightenment which came to Saul at Damascus, the divine word entering into his soul in dazzling illumination. It was enlightenment which came to Socrates in the streets of Athens, through the divine haunting Genius whom he questioned. It was enlightenment which the Persian worshipers sought and found on the eastern hill-tops brilliant with the banners of the morning. Pre-eminently it was enlightenment which came with the divine word to the souls of those Hebrew prophets who are ever urging us to walk in the light of the Eternal.

"And on the third side of this corner-stone is inscribed in Greek, the language of the highest and broadest culture, that word from the Prologue of the Fourth Gospel which says of the Logos, the Christ, 'He was the true, or the original light, which, coming into the world, enlighteneth every man.' The Christian faith which identifies the spiritual illumination of our race with that gracious manifestation of God, which came through His Son in the Incarnation, now irradiates those hopeful and earnest studies into comparative religion from which theology rightly expects so much. We believe that

'The word unto the prophet spoken  
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;  
The word by seers or sibyls told  
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,  
Still floats upon the morning wind  
Still whispers to the willing mind;  
One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world has never lost.'

"And we who cherish the Christ, as He is revealed in the Scriptures, gratefully and reverently identify Him with the universal manifestations of God's truth and love.

"A century hence the Haskell Oriental Museum, now rising, will be surrounded by groups of academic buildings that shall repeat many of the glories so dear to Oxford. Two hundred years hence this University may be a seat of learning like that by the Isis, learning hallowed by time and by sacred memories,

'The Past's incalculable hoard,  
Mellowed by scutcheoned panes in cloisters old  
Seclusions ivy-hushed, and pavements sweet  
With immemorial lisp of musing feet.'

"All honor, then, to those who have so wisely planned and skillfully guided the development of this University! All blessings on the generous benefactress whose gracious hand lifts this structure toward the sky! All hail to the imperial future, rich with the increasing spoils of learning and the multiplied triumphs of faith, of which the Oriental Museum is a sure and golden prophecy."

## CHAPTER XVII

THE END OF HIS CHICAGO PASTORATE, 1895-1896

One of the secrets of my father's unarrested growth was his willingness to turn from lessons he had mastered to tasks as yet untried. He wrote in one of his sermons at this time, "Spiritual progress is dependent on a certain kind of forgetfulness. We must not all the while be relearning the alphabet, dwelling evermore in our spiritual infancy. The other day in looking over some papers I found a number of essays written when I was a boy in college, and to my great surprise they indicated, in a vealy and immature way, many of the lines of conviction and of activity on which my life has since proceeded. But I had forgotten them. And it certainly would have been foolish for me to have kept these essays on my library table through all these years to be guides and models to a growing mind. I do not believe it is a good thing for men to be all the while remembering their successes or spending their time, until they get to be very old, in writing their memoirs. I believe it is a beautiful thing to be able to recall, in hours of wakefulness and loneliness, the fair and flower-bespangled landscapes of our past years. I do not in the least undervalue such a pleasing retrospect, and I know something of the bliss of solitude. But we may weaken the fiber of our minds by indulging in too much reverie. Mental progress for me lay in forgetting such things, and in reaching eagerly toward the higher standards of literature and of thought.

"And surely all this applies with added emphasis to the

memory of past sorrows and failures and disappointments. The Christian has no business to unfit himself for the duties which God places upon him by a perpetual and distrustful memory of sorrow. At least semi-forgetfulness is the condition of the Christian's healthful life. God certainly would not have us become utterly unmindful of the griefs which often make life more sacred and significant, but He would have us rise above them, or have us carry them with us as a sweet medicine to the soul, amid the toils and victories of the present. There are some things we cannot forget and would not forget that are numbered in the catalogue of sorrows, but there is a divine way of remembering them, of making them sweet memorials of God's love and healing consolation. It is our duty, so far as we can, to make memory a hive of sweetness and not a nest of hornets." These words partly explain the lightheartedness with which at such a crisis as was soon to confront him, he could press on into untrodden paths.

His sermons are usually the truest index left us of his inner life, and in 1895 they testify to the complexities that beset him, and to his steady visions of the life to come.

"Over against and above this imperfect life of ours," he said, "there is held up before our imagination, a state of being where the sun that we only see in occasional glimpses is the 'light of common day.' Here, is constant turmoil, there, is eternal peace. Here, life is like an Alpine glacier, plowing its way over opposing obstacles, gathering great rocks in its hands and scratching with granite pen the foundations of the mountains. There, life is like the obedient stars, keeping in their eternal orbits and wheeling noiseless in their ethereal grooves."

Church problems were becoming difficult. Hundreds

of the constituents of the First Presbyterian Church were moving toward the southern suburbs. To the unthinking this boded no disaster, as the attractive power of its preacher was sufficient to fill the church. Some of its members suggested that the church move south, but their advice received half-hearted hearing.

Partly as a good preparation for the winter's duties, my father accepted Dr. Henry S. Lunn's invitation to speak at the Grindelwald Conference and spent the last six weeks of the summer of 1895 abroad. He writes of this European journey:

"7 Norham Gardens, Oxford,

"Aug. 14, 1895.

"My Dear Mrs. Haskell:—I am looking out on the lovely lawn of Professor Max Müller's house—where we are now entertained by two of the most delightful people that we ever met. One of Professor Müller's questions was this: 'Who is that benevolent lady who has been giving so much?' So you see I had an opportunity to speak of you to this great scholar. He wears his weight of learning like a flower; he is a good listener as well as a good talker, is happy in his beautiful home, with a wife who represents all that is finest in English womanhood. He has been talking about Lowell and Holmes, and other Americans who have been his guests, and especially about Dean Stanley.

"I have asked him to visit us and address the University, and also to go next year to India. He has gratefully declined. 'I do not need to go to America,' he says, 'for America comes to me. I do not need to go to India, for India comes to me. I am only at home among my books.'

"He is full of enthusiasm for what he regards as my

'great work.' How little I ever expected any such honors as he has given me. He says, 'Why didn't you convince me that the Parliament was to be so great an affair? I would have been there.' He gave all this afternoon to showing us about this wonderful Oxford. It has been our greatest day."

"Grindelwald, Switzerland,

"30th August, 1895.

"My Dear Mrs. Haskell:

"I have so much to tell you which I know will interest you that I hardly know where to begin. Dr. Lunn has kindly offered me the use of his private secretary for my letters. You know how hard it is for me to write legibly. I have met many delightful people here. Dr. Lunn and his family have shown us every kindness, and Mrs. Barrows has fallen in love with this place, as have also the girls and I. I can give you no idea how beautiful it is here.

"It was late in the afternoon when we pulled into this village. We all said, as we looked upon the mighty mountain walls, with their snow-capped peaks flooded, over miles of whiteness, by the intense light of the sunset, 'This is the climax of all our journeyings.' Dr. Lunn welcomed us cordially and settled us at 'The Bear,' a delightful hostelry, in spite of its name. In the evening we listened to an able paper on 'Christianity and Socialism,' by Thomas M. Lindsay, D. D., Professor of Church History in the Free Church College of Glasgow, a colleague of Dr. Bruce. The address was followed by a discussion. Archdeacon Wilson, of Manchester, for many years Head Master of Science at Rugby, and an eminent writer on some of the moral problems, proved his



wonderful intellectual resources by his remarks. Reverend Charles A. Berry, D. D., of Wolverhampton, who was invited to succeed Mr. Beecher, is also a fine, strong specimen of the Broad Evangelical Englishman, who takes the liveliest interest in social and political problems.

"Day before yesterday we went with Dr. Lunn, Dean Fremantle, of Ripon, and Archdeacon Wilson to the Lauterbrunnen Valley. The day was one of a thousand, 'cloudless of care' and cloudless in the sky. There I realized anew that 'the mountains and all deeps are but the raised letters of the alphabet of infinity by which we poor, blind children of men may spell out the great name of God.'

"But better even than the mountain view was the two hours' walk which I had with Dean Fremantle, the author of the Bampton Lectures on the 'World as the Subject of Redemption,' a book which will, I believe, be read many hundred years hence. Bishop Vincent once told me that these lectures had influenced his life more than any other book.

"The Dean is a most charming companion. The breadth of his sympathies is remarkable, and proverbial English insularity finds no illustration in him. He informs me that he hopes to devote much of his energy to the work of the reunion of Christendom. I urged him to come to America next spring in company with Dr. Lunn and perhaps he may.

"We returned a little late for Mrs. Lunn's delightful outdoor tea, where we met a company of fine-hearted Christians. In the evening I gave my address on some of the lessons of the Parliament, and found sympathetic hearers

"Yesterday morning the mountain train lifted us sev-

eral thousand feet to the Scheideck, and a twenty minutes' walk brought us to the edge of the great Eiger glacier, where there is one of the finest views in Europe. Dr. Lunn gave us a very interesting lecture on glaciers, and we felt that he warmed a cold subject with his own glowing eloquence. At the close of the talk we all sprang to our feet startled by the roar, like that of a distant battle-field. A mile or more away an avalanche, probably a hundred feet in breadth, poured down the mountain side its thousands of tons of ice in a beautiful cascade, which lasted more than a minute. My dear children were aglow with enthusiasm.

"And now I have great news to tell you. Our party has divided. Four have gone to Paris, and Mrs. Barrows, the two girls, and I leave this evening for Göttingen, Germany, where it is very likely we shall leave the girls for the year. I have many things to tell you. I feel that the coming to this place has been one of the great experiences in my life."

He wrote from Paris the first week of September: "One of the most delightful experiences which I have had here was a call from Père Hyacinthe, who is certainly one of the most impressive orators of the nineteenth century, and one of the greatest-hearted men that I ever met. He was determined that I should remain a month in Paris, being sure that I could influence even the bigoted French ecclesiastics, who were out of sympathy with their American Catholic brethren. He said, 'You have no idea what a revolution in the Catholic Church you inaugurated, when you induced the Catholic scholars to confer and pray with heretics and schismatics.' He spoke enthusiastically of the Congress in Chicago as the first ecumenical council that ever was called.

"I have also had a delightful call from Abbé Charbonnel, whose article in the '*Révue de Paris*' on the Paris Congress of 1900 is making such a stir; from Zadoc Kahn, the chief Rabbi of France; from Auguste Sabatier, editor of '*Le Temps*' and Professor in the University of Paris, and from Professor Bonet-Maury, who also strongly urged me to remain in the city; but I could not, even though a reception by the French Academy was promised me." Shortly after this he sailed for home.

Throughout the fall he wrote almost daily to my sister and me in Germany.

"Oct. 9th, 1895.

"Last evening I was inaugurated the president of the Literary Club. We had a fine banquet and a larger number present than usual. I gave an address of forty minutes on '*Musings in My Library*.' I said in closing, 'I need not say, but I am going to say most emphatically, that the honor which you have conferred upon me is undeserved. I receive it partly as a gracious and tender suggestion that I have not attended the meetings of the club faithfully, and that I am expected henceforth to be with you. I only fear that, after this precedent, other members will expect, by diligently absenting themselves, to be crowned with the presidential laurel. However that may be, I appreciate your kindness toward me and express my hearty gratitude. If I were less of an American and more English, I might say, 'thanks awfully.' A few years ago, when visiting the French market in New Orleans early one morning I saw a blind beggar who also saw me. This mendicant had a dog who carried in his mouth a tin pail, into which the benevolent cast their copper and peradventure their silver. I threw in a nickel, and at that moment it was the dog's business to hold out

his paw, and to bow his thanks. He did not perform his full duty to me, and the blind beggar saw it and cuffing the cur reprovingly, he said: 'Dog not good enough for such kind people.' This is one of the occasions in my life when I feel like that dog."

"Oct. 24th, 1895.

"Yesterday morning Professor Bonet-Maury's book on 'The Congress of Religions at Chicago,' a beautiful little volume of three hundred and forty-five pages, came to hand. It has fourteen excellent portraits. It is published by Hachette, the great Paris publisher, and is a thorough, careful, and scholarly work. I am very proud of it. I will ask him to send a copy of it to you. What he says about your father will make your hair stand on end. I read this morning at the breakfast table to Mrs. Haskell two pages which he devoted to her in the conclusion of the book. She was very much gratified. Last night I had a meeting of the Session and read to them a letter explaining the India project and asking for a leave of absence from December, 1896, to May, 1897. The matter is of such importance that they have called a meeting of all the officers of the church for Saturday of this week to talk it over.

"Did you ever hear the story about Abraham Lincoln which Mr. Bartlett told at the Literary Club? Two artists were debating in Mr. Lincoln's presence as to the proper proportions of the human body, especially the legs, and were questioning whether the legs of a certain statue were of the right length. They referred the case to Mr. Lincoln, and he modestly replied that he was not an authority upon the subject, but he said, 'I have always had the feeling that a man's legs should be just long

enough to reach from his body to the ground.' See if you can tell that story to the Fräulein in German! Good-bye. I am so eager to see you that I think of resigning!"

"Oct. 25th.

"Yesterday at dinner Mr. B. told me a story of his going to a side-show where a snake was to be seen; and the man at the tent door kept calling out in these words: 'Come up, roll up, jump up, tumble up, any way to get up, ladies, gentlemen and small children; come and see the snake! It was caught in the wilds of Africa at the cost of one hundred thousand dollars in gold by a band of fearless men! It measures fourteen feet from his nose to the tip of his tail, and also fourteen feet from the tip of his tail to his nose, making twenty-eight feet in all! Come right up!'"

"Nov. 2nd, 1895.

"I rather expect to give my second course of Haskell Lectures in January and February. I think that my themes will be about as follows: 'Christianity and Hinduism,' 'Christianity and Buddhism,' 'Christianity and Confucianism,' 'Christianity and Mohammedanism,' 'Christianity and Judaism,' and then a sixth and final lecture indicating the proper mode for Christianity to reach these different faiths."

"Nov. 5th, 1895.

"Last evening we took dinner with Mrs. Haskell at the hotel and President Harper came in for a little while. After dinner I went to the Literary Club, where we had a delightful paper called 'Yarns of an Old Town.' It was an account of Newburyport, Massachusetts, and was filled with most interesting references to times old and new. The reader, a Mr. Stone, who is Secretary of the

Board of Trade, said that it was said of a certain man of Newburyport, 'He was so very wealthy that his opinions did not need the support of argument.' Is not that delicious?

"We were all very much shocked yesterday by the sudden death of Eugene Field. He was found dead in his bed yesterday morning."

"Nov. 7th, 1895.

"Tuesday night there was a big celebration at the University of Mr. Rockefeller's three million dollar gift, which means five millions added to the University. The 'Interior' finally hauls in its horns. It has been critical of Dr. Harper and the University, but now it says that Rockefeller's gift means that we are to have here the greatest University in America. Hooray! The students and professors went wild Tuesday night. They had calcium lights on the grounds, processions, fish horns, and speeches. One of the best was made by Professor Von Holst."

"Nov. 14th, 1895.

"Lorado Taft, the sculptor, has been trying for a long while to get me to sit for him, and Tuesday afternoon I went down to his studio in the Athenæum and mounted the model's chair. He had a big pile of clay on the table in front of him and a standard made of lead pipe and lumber as a sort of frame for the structure. He said the lumber would help when he came to the lumbar regions. He is wonderfully quick and skilful. He put a head on the thing before many minutes and took a few measurements and got an outline of the features in an hour and a half, and had shaped the thing so deftly that I was recognizable to the people who came in. I hope to go

again to-day. In a half dozen sittings he will probably do me in clay."

While he was writing these November letters the official boards of his church had considered his India plan. No formal action concerning it was taken, but in the opinion of the majority his proposed absence did not accord with the best interests of the church. To him, however, the Barrows lectureship seemed something too important to lay aside. He wrote at this time:

"I have a deep and invincible feeling that God has given me a mission of preaching Christ, not only here but in Asia, and it is the larger Christ that I want to preach, not the Christ who cares only for Christian Europe and Christian America, not a Christ who has forgotten and forsaken Asia and Africa, but the Christ whose light has illumined in some measure all hearts."

Therefore, three weeks after the meeting of his officers, he courageously cut himself off from his chief source of income and from work and friends most dear to him. Surely he belonged—to quote his own words—to "the army of the Lord which stands with faces fronting the dawn, holding in their hands the 'white shields of expectation.'"

His people received his resignation with surprise and sorrow. Many entreated him to recall it. Few men have been the recipients of such admiring and grateful love. The official minute of the Presbytery expressed "affectionate appreciation of his signal ability and broad culture, his unfailing refinement and courtesy, his strong and gentle Christian character, his large public spirit and wide sympathies with men, and his fidelity as a preacher of the Gospel of Christ," and he was "reluctantly released, in deference to his own constraining conviction



that he had been providentially called to establish the lectureship that bears his name, in the great cities of India."

Something of the pleasure given him by these assurances of affection show in his letters:

"Nov. 25th, 1895.

"You will receive with this letter papers giving an account of my resignation and I think you will feel a good deal happier than some of our people do. I look upon it all as providential. I have been evidently called to the wider field and I feel very restful in my own heart. It was a rather painful scene at the close of my sermon yesterday morning when I read my letter of resignation. It came as a thunderbolt to almost all of the congregation. I have come to the conclusion that people can keep a secret. Men and women both. So far as I know only one, and he was a minister, leaked, and he leaked just a little! The enthusiasm and devotion of people make us very happy and yet mingled with it is deep sorrow in leaving such splendid friends.

"The newspapers have been very friendly. Six of the leading ones have editorials which give me a new feeling of the hold we have on this big city. But our chief feelings, excepting sorrow in leaving our dear friends here, are of prospective relief from the stress of work and of rejoicing that, God willing, we will soon be reunited. I wish I could tell you how good our people are to us, but you can imagine.

"I just had a letter from Dr. Schaff, the son of the great Dr. Schaff. He is writing his father's biography and shortly before reading the story of my resignation and my going to Göttingen, he was telling of his father's

visit to Göttingen in 1888, where he saw Ritschl and other famous professors. Two weeks ago I resigned my membership in the Quadrangle Club of the University, not feeling rich enough to pay for a club that I could not attend. I received a letter from Professor Matthews which contains an expression which you both will enjoy. 'We shall miss your spirit even more than your bodily presence, but wait till you see the new club house, then, as Chimmie Fadden would say, "You will chase yourself in."'

"Tomorrow is Thanksgiving and we shall miss you awfully. A. had his choice between going to hear me preach at the union services at eleven o'clock and going to the football game. You will be greatly surprised that he chose the football. He says confidentially, that I would rather go to the game than preach! It is a pity that children know your weaknesses so thoroughly!"

"Dec. 5th, 1895.

"Our life is quieting down beautifully. By making it plain from the beginning that my resignation was final and absolute, I secured a unanimous acceptance from Session, Society, and Presbytery. Monday morning I read my letter before the Presbytery. I shall never forget the beautiful tributes which were heaped upon my head. Dr. McPherson spoke nearly half an hour, most tenderly and happily. Among other things he mentioned the perfect good understanding and fraternal relations between the two pastors of the First and Second Churches. He said that the honor and good name of the Second Church had always been as safe in my hands as in his own. He commended the mission I was undertaking abroad, and spoke wittily of my growing physical powers.

He said that when I was eighty years old I would probably make a good center rush for a football team and that I would probably preach till I was ninety-three. Dr. Withrow poured out his heart, too, saying, among other things, that 'The going away of the pastor of the First Church will leave a vast vacant space in Chicago.' Then Dr. Hall spoke in a similar vein. Dr. Hillis said, 'This is no funeral. Dr. Barrows has been called to a wider field, and he is the first man ever going to India who is simply a representative of Christianity and not of a sect or of a board.' He believed that 'Dr. Barrows was the best known minister among foreign people in America, and that no such opportunity was ever before given to anybody.' It would have done your heart good to have heard their beautiful tributes and it certainly did my heart good. Not that I feel worthy of them, but this love and commendation are among the best rewards for what I have tried to do. Dr. Hillis is arranging to have the trustees of the Central Church give me a reception and recognition service at Central Music Hall Sunday evening, February 9th, at which addresses will be made by Lyman Gage, representing the World's Fair; Dr. Harper, representing the University; Dr. Gunsaulus, the Congregationalists; Dr. McPherson, the Presbyterians; Dr. Bristol, the Methodists; Mrs. Potter Palmer, the World's Congress Auxiliary; Mrs. Greenleaf, the public schools, and Bishop Fallows, the soldiers and the Christian Endeavor Society. Isn't this a lovely thing for him to do?

"I have just had a caller,—a bronze manufacturer, who is arranging with Mr. Mulligan, an artist in Mr. Taft's studio, to make a life-sized bronze bas-relief of your paternal sire. I have given my reluctant consent.

This afternoon I am going down to have a portrait made. All this attention to one's personality is as good as dying and reading the obituaries.

"We feel that we have so many anchors in Chicago that we shall be glad if our future life is here."

"Dec. 9th, 1895.

"If you were here or we were there, we could tell you some things that would make you laugh and cry. I never realized before, except after Manning's death, how good people are to us.

"You speak of the sorrow of leaving Chicago, this great city. Everybody who speaks of my going away, prophesies that I will return.

"Did I write you that I have been engaged by 'The Record' to furnish letters during all my absence in Europe and Asia? I shall want you girls to find out all the interesting and funny things which I can utilize in my weekly scribblings. Perhaps I shall become famous as a correspondent! But O, how I shall miss my typewriter, by which I do not mean the machine. You may care to know that 'The Outlook' speaks of my resignation as an event of national importance and prophesies the absorption of the First Church with the Second. Isn't that funny? Nobody ever thinks of that.

"Good-bye. I haven't time to write at the close of this letter one of those involved and fire-darting sentences by which—as by a flaming bolt out of the empyrean—I sometimes, though alas! inadequately, flash into your girlish, though by no means juvenile, souls some beam of that inextinguishable paternal affection which consumes the heart of your far away sire. Therefore I shall omit it."

"Dec. 16th, 1895.

"Yesterday was a great day in our church. Dr. Clark of the Christian Endeavor Society was in town and spoke beautifully before my sermon. Mr. Francis Murphy, the great temperance apostle, was also on the platform and said a few words.

"Saturday night I gave my European lecture at the Home for the Incurables. Chicago's University received another million and a quarter last week. Miss Culver, a niece of Mr. Hull, for whom the Hull House was named, gave a million dollars for the department of biology. There will be a great building for the biological department of the University, a biological station, fully equipped for inland work at Lake Geneva, a marine biological department at Woods Hole, and several biological lectureships. Isn't this immense? Of course, now Mr. Rockefeller has to hand out another million, according to his promise. Isn't this glorious?

"All the trustees of the United Society whom I met in Detroit approved of my decision and feel that I am entering upon a larger work. Dr. Clark is very happy over it. I value the fellowship of the Christian Endeavor trustees more I think than any Christian fellowship that has ever come to me. They are the noblest company of men that I ever knew, representing all the different evangelical denominations."

"Dec. 24th, 1895.

"Monday morning I left for Cleveland; arrived there about six o'clock in the evening; was met at the station and taken to the Hollenden House. The Congregational Club gave me a lovely reception before the supper. I met President Thwing of Adelbert College, President Ballantine of Oberlin and many other fine people. The

beautiful dining-hall was filled with two hundred and fifty guests and I had the whole evening to myself after supper, giving them my lecture on Samuel Adams. We had a supper of eight courses and I began by saying I felt like Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms when he said, 'God help me I can take no other course.'

"President Francis E. Clark told me that the United Society of Christian Endeavor had a little money left over after paying the expenses of the Boston Convention last summer, I think he said about two hundred dollars, and they are thinking of placing a stone over the grave of Samuel Adams in the Granary Hill Burying Ground; (it is not marked by any monument, strange to say) and they think of placing on the stone a sentence from my lecture. I deem this a great honor."

During January and February he gave his second course of Haskell lectures on the relations of Christianity to each of the other great religions. Although his letters refer to these lectures as "hasty pudding served up hot" and he laments their inadequacy—they were enthusiastically welcomed. What with the lectures, dinner engagements almost every evening, and all the extras attendant upon finishing his church work, these were busy months. One of his letters refers to two farewells.

'Chicago, Feb. 11th, 1896.

"I have sent you papers giving an account of the farewell reception at Central Music Hall last Sunday night. It was really a magnificent affair, but I felt that they were talking about some other fellow. I am in the farewell business at present. Last night I gave my farewell to the Chicago Literary Club, and four of the ex-Presidents made kind addresses at the close of my paper. Some



of them thought I might be eaten by the cannibals. One of them told of a picture of a cannibal who had caught a missionary and tied him to a tree and was anxiously turning over the leaves of a cook book to see in what style he would serve him. There was so much anxiety on the cannibal's face that you had more sympathy for him than for the missionary. One of the speakers thought I might return from the East dressed in a yellow robe with the Koran under one arm and the Rig Veda under the other, henceforth to be a preacher of the Oriental faiths. When I had a chance to reply, I said about this: I thank you most heartily, dear friends, for all these words of kindness. I am sorry that you feel skeptical about my continuing in the faith. Bishop Arnett of the African Methodists feels differently. He took luncheon with me on Saturday and said that when I returned from the journey round the world, they were going to make me a Bishop of the African Methodist Church. But, friends, the best thing I can do now is to invite you to a banquet which I have had prepared in the next room. (We always have a lunch of crackers and ginger beer provided.) As I feel very hungry and as I recall what Mr. Mason has said about the cannibals, I must say, in the words of Thomas Hood, 'I would rather die eating, than diet.' "

The way in which he regarded all this work and success is shown in his latest Chicago sermons.

"We are," he wrote, "all the while over-rating our direct influence. We sometimes are discouraged unduly because we are not working as actively or as widely in public ways as we would and we care far too little for the spirit in which our limited activities are carried on. Some of us have never learned that our indirect influence is always a greater force for good than our direct, inten-



tional, and aggressive activities in right ways. After the Day of Pentecost Peter was so surcharged with the Holy Ghost that, walking the streets of Jerusalem, his very shadow falling on the sick and paralytic gave them healing and strength. Many modern Christians are like the child's toy engine, very busy and stirring in mind and body, puff, puff, whirling about, tipping over once in a while, and then soon exhausting the steam. They have not that quiet and continuous strength which has been fed and nourished through the culture of the soul in hours of quiet meditation and communion."

On Sunday, February 16, he said good-bye amid the tears of his people, yet his love and service and their loyal response had bound him to them with a bond far stronger than any official connection, and one that could never be severed. As we pause a moment in the gracious influences that he had shed during these more than fourteen years, we recall first of all the largeness of his heart. It may be that it warmed quickest to spontaneous, expressive, struggling people, and slowest to cynics and dilettanti, but it could hold every one who needed help, whatever his temperament or worth. It was loving imagination that disclosed to him men's natures. Indifferentism and intellectual posing he found to be faults of the fastidious few. Prejudice, mean ideals, and meager outlook were commoner defects of character. Hence his hopes for a Parliament of Religions. Born of the heart, too, was his faith in men, which saved him from talking down to them, awoke his eagerness to meet their real needs, and, destroying false pride, made him willing to be popular.

We recall, too, his fearlessness with which he entered into wide and so-called worldly activities, and the spirit with which he beautified and hallowed them. And per-

haps we may best close this chapter in his life with his creed that Christianity should not cramp but enlarge and sanctify experience and his sense of the obstacles in the way of this ideal:

“I know there are perils grave and sometimes fatal which come from the teaching that we are to enter in the spirit of Christ into all the occupations and rightful enjoyments of life. It is hard to do it; it is much easier to run away, and to be Christians in a little round of prescribed duty. Some people haven’t Christianity enough when spread out, to cover the whole domain of activity and pleasure. If you find it impossible to maintain the spirit of Christ in such a life as yours has become, by all means narrow it, cut off here and there, surrender that which is letting the life-blood out of your soul and paganizing your spirit. But after all, the highest ideal is that which Jesus illustrated and which John the Baptist did not. And you will need to spend nights in prayer as well as days at the marriage feast. You will need to fill your soul with the heavenly life if you are to refresh the manifold paths of earth.”

## CHAPTER XVIII

### A WORLD PILGRIMAGE 1896

"I have already, three different times, peeped into the life of the Fatherland. But now for the first time, I live among German people, sharing their daily life, eating of their abundant food, sleeping under their mountainous feather beds, and hearing from morning till night the musical bubble and sputter of their strong, queer, exuberant speech." So wrote my father from Göttingen, his headquarters from March until October, 1896. This placid Hanoverian town, unexcited save over Roentgen's discovery, saw him studying German, hearing lectures by Schultz and Wellhausen, sending long letters to the Chicago "Record" and "Interior" and rewriting his India addresses. He found this "home of quietness in the heart of old Germany far from stupid" because it discovered to him "an undreamed of relish for rest and retirement." He delighted in the "gardens golden with crocuses and blue with hepaticas" and in the Göttingen rampart "now tamed to a lovers' walk, beneath whose magnificent trees we follow a path which not only encompasses the city but leads out into dreamland." Here—to quote still further his own words, he "felt deeply the presence of those spiritual guests who throng and dignify so many parts of the old world"—and loved to recall that "beneath these shades, incredible as it may seem, Schopenhauer brooded his pessimism and Lotze meditated his deeper and truer thoughts." Heine and Longfellow, Bancroft and Everett, Bismarck and Motley were among the spirits

of the wall with whom he had converse, and he wrote of Coleridge: "How often he must have mused and spun out his endless speculations as he made the circuit of the town on this rampart. Few poets have given us intenser pleasure than this man, who was able to write a few perfect things. I have already met him in the vale of Chamouni and seen the sunrise over Mount Blanc through his illumined and reverent vision. Every voyager who knows 'The Ancient Mariner' meets him on the sea and now and then in some highland nook by some tiny cascade the traveler repeats after him:

'Beneath yon birch with silver bark  
And boughs so pendulous and fair,  
The brook falls scattered down the rock  
And all is mossy there.' "

In April this leisure for meditation was broken. At the request of the committee organizing a religious congress to be held in 1900, he went to Paris to speak on "*La Religion et la Fraternité humaine*" before a conference presided over by M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. His letters to my mother chronicle the events of his pleasant month spent with his friend Professor Bonet-Maury, one of the Protestant faculty of the University of Paris.

"81 rue de Lille, Paris, April 16, 1896.

"It is twenty-two years next month since I wrote you my last letter from Paris. It seems like the good old times to be writing you of my doings in this *illustre capitale d'une nation à laquelle le République Americaine doit tant de reconnaissance*, (if you will permit me to quote from my maiden French harangue). Well—I love Paris—and so do you.

"Traveling through Belgium I felt happier than in

the Fatherland—because I am even more perfectly master of French than of German! and secondly, because one has more liberty. For example, it was not illegal for me to take the long, yellow skin of the orange I had eaten and throw it from the window upon the ground that once grew cabbages for the imperial table of Charlemagne. My wonderful knowledge of three languages has given me much comfort. It is so nice—when a waiter says to you *‘Reisen Sie ab?’* not to look like a fool, and when you put the question *‘Wie heisst diese Stadt?’* to be able to understand the answer.”

“81 rue de Lille, Paris, April 19, 1896.

“One hundred and twenty-one years ago to-day a shot was fired that was heard around the world. Now shots are fired every week that perform the circuit of the globe. Yesterday morning we took a cab and called on Baron Schickler, one of the members of the Organizing Committee. He is the foremost Protestant of France—very liberal, though orthodox, very rich and benevolent and cultivated. He has a magnificent house on the Place Vendome. In the afternoon we called on the Vicomte de Meaux—a splendid Catholic gentleman, a friend of Archbishop Ireland and son-in-law of the great Count Montalembert. We had much pleasant talk. Then I came home to sleep. After more study of the ‘oration,’ I dressed for the Sorbonne dinner given by the professors here to delegates from the universities of Scotland. With his unfailing French politeness Professor Bonet-Maury said, ‘You are radiant as the sun.’

“I can give you no idea of the Banquet. To hear the octogenarian Jules Simon was an event. His political history dates back to ’48. He has been Prime Minister

of the Republic twice and also Minister of Public Instruction. He is the Gladstone of France. Lord Reay's toast was excellent. Mr. Bourgeois's was to the Sorbonne, and this present Prime Minister bids fair to equal any of his predecessors in gracious and tactful oratory.

"This morning I went with Professor Bonet-Maury to the 'Oratoire'—the greatest of the Protestant Churches of France, and heard a great sermon from Reverend J. C. Roberti, who is considered the first preacher in Paris. His text was 'Help mine unbelief.' Back of the Oratoire (which by the way was crowded) is the great white marble statue of Admiral Coligni—holding in his hand an open Bible on whose pages are the words, 'The memory of the just shall endure.' It is to me the most impressive statue in the world and I should have 'boo-hooed' like a baby if I had been permitted by my guide to look at it longer and think of 'good Coligni's hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood.'

"After breakfast at 11:30 we went by train to Neuilly and called on M. Frederic Passy—President of the Arbitration Committee of France, for eight years a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He is a grand old man and his old home is surrounded by the loveliest garden I ever saw. I wish you could have seen the flowers and the cherry trees. M. Passy's chief enthusiasms now are Free-trade and the Parliament of Religions!"

"Paris, April 22, '96.

"At 5:30 I met Professor Bonet-Maury—by appointment—at Jules Simon's, 10 Place de Madeleine. He and we had just heard of the sudden death of Léon Say—the great French statesman, political economist, and financier who managed the payment of the indemnity to Germany

after the war—who, with Thiers, saved the nation and, with Gambetta, organized the Republic. Jules Simon was very much cast down and the old man sat in his chair like one crushed with age and sorrow. But he seemed interested in my journey to India and he told some good stories. As I left, he accompanied us to the door of his great library—where we paused a moment to look at the bust of Thiers, and thinking of my journey round the world—the octogenarian, with the pleasantest of smiles, waved his hand and said ‘Bon voyage.’ It was a picture I shall never forget.”

His letters tell also of a reception given him by the friends of religious toleration in Paris, at which the hosts were Colonel and Madame Calmard and their daughters, a charming Catholic family, related to Pascal. At this reception and in calls made and received later, he had much ‘memorable talk’ with the distinguished men his letters have already mentioned, and with such others as Albert Réville, Reinach, Zadoc Kahn, Brunetière, Auguste Sabatier, and Charles Wagner.

But his chief interest was his French oration. Of it he wrote several years afterward: “My address required of me not only unlimited ‘nerve,’ but weeks of the most careful preparation. I was drilled day after day by a teacher in Göttingen who had had large experience preparing German professors for similar efforts, both in French and English. Then in Paris I went through the performance of reading the address and receiving Professor Bonet-Maury’s corrections. It had been more than twenty years since I had attempted to speak French, and I encountered the utmost difficulty in twisting my Saxon tongue and adjusting my English mouth to the unaccustomed sounds. Furthermore it seemed to me cruel to



handicap an American and to exhibit him before the most critical of audiences, bidding him speak on a great theme in a tongue which he had never before used in public. I knew the reputation of Paris, and remembered how Charles Dickens did not dare to go to a Parisian theatre to witness the first production of one of his own stories which had been dramatized. I was wrought up to a height of tension unparalleled in my own experience, but the more anxious I became, the harder I worked. At last I found myself with my oration in my hand, standing before the scholars of the University, and the best people of the Faubourg St. Germain. About me were the representatives of learning and religion. I was presented by one of the foremost authors of France, and finally I opened my lips and pronounced the opening sentences, which I had committed to memory. After all I had gone through, the words were to me absolutely meaningless, and I shall never forget my surprise when there came out of the mist and mystery before me a ripple and almost a roar of generous and appreciative applause, and I said to myself: Is it possible that these words mean something to the people in this hall? Yes, I am in communication with their minds. And the thought at once changed my whole feeling, and, from that time on, forgetting myself, I remembered my theme, and the meaning of the strange words which my tongue with growing facility was shooting like arrows at the audience before me. I knew that there was great anxiety with my family, who deplored the humiliation into which I had been forced to plunge. And, when the next morning a telegram came to my wife from Professor Bonet-Maury saying 'Your husband's French lecture was a brilliant success,' it was probably the best news that ever reached her. By this experience I

learned a lesson of sympathy for the thousands of men and women who have gone out from Europe and America into far off lands with the purpose of preaching the Gospel in strange tongues. It is one of the most difficult achievements for those in mature life to unmake their minds, alter the natural working of the organs of thought and speech, to make themselves the vehicles of truth in other tongues. The miracles which accompanied the apostles in the early church whereby they were enabled to speak in other languages than those to which they were born, appeared to me to be one of the most beneficent things which the grace of God ever did for His people.

"My French performance was, of course, grossly imperfect in many ways. My accent was far from Parisian, but only courtesy and kindness characterized the remarks of those who listened. It made me feel ashamed of the discourtesies which foreigners and especially Frenchmen sometimes endure when traveling in our own country, simply because they speak our language with a strong accent, and indicate thus that they do not belong to our people. If the German and French scholars who have been treated uncivilly in American custom houses, American hotels, and on American railroads should all report, as some of them have done, their experiences, the report would not be to the credit of America."

The day after this French oration he wrote to my mother:

"I did not pronounce so well as in practicing but the audience was simply electric. How I loved them! At the close I had to rise twice to bow to the *applaudissements*. It was all a strange and lovely experience. Then Bonet-Maury spoke about India and gave the thanks for the listeners. Then Leroy-Beaulieu called on me to reply

in 'une langue maternelle' and I went in 'with a whoop.' People said that I was a happier looking man in English."

"80 rue de Lille, Paris, April 27, 1896.

"It is after eleven o'clock. I returned an hour ago from our love feast—a banquet given me by my friends—at the Palais Royal. Bonet-Maury led me to this historic spot—now given over to good dinners—at seven. There were twenty covers. It was truly a feast of love. Beaulieu was on my right. Among those present were Roberti, Abbé Charbonnel, Charles Wagner, and Frank Puaux, editor of the '*Révue Chrétienne*.' The addresses were made by Beaulieu—who proposed, of his own accord, the toast of the 'Congress of 1900,' by A. Réville and by Reinach, my dear lovely Jew. Reverend E. Fontinès, who proposed my health, called me '*le prophete d'esperance*,' and all sorts of sweet things. I replied in eloquent English, which was much applauded. We had Catholics, Protestants, Greeks, Jews, Swedes, French, Swiss, ministers, engineers, University professors, litterateurs, editors, advocates, etc.,—a heavenly mixture. I do not dare to recall the kind words they said of me. They will be hard to live up to."

"81 rue de Lille, Paris, April 28, '96.

"Arthur Desjardins called at about 9:30. He captured the manuscript of my French lecture and sent it back with a pleasant note. Then Bonet-Maury and I called on two very pleasant Abbés, Abbé Klein and Abbé Naquet, both friends of our cause. Then we came home and drove to the Grand Hotel—where by appointment Madame Calmard and her oldest daughter, Professor and Mrs. Bonet-Maury and I had an hour with Mrs. Pottère Palmère. My friends poured

out on her such a eulogy of my mission in Paris and told so eloquently how I, the 'magician,' had entirely changed the situation—that I changed my seat to talk with M. Pottère Palmère. Mrs. Palmer fairly dazzled and entirely charmed my French friends. She speaks French very beautifully.

"Tonight I am to have a little rest. I never can tell you how I love the men who have opened their hearts to me here."

His letters describe delightful hours in the Louvre, the Luxemburg, and the Salon Champs Elysées. He writes, too, of "Varnishing Day" at the Salon Champ de Mars, where he found Dagnan-Bouveret's "Last Supper" "its own supreme and splendid vindication" and was almost "awestruck by the strange loveliness of the Saviour's head and by the flood of mellow light which appears to come from his whole form as he stands in the midst of his Apostles who are not looking at us, as if on exhibition, but are absorbed in the supernatural splendor of their Master." On May 2, he was presented to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, one of the five that make up the famous Institute of France. "I was introduced," he tells us, "by the distinguished philosopher and archæologist M. Ravaisson-Mollieu, now in his eighty-third year. About thirty of the forty members sat around the elliptical table that represents the highest honor to which men of science and literature in France can aspire. What impressed me in the members was their simple cordiality of manner and their venerable years. The laurels in France encircle gray heads." Nor was this his only experience that Saturday."

"May 3rd, 1896.

"I will not take time to describe the hour I spent under-

ground, wax taper in hand, wandering amid a hundred thousand skulls and four hundred thousand femurs, radii, ulnae, etc., all artistically arranged. Leaving the quarries and the sepulchers and the darkness, I hastened back to Bonet-Maury's and we called on Reverend M. Fontanès. He was a great friend of Dean Stanley's and is a friend of Baroness Burdett-Coutts. He went with us by appointment to the Hotel de Rhin overlooking the Place Vendôme, where the aged and benevolent Baroness—simple as a child, sweet as an angel—received us most kindly and gave us tea and talked missions, India, etc. She wants me to come to London before I go and see what is being done for animals by her Society. She wishes me to tell Dharmapala that we are not so bad to the animals as we were. She invited us to call again."

A little tour through the Loire country convinced him that "Paris is not France" and as he took the train from Blois back to Paris, his mind was full of "the infinite picturesqueness of the French past" and the "horrible part that religion has sometimes played in the drama of history"—yet he adds, "Out of the shadows the world sweeps into a higher day, and that evening at Mr. Clarence Eddy's dinner table I realized the contrast between the fierce conflicts of the sixteenth century and the milder struggles of the nineteenth as I heard an American lady exclaiming in the ear of a skeptical British doctor, 'I tell you sir, prohibition in Iowa has been a grand success.' " That same day, too, he wrote, "I am determined to cut these Parisian ties and fly home. Oh for my family and Frau Bau Inspector's soup." Three days later he had them both. These Paris experiences led him to write the next year:

"I found much kinship with what is best in human

thought and life in French society. Perhaps more than I found elsewhere in my world-pilgrimage. There is a willingness to accept new ideas; there is a breadth of sympathy; there is an enthusiasm for human brotherhood; there is a charm of manner; there is a brilliancy and agility of mind, that make the best French people most lovable and admirable. The most eloquent words I heard in Europe were Jules Simon's in praise of the nobler French womanhood."

In June he was invited to speak at an Arbitration meeting in London in behalf of a movement that was seeking to create a "sense of unity in the English-speaking household." He found it unwise to accept, but a letter to Mr. W. T. Stead discloses his sympathy with the proposed plan:

"The widespread and profound ignorance or indifference of many on each side of the water in regard to what is noblest and most Christian in their kindred on the other side of the sea, can be largely replaced by knowledge, sympathy, and good will through such an organization as has been suggested. Not only should a permanent Court of Arbitration be established, but something effective should immediately be begun to promote friendliness, destroy animosity, and secure joint efforts for the noblest common objects.

"The moral alliance of America and England and of the other English-speaking peoples will be brought about through the exercise of common sense, the development of the idea of a common mission, and through those courtesies which are found among gentlemen, and should not be lacking in the columns of newspapers and the dispatches of statesmen. This moral alliance must be achieved before the political federation of English-speak-



ing nationalities, who will soon control the destinies of mankind, will be possible. I, who have often stood, with proud tears in my eyes, at the chief shrines of English liberty and renown, have experienced some of the deepest joys of life in our 'Old Home,' and, if I can render the least service to a cause which means civilization, freedom, peace, international justice, the development of English institutions, and the ultimate triumph of the Larger Christ and Larger Church, I shall feel that I have helped to put a pry under the planet, thus giving the whole world a lift toward the gladness of a brighter day."

A day with the great Rembrandts in Cassel, and a tramping tour in Heine's footsteps through the Hartz, broke the monotony of study. And when in August the summer semester closed he forsook for a while the Leine valley, lovely with poppies, daisies, and corn flowers, to ramble with his three oldest children through the chief historic towns of Germany. That in the midst of this leisure he had not forgotten the work before him is clear from one of his letters:

"Göttingen, Sept. 24, 1896.

"Dear Mrs. Haskell:

"At the close of a very busy day, during which we have been packing five or six trunks for various parts of the world, my thoughts turn to you. Now that our life here is nearly ended, and we begin so soon our pilgrimage to India, I wish you to share fully the happy and hopeful feelings with which I go forth on my mission, your mission, yes, Christ's mission. Now that my lectures are finished, I feel a renewed confidence in the message given me to speak. The doors in India appear to be wide open. All the chief cities and seats of learning are glad to give



me a hearing. Missionaries' homes are offered to us. The Secretary of the Buddhist Society in Calcutta, in a letter just received, says that they will be glad to see me there. Professor Manilal D'veedi, a leading Hindu scholar, sends me a very cordial note. But my chief joy has come from a touching letter sent by Mr. Mozoomdar. Some sentences of it I must copy for you. He says: 'I believe both Mrs. Barrows and yourself can realize how your handwriting, and all that you say of yourself, cheers me. It recalls a host of associations that cling around your name and my acquaintance with you, like the blessed memories of some bygone and blessed state of existence. I am glad you have taken this long holiday in Europe with your family with you. It is a rest which you needed and have fully earned. But the American's rest is almost as arduous as his work. It is said the Yankee employs himself by felling timber, and then rests himself by sawing it up. So your rest means hard study in Göttingen, of which, however, we hope to enjoy the fruit next cold weather. Whenever you come, you will be received as cordially as it is in our power to make it, but it can never be anything like the reception we met in Chicago in September, 1893. Our nation is still in the old ways, ways that are narrow and crooked and dark. We need a man of special call and uncommon ability. Such a man, my dear friend and brother, you are. My hopes and enthusiasm at the prospect of your visit are indeed great. Perhaps you have had and will have to keep a little aloof from me, I being "non-Christian," and my people much more non-Christian than myself. Nor am I disposed to take advantage of your great name and my friendship with you, to further any religious interest that I hold dear to my heart. But I claim that

no Christian, European or native, can have greater longings that you should come to India and speak to its best people, than I have. Because I know and feel that you can place Christ before us as others cannot, because the Spirit of God, who breathed in Christ, breathes in you. And by the force of your spirit, you can draw us close to oneness both with God and His blessed Son. It will not be in my lifetime, which is now nearing its end, that India receives the great and blessed covenant of oneness with the ancient God of our land in the spirit and love of Jesus Christ, as I have received it myself, but believe me that the day shall come. In my very humble way, the faults of which no one knows better than I, I have labored for this great end; and now, noble and illustrious brother, in order that the same end may be more fully served by you, I await your arrival with anxiety and affection. I wish it were in my power to receive you in Bombay. When you feel drawn, please write to me again, for no one can have greater honor for you than myself. Now what shall I say in conclusion to dear Mrs. Barrows? When she comes to Calcutta my poor wife will take her by both hands for all her goodness to me. For myself I can only bless her and her children.

‘Most cordially and faithfully yours,

‘P. C. Mozoomdar.’

“Isn’t this a wonderful letter? I read it with tears in my eyes and a choking in my throat. I know of no man who lives nearer to God than Mozoomdar. He speaks out of the Spirit. How grateful I feel to him. He is in one sense the originator of the lectureship, and I hope that I can bring some comfort to his spirit. His life is hard as he is a kind of mediator between Christianity and

Hinduism. O that I might be baptized into his deep sense of fellowship with God!

"The dear Lord bless you abundantly and fill your heart with His great peace."

Preparations for the journey to India were completed in London, where he assisted, early in October, at a great Armenian demonstration in the City Temple, preached for his friend Dr. George F. Pentecost in the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, and lectured on "God's Universal Fatherhood" at Reverend Herbert Stead's Social Settlement, Browning hall. "I was," he tells us, "very much impressed by the intelligence and acuteness of the English working people whom we met. I gave them an address, which I have given before companies of scholars in American universities, and was delighted to see how pleased they were that I gave them the best that I had. There was no talking down to them. They are a manly, acute, and broad-minded company of people."

He and my mother did not stay long in London. He writes:

"We have had a golden day in Oxford, visiting with Professor J. Estlin Carpenter, Professor Max Müller, and Dr. Fairbairn. Professor Carpenter showed us Manchester New College, in which he is the leading instructor. This Unitarian foundation in Oxford seems to have been accepted without much pious grumbling. Professor Carpenter is far from being a destructive radical. His accurate and profound scholarship is joined to a sympathetic and vigorous religious nature which puts him into spiritual accord with a large variety of earnest souls. I have rarely met so manly and attractive a personality. The library of Manchester College is worthy of Oxford on account of its beauty, and so is the chapel, with its win-

dows designed by Burne-Jones and executed by the late William Morris. Professor Carpenter's house is one of those English homes, embowered in roses, which tempt many an American city pastor or professor to break the tenth commandment!

"Professor and Mrs. Max Müller were as charming and gracious as we found them last summer. They had invited Professor and Mrs. Carpenter to meet us at luncheon, and the Indian talk by these two scholars was of rare interest. Max Müller was recently made a member of the Queen's Privy Council, and is now a Right Honorable. As Dean of the foreign section of the French Academy he was invited to Paris to meet the Czar. 'I could not go,' he said. 'It was only an emperor!'

"Yesterday we spent in Cambridge and Ely. The Ely cathedral is certainly one of the chief glories of England, and Cambridge has long been to me one of the Meccas of the mind. Did I not feed my youth on Milton's poetry? What a symposium the Cambridge alumni may enjoy in the ethereal realms!

"Over the Victoria station when we began our travels eastward we saw in great letters 'Paris, Italy, India.' A two hours' ride through the hop-fields of Kent by Rochester Cathedral, brought us to Canterbury and to the comforts of this English Inn 'The Rose.' The sunshine bathed the great Cathedral. We took tea with Dean Farrar, who kindly walked with us through the delightful grounds around the Deanery and poured forth such a wealth of history as perhaps only Dean Stanley could have equalled. We had seen St. Martin's church, the oldest church building in England, and in its church-yard Dean Alford's tomb, on which I read, with peculiar emotion, an inscription which would be appropriate to me, resting here

to-night: 'The inn of a traveler on his way to Jerusalem.' We parted from Dean Farrar under Christ Church gate, beneath which, as he told us, Charles V, Henry VIII, and Cardinal Wolsey had walked together. Here the good Dean wished for us a happy journey to India."

The way to India ran through France, Italy, Greece, Constantinople, Palestine, and Egypt. The weeks spent in these places were among his happiest, since in company with my mother, he renewed many of the impressions that he had received twenty-three years before, and added to them.

His letters to Mrs. Haskell, relating the events of his stay in Constantinople and Cairo, may well end our account of this first stage in his world pilgrimage.

"Sea of Marmora, 40 miles from Constantinople,

"S. Y. 'Midnight Sun,' Nov. 4th, 1896.

"Dear Mrs. Haskell:

"We have left the wicked and doomed city of Constantinople and are now *en route* to Smyrna. We have not yet heard of McKinley's election, but expect to receive a telegram to-morrow morning at the Dardanelles.

"We had three glorious days in Athens and three horrible days in Constantinople, where we arrived Sunday at midnight. E. has been made almost sick by what she has seen and heard in Constantinople. We were invited to spend two nights—and we spent one, with Dr. and Mrs. Washburn at Robert College on the Bosphorus, perhaps eight miles from the dreadful city. They are glorious people. You remember Dr. Washburn's portrait in my book. His house was guarded by sixteen soldiers, and he had four faithful students to watch the soldiers. The missionaries were all very kind to us. I

was taken to the American Bible House where I had quite a reception. O such stories of recent cruelties as we heard! Reverend Dr. Herrick came for us this morning and took us over to Scutari on the Asiatic side, and we with him visited the Girls' College taught and supported by Americans. The young ladies were called together in the chapel and I addressed them. It was a piece of Heaven in all this Hell. We called on Dr. Riggs—eighty-six years old and for sixty-five years a missionary in Turkey. He and all are well informed of my mission to India and will follow us with their prayers. We also visited the Orphanage for little girls recently opened. There are forty-nine of them. The fathers of all have been recently killed. They sang for us and we could hardly keep from sobbing. God bless these poor little sufferers and their brave American friends! It seemed to us that some great calamity is impending over the city of the wicked. We were glad to leave it. Indeed the American Consul at Athens warned us not to go there, as the Sultan might order, at any time, the slaughter of all Christians, native and foreign.

"I never felt so deeply before that the Gospel of Love, Forgiveness, Humanity, the Gospel of Christ, is the only hope of the world. E. says that she is never going to give another cent to Home Missions!

"We are meeting many interesting people on board this ship. Last Sunday night I preached to the passengers on 'Religion and the Beautiful.' We had just come from Athens and all minds were filled with thoughts of the lovely visions of old Greek Art."

"Cairo, Egypt, Dec. 1, 1896.

"Our days in Egypt have been most interesting and yet restful. During the last few days I have been seeing



people, in the company of a Chaldean Archbishop, Prince Nouri, who speaks sixteen languages. We have visited the Coptic Patriarch, who learned with great interest of my mission to India, and who has promised to remember my work in his prayers. We have seen the Mohammedan University and the Coptic University. I have made the acquaintance of two learned men, editors of an Arabic journal, who have published an account of me and my work.

"Yesterday morning Prince Nouri and I called upon a Moslem scholar, who is at the head of the Mohammedan organization in Egypt, and spent more than an hour with him. He is a man of broad spirit, a very unusual man for a Mussulman, and he would like to represent Mohammedanism at the next Parliament of Religions. In the afternoon we called, by appointment, on Sophronius, the Greek Patriarch of Alexandria, the oldest Bishop in the world. He has passed his one hundred and third year, having been born in Constantinople in 1792, yet he looks as vigorous as any young man of seventy-five. Mr. Gladstone and Pope Leo seem to him rather boyish! He has been eighty-six years a priest and seventy-six years a Bishop. It was pleasant to hear him say that he was in loving fellowship with all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he would not fail to remember me and my mission in his prayers.

"This morning we had a delightful hour with Selim Pasha, the Egyptian Minister of Public Instruction. He belongs to the Orthodox Greek Church, but he says that the best educational work done in Egypt is done by the American Presbyterian Mission. His wife and five daughters came in to see us. The youngest daughter is named Paradise. They are almost as nice as American



children but rather timid. Wherever we call, little cups of Turkish coffee are served, and yesterday I drank seven cups!"

"On the Gulf of Babel Mandeb, Nearing Aden,

"Dec. 8, 1896.

"The Pasha sent me his photograph and I called again and gave him mine. He was most fluent and florid in his acknowledgment. He said: 'Dr. Barrows, this picture shall be on the front page of my album. I am a poor man, but if God had given me riches, I should have it framed in diamonds.' It was with difficulty that I suppressed a tendency to titter and tried to say something in reply, but if Prince Nouri's Arabic had not reinforced my American English, the answer would have been utterly commonplace.

"We left Cairo regretfully, though I realized that the time had come for me to 'brace up' for my work. At Port Said the Governor of the Suez Canal, who had read of me in the Arabic papers, gave us his private boat for a trip in the harbor. By the way, the oriental extravagance of the Arabic journal in speaking of me was most amusing. My friend Prince Nouri translated for me. 'We had the extreme delight of a sublime visit yesterday from his Lordship, Reverend Dr. John Henry Barrows, etc. We found in him an infinite ocean of science and literature and especially of theology!!' I met the editor the next day and thanked him for his great praises, but he said, 'Though I am glad to have decorated my paper with your immortal name, I am inexpressibly sad that my words were so miserably inadequate, for to do you full justice would exhaust all the columns of my paper!!' It was very hard to keep my face straight, and I know that

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you will have a good laugh over it as we did. I saw most of the principal people of Cairo, the Greek and Coptic Patriarchs and Archbishops, the leading Moslem, the Minister of Public Instruction, Lord Cromer, the English Viceroy, the missionaries, and leading editors.

"I enclose Dr. Hume's plan for my lectures. He has done me a very great service. In one week we expect to land."

## CHAPTER XIX

INDIA AND JAPAN 1896-1897

"Certainly he is rich, the boundaries of whose life have been enlarged, so that he lives in all the rooms of his spiritual house, and not merely in the cellar." According to this, his own definition, my father was a man of wealth, to which new stores had been added by the savants and statesmen of Paris, by secluded Göttingen with its flavor of the past, and by the two months of travel that bound Germany to India. But he never allowed rust to corrupt his riches. Not hoarding, but using, was his motto. And in these five Asiatic months that called into play all of his physical energy and endurance, his mental alertness and dexterity, and his ability to win men's hearts, he poured forth unstintingly his abundant knowledge of God. During his three months in India he traveled six thousand miles, visited twenty-five towns, and made one hundred and thirteen addresses, to nearly forty thousand people.

When he and my mother landed in Bombay, they were welcomed by Hindus, Jains, Parsis, Brahmos, and Christians. Long garlands intertwined with gilt tinsel were placed about their necks, and this pretty attention only presaged the courtesy and honor that greeted them all through the Orient. My father has described some of his first impressions.

"On the morning of December sixteenth, I looked out for the first time on the fields of India. Clumps and rows of trees, all of them strange to us, diversified and

colored the dry, brown landscape with patches of green. One's first feeling was the wideness and bigness of India, —a striking contrast to Egypt, Palestine, and Greece. But the evidences of drought were painfully present, and the shivering, half-starved, and half-naked figures which in the early morning came out of the wretched mud villages or gathered at the pretty stations of the Great Indian Peninsula Railroad, showed us that famine is impending. A poor ragged girl, hardly able to stand, would not take from us a part of the ample and delicious luncheon which Mrs. Hume had provided. Hungry American children would have scrambled for a piece of the cake which this Hindu girl, bound by caste, sadly refused. But she picked up the half-anna which I threw to her, equivalent to six pie or one cent. From all this E. evolved the first generalization applicable to India. It is this: that starving Hindu children will take pie but not cake from the hands of Christians! The colors and the garments and the faces and the noises at one of the great railway stations of India make you feel how tame and commonplace was the Midway Plaisance. Such impossible greens, blues, purples, reds, and yellows! Such head-dresses of every size and shade and shape! We saw Mohammedans who had dyed their beards and hair orange color, and wore long gold-embroidered robes, and walked barefooted or in stockingless slippers. But to me the most evident fact in India thus far has not been any splendor of foliage or flowers, nor the appearance of monkeys in fields, nor the new kinds of vegetation, nor even the general poverty everywhere apparent. To me the most evident fact in India is the human leg. It is usually bare to the hip. Men with their heads and bodies covered with white cotton cloth walk bare-legged through

field and street. Brown legs, slim legs, black legs, hairy legs, legs larger at the knees than at the thigh, so slim and spare that you wonder how the body is supported, legs of boys and young men and old men, of little girls with sweet faces and dark fawn-like eyes,—these are the objects which the non-Christian populations of India thrust before the eyes of travelers.

“Benares did not enchant me with popular Hinduism. It is not an inspiring and elevating spectacle, the sight at close range of Hinduism and what it has effected in a land where nearly one-half the people are imprisoned for life, hidden from sight in the seclusion and social starvation of the zenana; in a country with three hundred millions of people and three hundred and thirty-three millions of gods, most of whose inhabitants are half-naked, and one-fourth of whom have but a single meal a day, even when famine has not swept away, as during the last twelve months, its millions of victims; a country where idolatry in its most hideous forms spreads its debasing influence, holding in childish enslavement a people whom a pure Christianity is yet to reach, instructing them that God, who is spirit, must be worshipped in spirit and in truth; a country where lying is an immemorial fine art, where English judges are in despair of knowing what testimony in court is true, and where American observers, predisposed, like Colonel Olcott, to look favorably on all things Indian, feel the hopelessness of raising the people out of bottomless depths of moral rottenness; a country where the population, separated by race, language, and religion, are spread over a peninsula so vast that what is said in Calcutta may appear to Lahore like an utterance from another nation, and what is done in Bombay is of little moment, unless it be

in the matter of the plague, to those who live in Madras.

"India is a land where religion can be observed and where it cannot be escaped, and this for two reasons: first, because religion is external; and second, because it is universal. A man's religion is often indicated by the streaks of paint on his forehead. If they are horizontal, you know he is a worshipper of Siva. If they are vertical, or convergent toward the bridge of the nose, you know that he is a worshipper of Vishnu. The use of paint is one of the striking features of Hinduism. Entering the bank in Bombay, you are surprised that the accomplished, polite, English-speaking accountant has a red mark in the centre of his forehead, indicating that he has done service that morning to his idol. This is called doing one's 'pooja.'

"One may observe accurately and fully the working of religion in India because it is universal. Religion enters into all life; and in Benares, for example, it seems to be the main business of life. Who that has seen it can ever forget that picture which so many have attempted vainly to describe—the morning scene on the Ganges, below the long line of temples and tombs that fringe the sacred shore, the men, women, and children by the thousand, and sometimes by the ten thousand, who have come down for their ablutions, stretching their arms and saying their prayers toward the sun, calling upon the names of their gods, washing their mouths and ears and arms and legs in the great river, whose touch is so sacred and potential that it removes all sin! In the bewildering scene one becomes confused and asks himself if he is visiting Bedlam. Is this the nineteenth century? Where is our boasted civilization? Are all men maniacs here? Is insanity the natural condition of some portions of the

human race? There is a temple to the goddess of small-pox; here are idols of almost inconceivable hideousness; there are men carrying a dead body to lay it in the sacred waters before it is burned; here others are pounding the fragments of a human form that has been only partly burned to ashes; there hundreds of poor wretches are crowding down toward a noisome well with copper coins in their fingers and wreaths of yellow flowers, eager to dip their feet and hands in its infected depths; here are hideous caricatures of humanity, shriveled, clothed in rags and vermin, deformed, mendicant, lying on the verge of the stream, hoping that death will strike them there.

"You enter a temple at Benares—if the cows will permit you, for the cows are here deified—and you see loathsome wretches crawling through filth and touching various parts of the sacred animal with their lips. Here idolatry presents an aspect which robs it of its last vestige of respectability. One may have some æsthetic sympathy with those who gather on the mountain-peak to watch the rising sun and to render homage to the god of light as he peers over the Persian mountain; one may have some sympathy with the spirit of the Japanese pilgrim who climbs the sacred peak of his own beautiful land. Many lovers of beauty discover something lovable, not only in the Greek and Roman mythologies, but also in the services rendered to Phœbus Apollo, or Pallas Athene, or to Olympian Zeus; but in Hindu temples almost everything is dark and ugly, and many things are morally and physically unclean.

"I have seen the devoted students of Hinduism in the towers that overlook the Ganges, in the ancient city of Benares, men who for twenty years have been reading, under the guidance of saintly, unclothed pundits, the in-



terminable books which they regard as the highest and purest source of spiritual knowledge, unmindful of the degradation, ignorance, and miseries of the huge mass of idolaters that creep and suffer and die about them. There they spin their intellectual webs; they follow the devious track of former thinkers; they endeavor to slake the unslakable at fountains that can never satisfy the soul. It is one of the most ghastly pictures of misapplied assiduity and ingenuity that the world presents to-day. I said to these men: 'Do you not familiarize ourselves with the Christian Scriptures?' and they replied: 'Before one undertakes anything new, he asks, what purpose will it serve?' I replied: 'It is worth your while to know the Christian Bible, for it has shaped the mightiest nations of the world.' They answered: 'We have not yet finished our own scriptures. We find in them more than we can absorb and appropriate. Why, therefore, should we go elsewhere?' And there, in their conceited loneliness and abstraction, they sat, and there they will continue to spin the webs which may catch many a fly and darken many a window. There they will pursue the studies which may sharpen the mind along certain narrow lines, but can never make great souls, filled with the passion of righteousness and the heroism of love."

In Benares he made several addresses, but his main work began with more than two weeks of constant speaking in Calcutta.

The records of the Calcutta Missionary conference state that his lectures "were distinguished by their high-toned earnestness, their incisive force, their brave and unambiguous outspokenness, their thorough grasp of the great truths they handled, their practical value as a contribution to Christian apologetics, their profound learn-

ing, and sweet persuasiveness. In them, the inaugurating series of the lectureship, were fulfilled the promises made at its inception. They were distinguished by the scholarly and withal friendly, temperate, and conciliatory manner in which opponents of Christianity were referred to, and by the fraternal spirit which animated all allusions to the devotees of other religions. While the rightful claims of Christianity were set forth without compromise or hesitation, they were at the same time set forth in such a way as to secure the favorable interest of the many who would not acknowledge these claims. The Conference were also struck by the untiring activity which Dr. Barrows manifested during his short stay of fourteen days in Calcutta, for during that period he addressed as many as twenty-two audiences in the same forceful manner, never sparing himself, or in any way compromising his position as a Christian lecturer, desirous of winning souls for the Lord Jesus." Of his closing lecture the Indian Witness of Calcutta said that it "was a masterly presentation of the claims of the Christian faith upon all men, and in every way a worthy completion of what must be regarded as the ablest course of lectures on Christian subjects to which the Indian community, of the present generation at least, has been permitted to listen."

Besides his lectures and the discussions that followed them, long personal interviews, almost every morning with men of different faiths, gave him opportunities for presenting Christian truth, and for removing difficulties in the way of its acceptance. He has given us some of his impressions:

"It is a strange and wonderful experience which comes to an American to find himself standing before an audi-

ence of dark-skinned, black-eyed, white-turbanned, lightly-clothed Hindus of keen minds and to realize that he is about to address a company of men (I say men, for no Hindu women, excepting a few Christian and Brahmo ladies, appear in public) trained in the ideas of what we call heathenism; of men who are outside the thoughts and convictions of Christendom. These men have been educated in English government colleges and have learned to understand and to speak our language, so I had immediate access to their minds. The purity and classical beauty of the English spoken by such men as Mr. Mozoomdar and Justice Banurji of Calcutta are my delight and wonder. Of course most Hindus who learn English gain only a superficial acquaintance with our great tongue. They mistake the idioms often-times, and get our proverbs mixed up. Principal Morison informs me that one of his young men in a geography class told him that Bombay was distant from Calcutta so many miles, 'as the cock crows.' A Calcutta baker who deemed himself an expert had painted upon his sign these words: 'Babu Chatterjea, First-class European Loafer.' Some of the Hindus are very proud of their knowledge of English, an acquaintance with which is essential to entering the government service, and certainly the college boys whom I have met talk very fluently. They are exceedingly fond of debates, and would have been very glad to remain several hours at the close of my lectures for a discussion of the points at issue. With all this verbal contentiousness, they are exceedingly courteous, and this courtesy and kindness find expression in a profusion of garlands and gifts of fruit, and in speeches, marked at times by oriental extravagances. One Brahman judge in presenting me to an audience modestly and appre-

ciatively said: 'For me to introduce this speaker is like a mosquito introducing an elephant.'

"Babu-English presents many laughable peculiarities, one of which pleased me greatly. The Pundit in Poona who was teaching the Marathi language to one of our missionaries was always accustomed to speak of chickens as 'the cubs of a hen.' The young of different animals in his own language were called by one name, and when he had learned in his study of English that the offspring of a bear were called cubs, he applied the term indiscriminately to the offspring of all other animals. This fact may explain a certain item which appeared on the bill of fare at a hotel in Colombo, Ceylon. The guests were invited to partake of this toothsome viand: 'the pups of a goose.' The Hindus are fond of high-sounding titles for themselves and their friends, and I know of a missionary who was addressed in a letter in these tremendous terms, 'Most Respectable Enormity.'

"But he who meets the educated Hindu mind in public or private discussion will find no lack of acuteness, if he sometimes does miss a lack of comprehensiveness and of perfect candor. The Hindu is quick to detect the errors and incongruities characterizing the representatives of western civilization and Christianity, and I never realized more vividly what is one of the obstacles to the rapid progress of the Christian Gospel in India than when at the close of a lecture on 'Christ, the Universal Man and Saviour,' a lecture presided over by a Brahman of eminence, and listened to very courteously by a quiet Hindu congregation, a drunken Englishman staggered to his feet and, with foolish words and gestures objected to the vote of thanks which these so-called heathen people were about to offer to a Christian lecturer."

In Calcutta a dinner was given in my father's honor by the Honorable Justice Ameer Ali, "a delightful man well known throughout the world for his literary championship of Islâm." He was given a reception in the palace of the Maharajah Bahadur, the leading nobleman of Calcutta, by representatives of the Hindu, Mohammedan, Jain, Parsi, Buddhist, Brahmo, and Christian communities; an entertainment where fine Hindu music and skilful Hindu jugglery took the place of food. Two of the other social pleasures of his stay in Calcutta he has described rather fully: "On Wednesday afternoon a reception was given us at Peace Cottage by Mr. and Mrs. Mozoomdar which illustrated Indian ways of welcoming guests. A conch shell sounded its note as we entered the gate. As we drew near the house, rose-petals were showered upon us from a balcony. Mr. Mozoomdar was dressed in the white robes which he wears when preaching. Mrs. Mozoomdar, who does not speak English, made an address to Mrs. Barrows in Bengali. We were garlanded, and then presented to the Brahmo ladies, a beautiful group of about twenty young women. Our host made an address, to which I responded, after which some remarks were made by the Reverend Mr. Harwood of England. Incense sticks were burned,—another note of welcome. Seventeen different kinds of fruits and Indian sweetmeats were spread before us. Some of these were delicious. Then Sanskrit and Bengali hymns were sung by the 'Singing Apostle' among the Brahmos, to the accompaniment of a violin played by a beautiful young girl, who also sang. Among the twenty Indian gentlemen present, several were Brahmo preachers. Before leaving we were shown through our host's pleasant and simply furnished cottage. I was glad to see a marble cross stand-

ing on Mr. Mozoomdar's table. The hour we spent in Peace Cottage was one of the most beautiful of our lives.

"Friday, January first, was a novel opening to a new year. In the afternoon we accepted the invitation of the Maharani of Kuch Behar, the daughter of the late Keshub Chunder Sen, to visit her mother and herself at Lily Cottage. A bell sounded as we entered the yard, and 'Welcome' in silver letters was over the door and stairway. It is thirteen years now since the eloquent reformer, the best-known Hindu of this generation, entered into his rest. The first day of January is a sacred day with the family, who always spend it at Lily Cottage together. On his tomb are inscriptions in four languages, and above it is a marble symbol composed of the cross, crescent, and trident. Within the house garlands, sweets, fruits, tea, singing, and playing entertained us. The Maharani is the wife of the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, and is a beautiful and accomplished princess. When in England, she was the guest of the Queen at Windsor Castle. The widow of Keshub Chunder Sen is a sweet faced lady, rich in the love of her ten children and eighteen grandchildren. She was glad to hear that her husband's words had been widely read and were much appreciated in America. A lovelier family and a sweeter family life I have never seen. The room where the Indian reformer died is kept as he left it, and was fragrant with fresh flowers. The household revere him not only as husband, father, and grandfather, but also as a prophet. Two portraits of Keshub Chunder Sen were given us, together with a set of his works. The best utterances of this great man are among the classics of the Spirit."

He wrote to Mrs. Haskell: "'Lady Haskell' is a



household name in India, and when spoken it always evokes applause. I have mentioned the name of Abraham Lincoln without stirring any interest, but the mention of your name brings on a clapping of dark-skinned and fair-skinned hands.

"You will be glad to hear that the educated non-Christians listened attentively and gratefully and that I was told that the young men of Calcutta were reading the lectures with great care. One educated Hindu told me that it was the first time that he had ever heard Christianity presented without abuse of other religions. But O, how good people were to us in Calcutta!"

At Darjeeling he had his first view of the Himalayas. He writes: "It is a great moment when one catches his first glimpse at Darjeeling of the giant backbone of the world. Those peaks, rising ten thousand feet above the clouds, are of course inaccessible. The great, wide-stretching cloud banks beneath give them an airy appearance. You stand on Observatory Peak, seven thousand feet above the sea, and look down, down on three sides of you, into dark green abysmal depths and spaces, and then lifting your eyes as they gaze northward above the cloud-forms you behold, forty miles away, white peak after white peak of unspeakable beauty and grandeur soaring into the azure heavens. From their heights is born the Ganges, issuing as the Hindus believe from the feet of Vishnu, gathering from those snows the volume of waters which has made life possible to a hundred millions of people. It is almost impossible I found to take one's eyes away from the golden crown of Kinchinjunga and his mountain brothers. Gazing toward those heights one feels as if he were peering into the colossal studio of the Divine Artist."



He writes from Delhi: "More than a dozen empires have been lost and won in battles about Delhi. And yet one feels in this an almost languid interest, largely because the history lies outside the main current of human development.

"There are native patriots to-day who imagine that the 'simple life of India' is preferable to the 'luxurious and enervating civilization' of the West. I have even been asked if I would like to live the 'simple life of India.' If by this expression is meant the half-clothed distress, the pitiful hunger of the many millions who, not merely in years of famine, but generally, live in mud hovels without the comforts that are enjoyed by some of the aboriginal tribes of North America, I should neither like it for myself nor for the poorest and most abject people of Europe."

Agra's contribution to his experience was, of course, the Taj Mahal. "Nowhere else," he says, "so fully as in the Taj Mahal have I had such a sober certainty of the waking bliss of beauty and of human love embodied in architecture. Standing beneath the dome, Moslem lips breathed forth the name of Allah, and melodious echoes, softening and dying away, brought back to our ears the sacred syllables. The Palace Crown of Asia is not out of harmony with the spirit which ascribes all glory to Heaven.

"Still Jeypore was our greatest sensation since Benares. It is a city of pink houses and broad streets where elephants, monkeys, cows, and tens of thousands of pigeons are equally at home. Western civilization has done a large work beneath these Oriental ways and forms. But driving by the fantastic Hall of the Winds, or the tall tower which overlooks the city, or wandering through

the Maharajah's palace and pleasure-ground within which his Highness employs and feeds ten thousand attendants; inspecting and buying the beautiful enamel-work done in the bazaars; taking a peep at the splendid tigers, or watching the horrible alligators snatching great pieces of meat in the immense royal tanks; beholding the monkeys scampering along the houses, or even gazing at the curious and colossal instruments in Jey Sing's Astronomical Observatory; and above all, looking at the motley and many-colored procession of people moving along the pink streets, which in color and material appear like the scenery of some gorgeous and fantastic stage,—one loses sight of everything Occidental, and says in his heart, 'This is the East, the quintessence of all brilliant and bewildering Orientalism.' "

At Indore, the Maharajah, in a long white silk robe and with bare feet, received them at his palace. My father writes of Indore and Ahmednagar, "The Maharajah sent, to our temporary home a colossal elephant, so that we might enjoy a ride. He was almost as tall as Jumbo and thicker set. He had a back on which a Hindu temple easily could have been carried. After photographing him we mounted him, four of us. His elephantine majesty, obedient to the stroke of the driver's iron rod, knelt down, and we climbed by a ladder to seats in the howdah. When he rose to his feet, I thought for a moment that my lecture tour in India was about to end! The tower seemed on the point of tipping over. Things came to rights, however, and our lofty perch was pronounced a delightful seat, and, as the elephant-puncher put in his work behind, and the great beast trotted down the road, we regarded our exaltation and locomotion with princely self-complacency. For daily comfort and convenience,

however, give me in preference to an Indore elephant, an out-door donkey.

"The Reverend Robert A. Hume, D. D., of Ahmednagar, has made all the arrangements for my India pilgrimage, answering correspondents, accepting or declining invitations, and furnishing an exact itinerary down to the minute of our arrival and departure in the case of every city. He is now called 'Major Pond.' On leaving Indore we looked forward with great pleasure to meeting the kindly Major. He had promised us two days of rest in his home. We arrived at two o'clock in the morning, and, finding the American mail awaiting us, closed our eyes in sleep about four. For three successive mornings the Major's sweet voice awakened us at half-past six. I faithfully submitted myself to the detailed programme which he had arranged, and in the two and a half days of our sojourn in his delightful home, under his restful superintendence, I made six addresses, enjoyed three receptions, visited four schools, went to a native concert, made several calls, attended service in a village church six miles away, visited the famine-relief works seven miles from Ahmednagar, answered some correspondents, and received many friendly visitors. As the heat had destroyed my appetite, I went through these days of rest on the strength of Indian tea. One morning we drove out with several missionaries, one of them on a bicycle, six miles into the country. The Christians of the village, knowing of our approach, came out to meet us with strange music of horns and native drums, escorting us to the schoolhouse, which is also the village church. And here I had one of the chief privileges of my life. I was permitted to baptize two young men, recent converts to the gospel. It seemed to me that he who

stooped to the lowliness of Bethlehem and Nazareth was almost sensibly present in this little meeting-house, which the dark hands of humble people had decorated with fruits and wild flowers, out of regard to one of Christ's ministers who had come to them from the other side of the world.

"On leaving Ahmednagar, with its Sabbath quiet and repose, we began our journey to Poona."

Poona was suffering that winter from the plague. Fires, burning disinfectants, and unroofed houses where death had been, were the sights he saw as he drove to his lectures. At several of these "Young Poona," Brahman youth, hostile to everything Christian and Western, indulged in brief outbursts of dissent. My father was untroubled. "The local papers, even those most bitter against Christianity, read lectures to 'Young Poona' from editorial pulpits; but to me this was one of the amusing and much prized experiences, which I should have been sorry to have missed. My host in Poona, the Reverend John Small, of the Free Church of Scotland, informed me that one of his scholars, a Hindu boy, was finally persuaded that the system of geography taught in European schools was true, and Mr. Small said to him: 'What will you do now with the Hindu geography with its seven insular continents surrounded by seven great seas, the sea of salt water, of sugar-cane juice, of wine, of clarified butter, of curd, of milk, and of fresh water, with its mountains tens of thousands of miles in height? Since European geography is true, what will you do with this Hindu geography?' and the reply was not astonishing: 'I will believe them both!'"

The last weeks of his lecturing he spent in southern India where he remarked still other Hindu ways.

"There is still a thief caste in India. I saw a village near Madura occupied by these people. Every midnight some officer of the English Government calls the roll of the male inhabitants of the community. Nevertheless, after they have reported to him, and he has disappeared, they spread themselves for miles over the surrounding country, carrying on their occupation until the sun rises, when they are found quietly sleeping in their own mud hovels. At the house of our host in Palamcottah, the men in the hall outside of my room who pulled the punkah over my bed through the night, both belonged to the thief caste. I asked Mr. Schreenivassa, the Christian Brahman who entertained us, why he employed such men, and he said that they were under contract with him to be responsible for all the stealing that was done in his house. They were to see to it that no robbery occurred here, but outside they probably pursued their profession with commendable diligence!

"And there is a want of honesty, common truthfulness, and integrity which saddens one everywhere in India. On our arrival in Madura, we were informed at the station that by special order the jewels of the famous temple would be opened for our inspection the next afternoon. These precious gems are enclosed in a great iron box to which there are six separate locks and keys. Each key is entrusted to a different warden and without the consent of these six men, who live in different places, it is impossible to get at the treasures. So profound is the distrust which the Hindus have of each other that some of the treasures are guarded by more than twenty men in this way, and in Madura one of our American missionaries was asked by the priests of the temple to take charge of the jewels. He refused, and they said to him: 'How

does it happen that when we have so many gods, they do not make our people honest? You have only one and He succeeds in your case. What we need is to get a statue of your God Jesus, and put Him in our temple by the side of our deities. Perhaps that will succeed in making us honest! The lengths to which the Hindu mind has gone in its faith that external rites and something merely mechanical can produce sanctity, are almost incredible. I have seen men staggering in the hot sun, bearing on their shoulders buckets of water, which they had carried three hundred miles from the Ganges, in order to pour them into their own rivers, thus to make them sacred.

"Hindu civilization—that immense and various life, which men have lived

'Under the southward snows of Himalay'—

presents an example of evolution without progress, and with its deviousness, its glooms, its storms, its vastness, and its languors, may be likened to the mystic and sinuous stream in Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan:'

'Meandering with a mazy motion

Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,

Then reached the caverns measureless to man,

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean.'"

The newspaper editorials on the Barrows lectures are interesting. The Indian Christian Herald, the organ of the Bengali Christians, says:

"The mission of Dr. Barrows, it was well understood, was solely and wholly to commend to the people the fitness of Christianity to become the world-religion. Never before had a Hindu Maharaja's palace been thrown open to celebrate the welcome of one with so exclusive a mes-



sage to deliver. Never before had Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsis, Buddhists, Jains, and Brahmos vied with Christians in wishing godspeed to so single-purposed a herald. Nor was the spell broken with the development of the mission. The prayer which, for the first time, went up from the palatial hall, 'May the spirit of Jesus prevail still more widely and pervade still more deeply,' was abundantly answered. The gospel lectures found among their hearers men of light and learning, Hindu, Brahmo, and Parsi, who had never before listened to a distinctive, evangelical appeal. Nay, some of them were delivered under the acquiescing presidency of Brahmo and Hindu representatives, while all elicited from non-Christians and Christians alike, repeated plaudits of approval. We are firmly persuaded that Dr. Barrows has been used of God to draw out, and make patent, some of the invisible trophies of missions, and that the outlook is bound to be an enthusiastic revival of the missionary spirit in the homes of missions. He has taken his stand on the same evangelical foundations which are exhibited in the apostolic mission of the missionaries. Dr. Barrows has illustrated, further, that, while the recognition of truth, wherever it is found, is an imperative obligation on the part of every true man, such recognition, properly viewed, is a source of strength, rather than of weakness, to Christianity."

Soon after leaving India my father wrote: "The long, low coast of India faded from our view, and that great land which drew to it the covetous eye of Alexander and where British adventurers founded an empire greater and more durable than Alexander's—India, the spoil of conquerors and the inspiration of poets and sages, the land of sorrow and distress and blighting pestilence, which is



to-day dear to the world's pitying heart, a land, too, which is of all lands the battlefield of the world's religions—became for us henceforth a memory, a memory which gathers to itself a host of kindly thoughts and courteous deeds and friendly faces, many of them 'dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed.' Land of sorrow and struggle, of intellectual greatness; land of gentle manners and keen intelligence, of undying hope and unwithering national pride,—thou bearest on thy bosom the ashes of Gautama Buddha, the grave of Keshub Chunder Sen, the peerless beauty of the Taj Mahal, the throbbing hearts of millions who love thee and who look in faithful aspiration to God and to a golden future which shall not fail thee,—farewell, and count us ever among thy lovers, ready to serve thee, eager to befriend thee, unable to forget thee!"

His work in India had been no merely punctilious performance of duty. To it he had given the fullness of his powers in a measure brimming over. It was, therefore, not strange that he felt on reaching Ceylon, "like an escaped school boy," that he read psalms of praise, and delighted in the "sweet smells and sweeter sights, cool waters, blossoming trees, happy-faced children, and yellow-robed, calm-browed priests" of this Buddhist land. At Kandy his tired mind and body found those best of simples, rest and recreation. He writes:

"We were introduced once more to the juicy beef-steak, and it was the conviction of my wise companion that this steak represented about four thousand years of human civilization. There are a few things in my journey round the world which have impressed me so deeply as the tropic vegetation of Ceylon. I never realized the force of nature's creative power, the vio-

lence which sun and shower can evoke from the potent seeds in the earth, so intensely and with such a shock of surprise as when standing in the Peradeniya Gardens yesterday I saw the clusters of giant bamboos shooting up from the soil more than a hundred feet, each one a tree and altogether looking like a vegetable geyser. The slow growth of the California pine into its colossal dimensions was less startling than this sudden up-springing of a huge vegetable volcano."

On the 12th and 13th of March he lectured to large audiences containing many Buddhists in Wesley College, Colombo.

From Ceylon the steamer Yangtsi carried them to Singapore, Saigon, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and finally—on April 5, to Kobe. During his nineteen days in Japan he gave twenty-two addresses in Kobe, Osaka, Kyoto, Yokohama, and Tokyo. Perhaps the unique experience of these weeks was that of the dinner connected with the beautiful reception given him in the Botanical Gardens of Tokyo. He appreciated the honor, but not the food.

"About fifty of us," he writes, "Christians, Buddhists, Shintoists, and Confucianists, sat down at noonday in a most beautiful casino, surrounded by cherry trees which were filling the air and covering the paths with white and pink blossoms. Opposite me was Shibata, a high priest of Shintoism, a cheery and good-natured soul, very fond of America, who made himself famous at the Parliament of Religions by kissing an American lady on the platform. He had been told that this was in accordance with the manners of our country. He was a very friendly mortal and I shall not forget some of his acts of kindness, even while I cherish a slight resentment over his hilarity at this dinner. There was set before each one of us a covered

bowl of soup, and I was given a pair of wooden chopstick as my only means of getting at the steaming liquid. I had never used before, and I hope never to use again, these instruments of supplying the human mouth with food. Removing the cover from my bowl, I plunged the chopsticks, as I saw others doing, into the liquid depths and fished out,—I knew not what. It was a huge morsel of something which I thrust into my mouth with resolute heroism, and began to chew. It was a piece of raw fish, a great delicacy in Japan, and I finally swallowed it, and for three days thereafter continued to taste it. The soup itself, which we drank from the bowl, had a fishy smell of great carrying power. I have no doubt that it would reach as far as a Krupp gun. Clustered around this bowl were a number of cold vegetables, cold turnip, cold carrot, and a solid paste made from rice, quite as hard as a chunk of India rubber. Besides these things there was a whole fish, the one palatable thing on the table. It had been boiled and was stone cold, and with the chopsticks one was supposed to be able to carve and manage the precious viand. My companions all about me were very skillful ichthyopagites, and very active destroyers of all the various delicacies. Awkwardly using fingers as much as chopsticks I nibbled away at the cold fish, meditating all the while on the raw article of the same character that was disturbing the internal workings of my frame. The high priest opposite me had been amused from the first by my performances and told me through an interpreter how, when he was crossing the Pacific, he hired a man to come to his room every day to teach him how to use the knife and fork. But fortunately for me, the dinner did not last very long, as there were about five hours of speaking

expected in connection with the reception. But a little box was brought to each guest and into this, according to Japanese custom, he put all the fragments of food which he had not eaten to carry home with him. I took mine to the house of my host, Mr. McNair, and he gave it to his Japanese servants, who doubtless found it a casket of very great preciousness."

His lectures in Japan, the welcome they received, and the kindness of his hosts, but duplicated those of India, and we will but pause a moment to look at Fujiyama through his eyes.

"The sacred mount of Japan has a charm all its own. It has the beauty of symmetry and whiteness, of lonely and sovereign majesty. It seems like a special creation of the Almighty to dominate with its stately loveliness the loveliest of Eastern lands, and to fill the hearts of its people with proud and happy thoughts. I scarcely wonder that the people hold the mountain to be sacred, nor that its glorious form is constantly reproduced in Japanese art."

On April 24th he and my mother set sail for San Francisco. The monotonous weeks on the Pacific, broken only by two days in Honolulu, where he preached and lectured, gave him time to review his pilgrimage. "We have sailed," he writes, "under many flags, all of which we have learned to love, under the black, white, and red of Germany, under the Union Jack of England in our cruise around the Mediterranean, under the tri-color of the French republic all the way from Port Said to Bombay and later from Colombo to Kobe, and now we are on an American ship, 'The China,' which flies the British flag, because since the vessel was made in Great Britain, it is not permitted to fly the American flag without hav-

ing paid an enormous duty. Is not this an extreme protection which must be changed to a more reasonable policy, if we ever expect to see the Stars and Stripes again on all the oceans?

"Many pictures pass before my vision, many voices come to my hearing. What leagues of ocean, placid as these waters, or tossed into tumbling crags of sapphire, stretch on and on before my inner eye! Numberless are the accents of kindness that float from many lands. What a multitude of strange faces throng around us,—faces first seen on the decks of many ships, in the halls of Paris or Cairo, or at the gates of far Eastern cities! Once more the muezzin calls to prayer from the minarets of Delhi, and I hear again the Buddhist drums in the shrines of Ceylon and Japan. The waters of many rivers flash and murmur by. I see again the twinkling and many-colored lights along the Seine and the willows that shade the Jordan, the palms that lift themselves on either bank of the Nile, the strange boats on the Yang-tse, the pilgrims and bathers in the waters of the Ganges, and the peerless white dome reflected in the loving bosom of the Jumna. And around the habitations of men, some little dorf in Germany, some prosperous city of England, Italy, or Japan, or some immemorial village of India, with unwritten laws and customs more ancient than the statutes of Manu or Moses, or about some planter's home in the neighborhood of Kandy or Darjeeling, what fields of wheat and tea and millet, or vivid rice or tasselled corn, stretch on and on before the gaze of memory! I hear the beautiful choirs in English cathedrals; I lift up my eyes to Giotto's Tower in Florence, and see again the fragments of the Parthenon; I hear the dervishes in their wild and woful chants; I walk by the pyramids, enter

the sacred tombs of Memphis, meditate once more on the Mount of Olives, stand beneath the domes of churches which rebuke and confound in their majesty all earthly pride; converse with scholars in Oxford or Benares; watch the solemn idolaters in the bat-infested temple of Madura or the lighter-hearted pilgrims who in Japan call upon Amida-Buddha; or lift up my voice in Madras or Tokyo in the name of the Universal Man and Saviour, and thank God that I have learned to love and pity the children of many faiths, and to believe that the less perfect may be prophecies of that fulness of truth and grace which are found in the Son of God.

"The human world, as the traveller remembers it, is one of bewildering variety. And yet, underneath these varieties what unities are discovered; what common needs, fears, hopes, and aspirations! Humanity, whether it is found among the Chinese coolies on the Bund in Shanghai or the Chowringee Road in Calcutta, the Champs Élysées or the Unter den Linden, whether it walks the Strand or the Corso, the Via Dolorosa or the Galata Bridge, possesses an essential oneness which augmenting numbers of people are coming to recognize. I feel the solidarity of mankind as never before. Distant peoples do not seem so distant, either in space or in character. In my memories of our journey I can scarcely recall a half-score disagreeable experiences. How wide and beautiful is the domain of kindness."

They entered the Golden Gate with rejoicing. "In all the brilliant Orient," he tells us, "I have seen nothing so grateful to my heart as the sight of my own country. The heart-hunger of the exile has been ours, notwithstanding all that we have experienced of pleasure." A

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few days later they were still happier, for on May 16 they reached Chicago after fifteen months' absence, in time for my father to open the third course of Haskell lectures, in Kent Theater, that afternoon.



## CHAPTER XX

FROM CHICAGO TO OBERLIN

1897-1899

"The three greatest sights in India," according to my father, "are the Himalayas, the Taj Mahal, and a congregation of Native Christians." Now that he had seen this last face to face, he felt impelled as never before to proclaim the message that it brought him, and there were few of his two hundred and fifty addresses during his first eighteen months at home which were not reminiscent of it. Soon after his return he gladly accepted invitations from the Presbyterian and American Boards of Foreign Missions to present in the larger cities of the land his impressions of mission work in India, and he added in regard to remuneration: "Whatever I do I shall do from love for the cause. I am not willing to receive anything for the months of work that I shall be very happy to give. The Lord blessed my undertaking, and the world of Asia lies very close to my heart."

His third and fourth Haskell courses on "Impressions of the Orient," and "Christianity and Buddhism," his summer school lectures at the University of Chicago, his Morse Lectures before Union Theological Seminary, his sermons while he supplied the pulpit of the Kenwood Presbyterian Church, Chicago, his Dudlean lecture at Harvard, and many of his secular addresses given under the auspices of a lyceum bureau, reveal his belief in the principles underlying Christian Missions, in America's peculiar fitness for this work, in the moral regeneration

that whole-hearted participation in it would bring to our country, in special training for missionaries, and in the largeness and unity of missionary activity. We quote a little from his creed:

"This missionary century has exploded the idea that a pagan nation must first be taught all the arts of civilization before it can be ready for Christ. Culture cannot take the place of conscience; conscience loses efficacy when men cease to feel that God is behind it and in it. That which is born of the flesh may be decked in silken robes and set in the midst of gardens and galleries, but it still remains flesh. The missionary aims at vital transformations. He has undertaken Christ's mission of going to the root of human trouble, seeking to reform society through regenerating individuals, reaching each man's personality, and not striving to convert nations *en masse*.

"Missions to degraded races are the most colossal piece of idealism in the world. Prosperous selfishness has always sneered at them. It is one of the evil results of luxury, moral indifference, and increasing age that very many people cease to be brave dreamers; they have abandoned youthful visions, and no longer live in the future, aspiring toward ideal goals. To be despondent is to forget God and what He has already wrought. Pessimism and atheism are owlets from the same nest. I have not discovered among those whose hearts are fired with missionary enthusiasm any disposition to despair, and rarely any tendency toward malignant cynicism or moral hysterics. In the harbor at Hongkong as we looked on a swarming Chinese family, in a sampan, eating rice, a British merchant said to me, 'You can no more Christianize that family than you could a family of rats.' He looked upon all missionaries in China as victims of hys-

teria. I suppose David Livingstone had this malady in an exaggerated form, but he was the Columbus of Africa, and his grave in Westminster Abbey is more honored than that of kings. The Eastern world owes much to the moral hysteria of those who gave fifty years of scholarly toil to the perfection of the Arabic Bible and have kindled in Ottoman lands the brightest lights that flash on the Bosphorus and the Euphrates. The world owes much to the moral hysteria which is illumining Africa, diminishing the area of barbarism all over the globe, and has battered down the thousand gates which once barred Asia to the access of the Gospel.

"Long familiar as we are with the best which Greek and Roman heathenism could teach us, and not abashed by it, why should we shrink before the best which China and India can impart? In my estimation the preparatory training which our candidates for the foreign work require should include the study of comparative religion. I believe that missions demand the highest class of minds and a wiser and humaner method in dealing with faiths, in which truth and falsity, spiritual beauty and moral blemishes, are so amazingly intermingled. To gain the non-Christian populations, we must gain their hearts, we must thankfully acknowledge whatever truth we find in their teachings; we must make them love us and trust us before we can make them believe with us. We need not speak contemptuously of the eight-fold path of Gautama Buddha because we believe in 'the way, the truth, the life.'

"Everybody knows, and many confess, that as yet we are only playing at Christian missions, whether at home or abroad. The Alsatian pastor, John Frederick Oberlin, would not permit even his peasant boys and girls to come

to the Holy Communion until they had furnished evidence of having planted two trees in their rock-strewn valley. It is for us to plant and nourish trees of ampler verdure and more enduring beneficence, whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. We need to perceive that home missions and foreign missions, that Christian education, that our labors amid the coffee fields of Porto Rico, the cabins in South Dakota, and the Indian huts of Alaska, are all parts of the one great, divine missionary plan of our Heavenly Leader."

Although this missionary work was the paramount, it was not the sole interest of these months. He saw with enthusiasm the results of the Spanish-American war. He prepared for publication his Barrows and Morse lectures, and his newspaper letters, and they appeared in book form under the titles "Christianity the World Religion," "The Christian Conquest of Asia," and "A World Pilgrimage." He became interested in the Institute of Sacred Literature and President of the Council of Seventy. Calls to churches, to colleges, and to leadership in other lines of work, followed him on his lecture tours, interrupted his study and proof reading, doubled his correspondence, surrounded him with reporters, and tended to keep his mind in a state of unrest.

That he was working hard, still loved Chicago, and could keep his poise in the midst of clamor and uncertainty is suggested by one of his letters to my mother :

"Chicago, Sept. 23, 1897.

"It is a beautiful day, and I am going to take life a little easier. Last night when I went to bed, I was too tired to live. Hathi sometimes piles his teak too fast, you know. Yesterday M. and I went down town. This

city of ours has no intellectual side. One may live here for years and not know that there is anything but pork and wheat in the world. On the train we met Miss Bessie Potter, who has just returned from Florence, and was going down to unbox a lot of marble statuary. She is the theme of an article in the last *Century*, called 'A New Era, or Motive in Art.' She has been visiting Saint Gaudens, who is delighted with his great reception in Chicago. As we were walking to the Art Institute, we met Professor Shailer Matthews, who is very glad to accept an invitation to deliver a lecture, probably on the Holy Land. Entering the Art Building, I was greeted very warmly by the old policeman and Mr. French, who wished us to see some new English pictures, and a Murillo. We spent an hour looking at things new and old. The Dutch pictures are really excellent, and the Field collection is good. The building was crowded with school children who were seeing things under the guidance of their teachers. We then went to McClurg's. Col. Davis introduced me to John Vance Cheney, and he wants me to come and see the Newberry Library. I said to him, much to his pleasure and confusion, 'There is one poem of yours that I have used in a sermon in three continents,' and he told me that I had spread his fame more widely than anyone else. I recited to him the verse beginning:

'Who drives the horses of the sun  
Shall lord it but a day;  
Better the lowly deed were done,  
And kept the humble way.'

"While we were there your friend, Mrs. McClelland, of the North Side, appeared. She is putting through

the press a story of the Revolution. On the street we met Dr. E. F. Williams, who has published a book on Germany. He amazed us by calling 'Quo Vadis' a great book. Then M. and I went to see the Logan statue, which is the very incarnation of life, military action, war-like sternness, tremendous martial energy. The whole Lake Front from the base of the statue looks very well indeed. As our afternoon experiences show you, there is no gleam of literature, art, or celestial light in this paradise of materialism.

"I feel that we are in the way of God's appointment and leading. I am having some of the freedom of spirit, the new hope, the new longing to be and to do, that came to me when the old First Church burden was rolled off. I have been reading a good deal this morning in 'Daily Strength for Daily Needs,' and have felt the fountains of spiritual life reopened in me. Though I know nothing of the future, I never had so little anxiety about it. I must close with a lake full of love."

Others of his letters indicate the varied nature of his experiences.

"New York, Feb. 19, 1898.

"I have written your mother about the concert at the Waldorf-Astoria. I was sorry to learn of Miss Willard's death. I reached Boston at three. My old friend, Reverend Albinus Frost, who was a student with me at Olivet, met me at the Park Square Station and took me over to his home in Cambridge, where I had a kind reception. After dinner Mr. Frost went with me to the Appleton Chapel, where my lecture was to be given. Pretty soon President Eliot came in and sat down by me. It was a rainy and slushy evening, but I had a fine audience. President Eliot asked me if I had received his letter, sent



to Dr. Hall at Union Seminary, inviting me to dine with him and to be his guest. He was very much troubled when he learned that I had not received it, for it was sent in time. Professor Francis G. Peabody later asked me if I had received his letter inviting me to dine with him Saturday night, and to spend Sunday with him. He wanted me to meet some friends. He was sorry to learn that the letter had not reached me. After the singing of an anthem by the choir, I offered prayer and read the nineteenth Psalm, and at the close we sang Oliver Wendell Holmes's very appropriate hymn, 'Lord of All Being, Throned Afar.' I spoke an hour and five minutes from a rather lofty pulpit, but I had good light and was in good trim, and the audience seemed interested. After the lecture I met some old friends. Professor Thayer, of the Divinity School, was very grateful that I had 'pricked that bubble Swami Vivekananda.' He was sorry that I could not remain and accept his hospitalities. Professor Palmer was there and greeted me very cordially and brought the salutations of Mrs. Palmer, who had a meeting and couldn't come. Professor Peabody thought that Paul Dudley, the founder of the lectureship, would have been very much enlightened as well as amazed at the breadth of my treatment of the subject. After the lecture President Eliot tried to capture me. I agreed to go home with him for a little talk, but I had already engaged my passage back to New York by the twelve o'clock Limited Express. We walked over through the snow to his house, the President and Mr. Frost alternating in carrying my dress suit-case. I told Mr. Eliot that I would tell my children that the President of Harvard College had carried my bag for me. He said he was used to doing such things. I like him lots. He is a gen-



tleman that reminds me a little in his cordial ways, and his interesting talk, of Wendell Phillips. His house is not imposing, but it is very interesting and comfortable inside. He told me about a Chinese teacher whom they used to have at Harvard who instructed some five or six young men in Chinese. He had his eight children and his wife with him, and he read to the children every day in the sacred books of China. He was taken suddenly sick and died with pneumonia. On his death bed he called for President Eliot, and though he could hardly speak he used all his strength not to talk about himself or his children or his family, but to speak of each one of the six students in Chinese, telling the President what marks they deserved, what standing they had reached in Chinese.

"We had some pleasant talk about missions, about China, about Professor Norton, who has recently resigned; about our observations of the Moslems in Egypt. Meanwhile, we were eating roast oysters and drinking cocoa. About ten o'clock we said good-bye to the hospitable President. He took my New York address so as to send me the check for one hundred dollars which Paul Dudley, the founder of the lecture one hundred and fifty years ago, instructed must be given to the speaker as soon as possible after his address was delivered!"

"June 20th, 1898.

"I wish you had been with me on Woman's Day at Winfield, Kansas, to have seen several hundred of the bright, progressive, eager-minded women of that state. The one peculiar feature of the Kansas woman to me is her utter communicativeness. It was 'Sidney Lanier' Day at the Chautauqua and Professor Tolman, of the University, read his favorite Lanier poems. In going

from Springfield, Missouri, to Winfield, I changed trains at Wichita and a large women's delegation boarded the train at that place. Some one who knew me spied me out, and I was introduced and had to talk for an hour to these strange and lovely women. I found the hotel at Winfield interesting. The waitresses brought the food on their heads, and when they had delivered your order, they were apt to say, 'My friend, is this all you want?' I had a great time at Drury College, where I met many old friends. The attendance at Winfield was enormous; I must have spoken to nearly two thousand people the first evening. But a far greater attraction gathered the crowds the day before. Bryan was there and the platform broke down under the weight, not of his eloquence, but of the crowd."

"Boulder, Colorado, July 17, 1898.

"I think that you would enjoy the scene that spreads before me this morning. I am in a thoroughly man-made town. The trees are all set out; the water that rushes by was drawn by engineering skill from mountain heights; the garden that surrounds the house, rich with melons, corn, peas, currants, cherries, onions, beets—is made fertile and lovely by the irrigating canals that man has drawn into it. But I find enough of God's handiwork as I look up. Those peaks in front of me are between eight thousand and nine thousand feet above the sea. Those bare, mighty rocks, smooth as a flat iron—and called 'The Flat Irons'—heaved up against the mountain wall—suggest the forces more than Titanic—that worked their will away back in the earth's history. A few miles away is the 'Sunshine' gold mine—to which my landlady's aged husband drives a daily stage. Two

miles from here in plain sight are the tents of the Chautauqua encampment—and with silk flags flying—like a victorious battleship—looms up the Auditorium where I am to preach this afternoon.

“Yesterday a lady from Kansas came up and informed me that she had read an account of my life before her missionary society. O, life is interesting here! These dear people are out for culture and they mean to have it. They frankly tell you so! They know much about many things. They are grandly American and energetically optimistic. ‘This new-born Chautauqua is to become the educational center of the continent;’ I hope and believe that they are right. You would enjoy this new world in which I am. You would deem Chicago quiet and restrained in comparison therewith.

“I was sitting on a bench by the office of the Chautauqua Company last evening after supper. The window back of me was open. I heard sounds strangely familiar. I listened in modest bewilderment. I looked in and there a dazzlingly beautiful young lady, a reporter, was telephoning to the office of the Rocky Mountain News—forty miles away—my speech of the afternoon. Like the barrel of beer for Mr. Bartlett’s German porter, ‘it was too much,’ and I ran away—from myself.

“There is a go—a swing—a glow—a rush to the oratory, especially from the south, that I have had in the last ten days, that would please and somewhat amuse you. For example—Reverend Mr. W., praising Mr. Hirshfield, who founded this month-old Chautauqua, said in loud, sweet tones—‘His name and deeds will glow immortal in the annals of earth when blazing suns have been extinguished in the skies!’ There is a lack of oratorical restraint here, which Smith girls would detect.”

In November, 1898, he received a unanimous and pressing call to the presidency of Oberlin College. This was accompanied by the promise of the trustees to co-operate with him in raising the standard of scholarship, in putting the college on a firmer financial basis, in broadening its ideals, and in giving it a more commanding place among educational institutions. Those of his friends that were not Congregationalists advised him to decline this invitation. They believed the college to be so provincial in its ideas and so conservative in its policy as to make sure and rapid progress doubtful. It was true that Oberlin had been long without a president, had lost some of its earlier prestige, had cut down its courses, had a large annual deficit, many dissatisfied alumni, and was falling off in the number of its students. To accept this call meant that he must leave the city that he loved, relinquish his freedom and the large income that his lectures brought him, and assume grave responsibilities and some uncongenial duties. He had no friends among Oberlin's trustees and but two acquaintances on its faculty. It was perhaps the only large college in the country that he had never addressed. But he was very familiar with Oberlin's emphasis upon justice and social service, and with the signal devotion and sacrifice that had made its history sacred; to quote his own words: "With very limited means it has done an almost unlimited work. More than thirty thousand men and women have come as students under Oberlin training, and these people, scattered as teachers and citizens through almost every village and city of Ohio and the Middle West, and even the far West, have done an incalculable service for the higher life of the country. Oberlin was the first college to admit women to equal and common privileges

with men in a classical collegiate education. It opened its doors to students, irrespective of race, and was foremost in the Anti-slavery agitation which led up to the Civil War and the act of Emancipation. It may justly be deemed the historic college of the West, standing at the center of the moral and spiritual forces which have shaped our newer civilization. It is intimately linked with the life-work of President Finney, that epoch-making force in modern Christendom. Three presidents of the United States—Hayes, Garfield, and McKinley—have spoken in emphatic eulogy of what this college has wrought for the higher life of the country. The late General Jacob D. Cox has shown that it was the mighty and incessant work of the Oberlin reformers and the thousands of Oberlin students who went forth as teachers, lecturers, and missionaries that turned the scales in the Anti-slavery contest, led to the election of Abraham Lincoln and the gigantic results which followed, making for Union and Freedom. America owes a great debt, not yet paid, to this historic college. Oberlin students have been active doers in all the fields of the world's work, not only as preachers and teachers in the North, but in foreign mission lands, among the Indians, and among the African race in the Southern States and in the West Indies. What Edward Everett Hale has called 'the most democratic and cosmopolitan college in the country' possesses such strong traditions and stands for such an earnest type of character that its moral endowment is already large."

Unfortunately for the success of his friends' persuasions, he went with my mother to Oberlin, to survey the field and lecture to the college. And it came to pass when he looked into the faces of a thousand students

while the foot ball captain led the cheering in his honor, that boyhood memories rushed back upon him, the opportunity seemed large, and one of those decisive spiritual experiences common to him in crises of his life marked this college presidency as the duty to which God now called him. He took up his new work on the first of January, 1899, and his own words spoken at different times tell of the college's attractions for him, his hope for its future, and his sympathy with its ideals.

"As many, reading the last chapter of Drummond's 'Ascent of Man,' have exclaimed, 'Oh, for some one to take up and carry forward his fine and stimulating suggestions, and show the later and higher evolution of man in recorded history!' so, as I have reviewed what has already been accomplished in Oberlin, and now behold this hungry, aspiring, unfinished college world, the strong appeal comes to me to take up and carry on this work and place it upon some loftier and more radiant table-land.

"The founders of Oberlin dared, for man's sake and for Christ's sake, to be peculiar. Surely this has been the distinctive mark of the leaders of our race, for nothing except sin reduces the grandeur of human life like inert gregariousness, the making of one's self like every one else. The world needs more men and women in the conflicts of this generation who bravely listen to God, who are not cheated out of their better selves either by the subtle temptations of sin, or by 'the dull fool's palsy-sneer;' and who have not been smoothed down into well-shaven formalists. Jesus trained the Twelve, not to make them alike, but to make each his Divinest self. And so true education is not making us like others, but bringing out to the best and loftiest our own personality.



"There are special reasons to-day which show that the part taken by the Christian college in our national life is growingly important and strategic. America, already the richest of nations, is to become far richer. Christian character needs to be hardened and fortified against luxury. And 'a manhood that can stand money' is what the Christian college aims to produce, and what Oberlin College has produced in the few men of her graduates who have given their lives successfully to the getting of great fortunes. Education, refinement, knowledge, are the most powerful sources of misery, restlessness, and vicious discontent that exist in the world to-day, unless they are penetrated and controlled by the religion of Christ, which gives peace, love, courage, faith, hope, and joy. Our civilization rushes to a vast and fatal plunge unless God is enthroned in the educated minds of our people. Education without religion is architecture without foundations and roof. Better that the walls of Oberlin should be carried back to the stone-quarries and brick-yards out of which they came, that the grass should grow undisturbed over all the paths made sacred by the feet of saints and scholars, than that the Bible should be a merely tolerated book, and that this should become a place where God is politely bowed out of the classroom.

"The helpful, the creative, the democratic, the sympathetic spirit has usually characterized the Western college man. He has been a doer rather than a carping critic; and one ounce of creative power is better than a ton of fault-finding. Oberlin College has illustrated those two Christian teachings, 'No man liveth to himself,' and 'We are every one members one of another.'

"Oberlin stands for great positive truths, not for mere negative prohibitions, and the twentieth century will see



a beautiful enlargement of these positive things in the air of expanding freedom. We desire to make Oberlin the best of the Christian colleges of the world, where in the wholesome environment of the noblest of American communities, the college training which regards the totality of human nature, giving over body, mind, and soul to the educational processes, shall be growingly perfected, where the spirit of a liberal culture, displacing a selfish and money-making professionalism, shall ennoble gymnasium, athletic field, and the toils of the hand, as well as the halls of science, language, and philosophy.

"Oberlin is in deep harmony with the newer pedagogy, which makes education vital, which connects the schools with life, which touches the feelings and rouses the enthusiasms, which regards the human mind not as a phonograph merely, to report and to repeat mechanically what is poured into it, but, as a dynamo, which is to furnish power for the light, the movement, and the comfort of mankind; which realizes that inspiration is more than knowledge and that noble feelings stirred, and right choices made, are of more worth than facts memorized; which places a high estimate on personality in education. Oberlin has always valued some things more than books and apparatus, than material riches and the means and mechanics of education.

"In going to Oberlin I feel, in one sense, that I am going home. It was at Oberlin that my father and mother first came to know and love each other, and from Oberlin have come the chief forces that have shaped my life.

"Oberlin possesses, in a large measure, the ideals which I have always preached, the ideals of true brotherhood, real democracy, freedom from artificial temptations, zeal

for service, devotion to higher education, intellectual liberty, independent and intelligent patriotism, and consecration to the expansion of the divine kingdom among men, ideals which are supported by the fresh young life of the students and by the beautiful spirit of the community. All good things seem possible in a college with such a history.

"I deem myself highly favored among men that I may plead, however unworthily, for such a great cause. It is God's cause. The prayers and toils of the founders of Oberlin will yet have a glorious fulfillment and fruitage. I enter upon my work with enthusiasm and with hopefulness; and when I counsel with the brave and self-denying men on the ground, who have wrestled with budgets and for years have been made sore by deficits, I have said to myself, 'God giving me voice and strength, Oberlin's cause shall be laid before the people.'"

## CHAPTER XXI

### HIS COLLEGE PRESIDENCY

1899—1902

As the years went by my father's guiding faith that earthly life is but part of a larger whole, served ever to enhance for him the fascination and significance of his daily experience. And surely absorption in all of life because of its momentous connection with more life is a spirit becoming to a college president. For the expansion of the college life committed to his charge, he had high hopes. To quote from his inaugural address: "We live in the midst of a divine evolution, and we cannot go backward if we would. Progress does not come from trying to galvanize into life dead forms, nor by deploring that men will not do just as their fathers did. Progress does not fail to look as well as to move forward. 'God fulfills his will in many ways.' The Christian life of the college is marked by a new emphasis. Men talk less about religion, but endeavor no less earnestly to do the things which God requires. We are ambitious here to exemplify the breadth, the liberty, and the glory of Christianity, and we are not willing to lose any of its power. And so we desire to live in the spirit of all that is best in the new education without losing any of the ethical and spiritual potencies of the past."

He believed in Oberlin's devotion to brotherhood and service, but he felt that the way to honor the past is to improve upon it. To increase the efficacy of that service was her present duty. While she sanctified herself for

the sake of others, she must remember that mediocrity is the lurking menace of democracy, that a college must not offer a mere semblance of education, must not encourage ambition where ability is lacking, as she thus not only ushers tragedy into individual lives, but so lowers her standard as to defeat one of her essential ends, the training of men for leadership. He perceived, too, that a community rightly proud of its history must guard somewhat against the error of Judaism; the error of the acorn that refused to become an oak; the mistake of confining what God meant should be universal; and that a college where the moral and religious aspects of truth are cogent ought to be ever on the watch lest in its devotion to conscience, its rectitude be marred by prejudice, and self-satisfaction; lest prudishness and sentimentality usurp the places of power and beauty.

And so, that Oberlin might train men for the loftiest Christian citizenship, the task to which his own whole life was consecrated, it was his ambition to stimulate her enthusiasm for a perfected intellectual discipline and a more symmetrical culture. His student talks abound in references to the aims of a true college to form in men habits of mental discrimination, of facile and graceful self expression, and of recognizing the variety and loveliness as well as the vitality of truth. On widely different occasions he said:

"It should not be forgotten by us that there are in humanity vast varieties of mental and moral constitution, and in our modern world there are equally vast varieties of educational influences, so that the immediate uniformity of belief, which our impatient dogmatism sometimes seeks, is an impossible result. And therefore the spirit becoming in us is that of widest toleration, the most

charitable construction of other men's duties, the sweetest-hearted love to all who are erring, while we cherish and faithfully tell whatever truth has given us comfort, peace, and hope.

"Some of us need to abandon our ideas with regard to growth in grace. If you imagine that the Christ-like man is the one who by endeavor and prayer and self-sacrifice grows up into a gigantic self-complacency, you are cherishing a very common ideal, but it is not the Christian ideal. A colossal prig is not the perfect Christian.

"It is to be the business of the Oberlin Theological Seminary to train men of capacity, originality, and wisdom, who have made careful studies of the most important things, who have been trained to think clearly and speak effectively, who have formed habits of work, and who know that they cannot be teachers of men for long years without being faithful students of truth; men who believe the gospel with all their heart, who mean by it no narrow gospel dealing exclusively with a few things; men who are thoroughly manly, who have social gifts and graces, who know not only how to be gentlemen, but appear like gentlemen in a world of growing taste and refinement; men who are sound and courageous and true; men of large hearts, who give spiritual intensity to their preaching.

"This college is no place for the sluggard, for the indifferent, for the intellectually dead, or the morally stupid. Of selfishness and vulgarity the college is the severe enemy. Colleges and universities of course emphasize things that are essential. But they also teach us to put a proper estimate on things that if not always essential are always valuable; leisure, good manners, social enjoyment, a love of the beautiful, the means of pleasing the

æsthetic, as well as the moral sense. These are not unimportant, and the American people know it, and are striving, not always successfully, to reproduce the conditions which make life more agreeable abroad. We are anxious to extemporize universities, art buildings, and all other illustrations of a highly civilized life. We are impatient of the slow and rude and antiquated, and covet all the fresh brilliancies of Paris and Vienna. We are rightly not at all like the conservative lady from New Orleans who, visiting some friends on the North side of Chicago, expressed her dislike of our modern improvements of locomotion. She hated the grip cars, she didn't like the electric cars as a means of getting about the city; she wasn't fond of cabs and carriages even. A friend of mine said to her, 'What, then, do you like?' 'I prefer,' she said, 'the simple mule.'

"The chief qualities of gentility are moral; they strike down to character. But gentility is opposed, not only to selfishness of heart, but also to provincialism and vulgarity of mind. American democracy has not produced so many persons of distinction as we had hoped. It has been afflicted with a great deal of social barbarism, and has not been subdued by that reverence, which is, after all, a sign of the highest gentility. Liberty and equality are not unabated blessings, unless permeated with courtesy and ruled by the spirit of Christian brotherhood.

"Properly pursued the college life, first of all, gives the student a wide general culture. The uneducated man is a man of a parish and not of the world. The educated person is one who lives in an intellectual mansion, with windows on every side. Spaciousness is its fundamental characteristic; the outlooks are wide. History, poetry, science, various forms of literature and philosophy have

built this mansion and they inhabit it as gracious companions. They make one realize the dignity of the human spirit. Some of you who saw the beautiful Pan-American Exposition read upon the Ethnology Building these words of Emerson: 'O, rich and various man, thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain the geometry of the City of God; in thy heart the bower of love and the realms of right and wrong.' It is only a liberal education that fully realizes for men this splendid eulogy.

"There is nothing incompatible between Christian faithfulness, earnestness, and fruitfulness and high intellectuality. Religion is something that should not be dissociated from the intellect.

"The new Oberlin believes in special training, and she seeks for her teachers vigorous personalities who have become thorough specialists while remaining strong, winsome, all-rounded men."

In this connection it is interesting to note that eight of the twelve principal faculty appointments made during his presidency were given to those holding the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Halle, Heidelberg, the University of Michigan, and the University of Chicago.

His efforts were not simply verbal. Never was he more skillful than now in rallying men about him to produce desired effects. At times he travelled so continually that he would write home, "The heading for this week's chapter is six nights in a sleeping-car." During the brief three and a half years allotted to him, he called on hundreds of possible Oberlin supporters all over the country and gave more than four hundred sermons and speeches



mostly before teachers' associations, schools, and colleges. By this means he spread Oberlin's influence, made her many new friends, and attracted to her both more students and more kinds of students. Under his inspiration nearly \$600,000, not including gifts for buildings, were added to the college resources; this sum not only removed the annual deficit, but made it possible to retain men of power already in the faculty and to add to their number. Through the generosity of Lucien C. Warner, Louis H. Severance, and D. Willis James a Men's Gymnasium and a Chemical Laboratory were built, and the money secured for a Memorial Arch. Other results of his leadership were the better adjustment of the college requirements to the best secondary schools, closer harmony with the usages of the foremost American Colleges, the establishment of graduate scholarships as incentives to advanced study, considerable modifications of student regulations in the interests of larger liberty, the appointment of a College Dean and a College Secretary, more ample provision for the teaching of the English language and literature, the strengthening or sifting out of poor students, by means of a committee on deficient scholarship, and a reunion of all Oberlin alumni, the special feature of which was the discussion of burning educational topics by representative men from American universities. He gave courses of lectures to Freshmen, on John Frederick Oberlin, Books, and Methods of Study; to Seniors, on Ethics, to the Seminary, on Comparative Religion. He was glad to add to the College's notable collection of photographs and to lecture in connection with their exhibition. He brought many of his distinguished friends to speak to the student body. He took a lively interest in the College Glee Club, athletics, oratory, and debates.

To the Oberlin Conservatory of Music he gave his hearty commendation. He was grateful not only for its excellent routine work, but for its service to the church music, its support of a great chorus, and the eminent musicians that it regularly brought before Oberlin audiences. By means of the hospitality to which he was given, he stimulated social life among students and faculty and brought the community and college into more cordial relations. All that was material in this progress he considered important, not in itself, but as means to great ends, as his first Baccalaureate Sermon tells us:

“Are the spiritual wants of mankind different to-day on account of the observatory at Lake Geneva, and the laboratories at Göttingen, and psychological experiments at Jena? Do electricity and liquid air and Roentgen rays make the sorrows and aspirations of our lives to differ from those of remotest time? When it comes to our profounder life, our abiding needs, are we essentially changed from the men of antiquity? If you answer ‘yes,’ I will confute you out of the pages of Homer, out of the ancient hymns of India, out of the drama of Job, out of the inscriptions on Greek and Roman sepulchers. Your holiest aspirations may be expressed in the words of Sophocles: ‘O for a spotless purity of action and of speech, according to those subtle laws of right which have the heavens for their birthplace, and God alone for their author, which the decays of mortal nature cannot vary, nor time cover with oblivion; for the divinity is mighty within them, and waxes not old!’ ”

In the accomplishment of most of these results he would have been impotent, without the ardent and able coöperation of those working with him. So that neither his words nor achievements are the sum of his service to

Oberlin. His signal gift was his inspiring, loving spirit. Neither student, teacher, nor trustee stood long in his presence without a deeper sense of security and hope. As his friend Dr. Francis E. Clark has written, "Few men ever lived with power to enter men's lives as he did." So great was his ardor for perfection, and so keen his sense of limitations in what was already accomplished that we should expect him at times to be ruffled and discouraged, yet good cheer and serenity of soul did not fail him. Though many of his dreams for the new Oberlin are still unrealized, you could not shake his faith, that "He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." His power of bringing things to pass was only equalled by his willingness to wait. "It takes time," he used to say, "to turn mulberry leaves into a silk dress."

"Shortsighted optimism," he once said, "is not the highest wisdom. It was not in the days before the Flood, nor in the time of Jeremiah, nor in the days immediately preceding the destruction of Jerusalem. And yet pessimism was not the highest wisdom in these great catastrophes, for God was wiping His slate for a new writing of better auguries. If we rise to the height from which inspired Truth looks on this troubled world, we shall reach a point from which 'white handed Hope' may reveal all her beauty and her bliss. Any large survey of the past is a rebuke to despair, is a rebuke even to anxiety."

"Patience is the concentrated trust of the soul in God. Lost in the darkness, Patience knows that the sun will yet find her, and enable her to find herself."

"Sometimes in our Northern climate the seed planting is done in the autumn, and thus it may be in the autumn of human life, so that the winter must intervene, before the harvesting is done. Be not discouraged. Hope should

live in the heart, even when the summer is over, and the flowers have lost their delicate embroideries, and when

‘The yellow leaves, or few or none, do hang  
Upon those boughs that shake against the cold,  
Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.’

“The old summer cannot be recalled, and nature’s order knows no reversal, but on through winter’s frost and snow, the new summer comes, with chilled and painful step, it may be, and icy garments cold, but she surely comes and even to those who sit in the winter of the spirit new violets are waiting the warmer skies to paint them blue.

“A wise patience instructed by the oracles of Heaven, will not expect ever to attain all its desires. The best things come in strange disguises. Life leads out, under God’s guiding hand, into strange ways, but the issue, though it may not be what we had expected, will be something essentially better and more divine.”

Two great personal sorrows befell him during these years, in the deaths of Mrs. Haskell and his brother Walter. Of Mrs. Haskell he wrote, “Her light will lie along our paths through all the coming years.” He preached for his brother a memorial sermon in which he said: “It is perhaps seldom that two brothers had so many things in common. A tender history of childhood together amid the fields and forests surrounding a Western home is the beginning of our common life. In his earlier years he had much greater strength than I; he was far more active in the sports of boyhood and I had supposed that he would outlive me. We were nearly of an age. We had the same sports, went to the same rude schoolhouse, fished in the same stream, ‘played Indian’

and hunted together, learned from the same books, were afterwards in the same college and class for seven years and studied for two years in the same theological seminaries. In Kansas we worked on the same farm, even preached in the same church. We had similar hopes, joys, and enthusiasms. When our lives separated the fellowship was scarcely less close, and in summers we were often together. There is a certain appropriateness that his last days should have been spent in my own home on the Island of Mackinac, which was very dear to him. We shared similar views in regard to the Christian life and were not separated in our thoughts about America and her relations to the Kingdom of Christ on earth. He was the most generous and appreciative of brothers."

The losses of the college, too, through the deaths of some of its trustees and teachers, he made his own. He said at President Fairchild's funeral: "For three years I have been a message-bearer from groups of alumni in different parts of the country, who have sent him through me their messages of grateful and reverent love. It was pleasant to see the quiet joy in his face that reflected all the Beatitudes. A few days ago I brought to him a grateful message from his friends in Southern California. I could not remain, as the physician was in waiting, to tell him all that I had to say, and his last words to me (and how significant they are) were these: 'We'll talk over the rest of it later.' Those words are a comfort to all of us. We shall not see this Master in our Israel again on the streets which he made radiant by his presence, but it is his faith and ours that the fellowships of time are to be continued beyond. From the passing days he took not their poorest, but their best gifts; not a few

herbs and apples, but the stars and kingdoms of the soul, and the sky that holds them all."

He suffered deeply over the Shansi Martyrs and rejoiced in their monument to be erected in Oberlin by the American Board of Foreign Missions, of which he was now a corporate member. "But their most glorious memorial," he declared, "shall be the regeneration of an empire and the speedier conquest of the world."

Among his chief pleasures were adding to his friendships, and welcoming to his Oberlin home many friends, both new and old, among them Drs. Charles Cuthbert Hall, Frank W. Gunsaulus, Charles E. Jefferson, Charles F. Goss, J. K. McLean, Josiah Strong, Alice H. Luce, Samuel B. Capen, Professors Franklin H. Giddings, John R. Ropes, and George E. Vincent, Miss Mary E. Wooley, Senator Jonathan B. Dolliver, Mr. A. C. Bartlett and President J. G. Schurman. Dr. Francis E. Clark has described his welcome:

"Last spring I was to give a course of lectures to the theological students of Oberlin. My train was scheduled to arrive at Oberlin late in the evening. It was an hour later than it ought to have been. It was raining dismally. I expected to hail a cabby, and get up to my room at the hotel as quickly as possible.

"What was my surprise to be taken by the arm, as I left the train, by the president of the college, and ushered into the waiting-room of the station, which was filled with Endeavorers and college students, where I was welcomed with the Oberlin College yell, loaded with flowers from the Endeavorers, addressed by representatives of college and churches, all under the direction of the president, who had planned the welcome and who did not think it beneath his dignity or unworthy of his time to



organize this little surprise for his old friend, 'remembering that we have been in India together and know what a warm welcome is,' as he afterward explained to me.

"If my poor lectures had any value, all that was best in them would surely be brought out by receiving such a welcome from such a friend "

Characteristic, also, was his founding and Presidency of the Lemon and Soda Society. According to the constitution that he drew up, its members were girls "between the ages of ten and fifteen, selected by the President, helpful in the household, and extremely promising in the best things of life."

### ARTICLE III

The officers of the Society shall be: President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, Nominating Committee, and Executive Committee. All these offices shall be held by the President.

### ARTICLE IV

The Initiation fee to the L. & S. Society is \$1.00, and is to be paid to the new member by the Treasurer. The annual dues are \$.25, also paid by the Treasurer.

### ARTICLE V

Moneys received by the members shall be expended by them in such a way as to make themselves and others happy.

### ARTICLE VI

Each member shall send a letter to the President once a year.

Quotations from his letters may show still other sides of his life:



"The Denver Club,

"Friday, 5 p. m., Feb. 3, '99.

"I am glad that you are drinking in the best kind of inspiration from Professor King. I am still 'a wandering voice.' This morning I went out to the University of Denver, six miles out. Chancellor McDowell is at the head of it. He is a lovely man. The University has fine buildings and one of the great telescopes of the world. About four hundred—including theological students—were at prayers. In introducing me the Chancellor said that he had recently written to his friend Professor Bosworth of Oberlin asking about the Oberlin College colors. Professor Bosworth had enclosed a sample ribbon in his letter which the Chancellor showed to the students. At once there arose a series of cheers followed by the College yell. The Oberlin colors are precisely the Denver colors. Then the Chancellor decorated me and himself with fine ribbons and the boys and girls applauded. Of course I had their ears and hearts from the beginning. Wasn't it a strange coincidence?

"Returning to the club I met President Slocum of Colorado College who is a 'dear,' and we went to a very delightful luncheon at Mr. and Mrs. H.'s. Mrs. H.'s father told a story about a Connecticut deacon, whom he knew. We had been talking about eccentric prayers. There was fear of a frost which would destroy crops and fruits. This was the prayer: 'Thou knowest, O Lord, that a south wind will keep off a frost; Thou knowest that a cloudy night will keep off a frost; Thou knowest that a foggy morning will take off a frost; and Thou knowest that we do not wish to dictate, but only to suggest.' "

"Chicago, Oct. 25, 1899.

"Ann Arbor has pleased me greatly. As an evidence of

the progress of humanity towards animals, I noted the fact that there were hundreds of fox squirrels in the town. These would come down the trees and take nuts out of your hand. The students never disturb them. I heard Senator Frye of Maine speak last evening on the work of the Paris Peace Commission. He made a strong popular argument for expansion. He said the conduct of the French press toward the Commission was simply atrocious. 'But I have no use for France,' he said. His ignorance of French was ludicrous. He told us a story that went the rounds of the French newspapers, which had some truth in it. 'I practiced,' he said, 'for three days, on some sentences for my barber, from whom I was to ask a shampoo and a shave. After I delivered to him my speech he looked at me in a frightened way and asked, 'Are you Dutch?'

"In Olivet I visited the grave of my father and mother, and the home where they lived so many years. I saw the memorial window which we have placed in the beautiful Olivet Church, and I gave a memorial sermon in honor of my brother Walter, before friends who came in from twenty miles around. Rarely in my mind has the past seemed so sacred and so near. Professor Daniels drove me to Pine Lake, where I used to fish and swim and skate.

" 'Thoughts of childhood rule the full grown man.'

"Mr. Bartlett has just told me a good story. A speaker for the Humane Society had given an address on pursuing gentle measures with children. He opposed all whipping, and all severe punishments. At the close a gentleman stood up and inquired of the speaker if these were his sentiments only, or also his practices. He said, 'They are my practices.' 'Then you never strike your

children?' was the inquiry. 'I never strike them,' he replied, 'except in self-defense.'

"When in Ann Arbor I received a telegram announcing the horrible defeat of the Oberlin football team. Some one said the Oberlin boys were like Lazarus: licked by dogs."

"Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, President's Office.

"November 13, 1899.

"My Sunday in Rockford was a beautiful and yet solemn one. I have rarely been so moved as by the morning service, at which Dr. Woodbury preached. The attendance in the evening when I preached Walter's memorial sermon was too large for the beautiful church. Sunday afternoon I addressed the girls at Rockford College. Monday I took luncheon with Merritt Starr at the Union League Club, and met a great many old Chicago friends. Starr told me what he claims to be Mark Twain's joke on me. In his 'Following the Equator' you remember he says that nothing American is familiar to the average Hindu except the name of Washington and the Congress of Religions held in the Holy City of Chicago. He also says that the Hindu God Vishnu has a hundred names. He tried to learn them. He thought he had learned them. But the only residuum in his mind after awhile was 'John Henry Vishnu.'

"Monday night I gave my Rembrandt lecture at the Milwaukee College. Tuesday, as you know, I was in Michigan City. And Wednesday morning I was at home. Friday, I went to Canton and spoke to eleven hundred young people in the High School Friday afternoon. In the evening I had a dinner party at Miss B.'s School. I greatly enjoyed our old friends, Judge and

Mrs. Day. He says that there was some grim humor at the close of the Paris Conference. The papers reported that the Spanish and American commissioners walked out arm in arm in a friendly way. One of the Spanish papers said, 'Yes, the Spanish commissioners walked out replete with arguments, and the Americans stuffed with archipelagoes.' Mrs. Day is very witty. You remember that Tom Reed, criticising the present condition of things, said, 'The American people think they can send canned liberty abroad.' When Mrs. Day heard this, she said, 'The people are right; for, you know, liberty must be preserved.' I call that worthy of Voltaire.

"Her husband when Secretary of State had but few offices to distribute among his friends. Only a few could be given consulates. He was speaking to his wife about the pleasure he had that he could distribute a few consulates. But she said, 'But think of the disconsolates.'

"When Judge Day went to Washington as Assistant Secretary of State, he had a small salary, and lived very simply. His family turnout was a small horse and a small buggy. When Miss B. was a guest of President McKinley at the White House, Judge Day drove up one afternoon with his tiny horse and buggy, and one of the guards ordered him off. But another guard said, 'Hold on! He is the Assistant Secretary of State.' Finally Miss B. came out in her white kids, and the Judge gave her a drive. The horse became frisky and balky. He shook off part of his harness. Sometimes he would stop then he would go very rapidly. The first time he jumped Miss B. said, 'Oh, how playful!' But soon she became serious. Finally they met the President's carriage, a noble turnout. He was sitting with his Secretary, Mr. Porter. Judge Day drew his hat over his eyes. Miss B.'s bonnet

was shaken to one side. They hoped to pass unnoticed, but Secretary Porter said, 'It is Judge Day,' and the President turned around to look at the disreputable outfit. The next day he made the Judge give Miss B. a drive in the presidential carriage. And he never gets tired of making fun of the performances of that afternoon.

"Last night I wrote an article for the Congregationalist people at their request. Saturday morning I gave my Sam. Adams lecture in the Central High School of Cleveland to about three hundred teachers. The Principal wants me to come and address nine hundred of the High School students. There are sixteen hundred in the building, but the main room will seat only nine hundred. I have to write an article for the *Independent* this week and to get ready for my second Freshman lecture, which will be given, I suppose, on Friday."

"Oberlin, Dec. 12, 1899. We took dinner this evening at Mr. G.'s. General and Mrs. Cox were present, and General and Mrs. Shurtleff. Mrs. Cox told me that when she was a young widow the people of Oberlin complained to her father, President Finney, that her dress was too rich and costly. This criticism greatly pained her. One day her father called her into his study and examined her very carefully from top to toe, and then said, 'Your dress is black and plain, and I think you are all right.' This was a great relief to her. In those days some Oberlin people supposed they had a right to meddle with other people's business.

"When Theodore Tilton was here in 1867, he was the guest of General Shurtleff, and he told the General that he admired President Finney above all men on account of his perfect frankness. General Shurtleff and Tilton went to see President Finney. He met the New York

editor at his library door, and grasped him by both hands. And then a thought struck him. He said, "Theodore, did you write those loose articles on Divorce, in the New York Independent?" Theodore said, 'I did.' 'Theodore, unless you repent you will go to hell as sure as you're alive.' This was a degree of frankness perhaps unexpected.

"General Cox told us a good story of Grant. It was in the winter of 1863-4. General Grant had been made Commander-in-Chief of the Department of the Mississippi, and came to Eastern Tennessee at a place called Strawberry Plain. General Cox said, 'We showed him during a cold day all there was of interest, and in the evening the West Pointers gathered in a large tent and told stories. Finally General Grant himself told a story which he said was one of the best stories he had ever heard. John Adams was entertaining some people at his home in Braintree. As they were going out to dinner, one of his guests saw a poor print of Washington, and said to John Adams, 'So you have the Father of his Country with you?' John Adams explained, 'That wooden-head made his fortune by keeping his mouth shut.' The story is remarkable not only as indicating one of General Grant's peculiarities, but also as showing some of John Adams's feelings toward the great Virginian.

"I said to General Cox, 'Washington was not fully appreciated by all of the statesmen who were his contemporaries.' And he replied, 'President Lincoln suffered even worse. I was in Washington toward the close of the war, and Henry Winter Davis and Ben Wade gave a luncheon to General Garfield and myself. I had come up to Washington full of enthusiasm for Lincoln which most of the soldiers had. When we would meet the



Rebel outposts, they would Hurrah for Jeff Davis, and we would Hurrah for Abe Lincoln. But Davis and Wade poured out upon us a series of bitter attacks on Lincoln as a man and politician. They did not scruple to use all the bad words—"baboon," "orang-outang," etc.—applied to him by the Democrats. Garfield good-naturedly prodded them on, but I was horrified.' Statesmen in Washington did not appreciate the excellence of those State Papers of Lincoln's which are now so much admired. I took pleasure in remembering that when I read Lincoln's Second Inaugural in 1865, I said, 'Here is something classical and immortal.' It seemed to me that statesmen in Washington should appreciate an excellence which was evident to a boy of eighteen.

"Professor C. was present and told a story of a church where the choir were quarreling. There were two choir leaders, each one of whom had followers. The minister exchanged with a neighboring clergyman, and the visiting clergyman, it was hoped, would do something to heal the troubles. He did not realize, however, how bitter was the quarrel until he gave out the hymn. Following one leader a portion of the choir sang it to one tune; and following the other leader, the remainder of the choir sang it to another tune. The visiting clergyman determined to change the text of his discourse, and he gave out these words: 'I hear that there are divisions among you, and I partly believe it.' The result was a happy one.

"Professor C. also told of a minister who when anything of importance happened to his congregation usually made reference to it in his sermon. Two young people of prominence had been married, and they had returned from their wedding journey; and he gave out for his text



these words, 'Abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.' "

"Hotel Touraine, Boston, March 27, 1900.

"My Dear Boy: Boston was founded by the Duke of Tours in 1655. This Hotel takes its name from the gallant Duke who invented the famous Tureen in which he boiled his enemies. Hence the expression 'in the Soup.' The decorations of this hostelry reproduce those of the Chateau of Blois. There are many Bourbon lilies stamped all over the Hotel. They are in threes and usually of gilt to show how wicked were the Bourbons. When you get your hat ironed for fifteen cents here—they clap the three golden or guilty lilies on the crown, and this indicates also the three nickels which the ironing costs. You must see Boston and learn these things for yourself. Your mother may be glad to learn that I had shad for breakfast and thought lovingly of her.

"Life may be given in many ways, and loyalty to truth be sealed as bravely in the closet as the field; so bountiful is Fate.' The 'field' here referred to is the ball field, and the meaning is: 'Be faithful to your books and you'll win as good a decoration as the 'golden O.' "

"New York, Saturday Evening, Sept. 8, 1900.

"I sit in old Manhattan's modern inn,  
Pensive and penning now my evening thoughts.  
Regretful that this narrow paper scorns  
Pentameters that spread beyond its marge.  
I cling to ancient ways: my mental size  
Approves what's solid, old, and true, and loves  
Antì dis-ès-tab-lish-ment-à-ri-àns.  
Anti dis-es-tab-lish-ment-a-ri-ans  
Are doubtless fine and, sure the longest men

In history. They furnish me a line  
As deadly dull as that of Tennyson:  
'A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman.'  
I now return from soaring fancy's flight  
To ways prosaic—like the iron way  
That leads from Hi-O-Hi to Hudson's mouth.  
I reached this town on time and took a room  
(The number is four sixty-four and cheap)  
And soon was seeing Ryder, dear C. J.,  
Who swears by Oberlin and longs to find  
Her funds. The meeting (A.M.A.) occurs  
This year in Springfield, Mass., and our Miss Luce  
(I'm told) will soon be asked to make a speech  
Upon the education of depressed  
And colored races! Whew! We'll quickly make  
A missionary of her Doctorship!

This afternoon I heard a very comic play  
To music set by Arthur Sullivan.  
'The Rose of Persia' it is called. O, fun!  
Alas, I grieved your absence from the show!  
We heard in tickling music of the woes  
Of men whose wives are numbered by the score!  
We saw the Persian harem dance: we heard  
Of Mahound's cruelty: we saw the blade  
The Royal Executioner whirled round  
We laughed at Mad Hassàn who loved to feed  
The wicked poor: we saw him doomed to die  
Yet by a story true his life was saved.  
The Sultan spared him for a tale well told  
And ending happily, a tale of little Tom,  
An Arab of the street who dwelt we thought  
In Gutter—Persia—where such Arabs live,

For there their spirits lightly leap and bound  
Elastic as an India-rubber ball!  
Such wit will not uplift your saddened souls.  
Good night! I've just relieved my little room  
Of a Reporter for the prestful Press.  
A kiss all round and joys be multiplied  
Such joys the Rose of Persia never knew.  
The flight divine, methinks is o'er. Your spouse  
And father sinks to simple prose—and sleep."

"Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia, March 2, 1901.

"I am glad that you are seeing Gotham and hearing its music. It will be to you a good preparation for the wild delights and Bacchanalian Orgies of the Oberlin Sphinx. I crossed the stormy North River in safety and followed Washington across the Delaware into the quiet town of Philadelphia. I am putting up at this little inn where I manage to keep comfortable. I leave at 12:36 for McKinleyville—whither the crowds now tend. I am wondering whether Lincoln, the statesman, or Grant, the soldier, came out first at the juvenile debate. If L. won I shall not be surprised, if W. won I shall applaud. Please give a silver half dollar to W. if she won and please give L. a half dollar (either in silver or paper) if he was victorious. But in case W. was defeated please give her fifty-one cents—and if the hard battle at last went against L. give him fifty-one cents or in both cases and in all cases, (Nominative, Genitive, Dative, Accusative, and Vocative) charge the one hundred and one cents to me. I did not find my 'rich friend' at home this evening—but I have taken my revenge in buying an umbrella and some gray cloth for coat, waistcoat, and trousers. (The teacher of Freshman English in Oberlin

insists on the rhetorical duty of being specific.) The cook in this Bellevue Inn is 'the finest in the world.' Let us study the menu together sometime. Let us come here at the twilight hour and settle the great problem of life—to-wit—whether a better repast can be made out of lobster croquettes à la crème and boiled grouse or—a rib of terrapin à la Maryland and canvas back duck. Be not hasty in your decision. Do not get cold, do not fall out of bed, do not break either a radius or a humerus. Be humorous. Be yourself. Dare to aim and bid high. Take a matinee now and then and charge it to James R. Severance."

On December 31st, 1901, he returned from Cleveland very happy at the successful end of a movement in which Oberlin had been engaged, to raise \$300,000, and thereby secure \$200,000 more, that Mr. Rockefeller had offered conditionally. But he was tired and the following months brought him little rest, which may partly account for his declination of an invitation to take charge of all of the Congresses in connection with the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. His engagements carried him to California where he gave thirty-six addresses, among them the first course of Earl lectures before the Pacific Theological Seminary. According to his letters both Berkeley and Stanford have "vast outlooks into the twentieth century. One is overwhelmed on the Pacific Coast by the possibilities of the American future."

Most of March, April, and May he spent in Oberlin, glad to be working at home, to entertain his faculty with a series of dinners, and to give the Baccalaureate Sermon before the Theological Seminary. On May 18th he preached in his old Chicago pulpit, on "Lessons from the Life of John Frederick Oberlin." This sermon, which

joined his old life to his new, was his last address. From Chicago he went to New Haven to a banquet in honor of Professor Fisher, and thence to the meeting of the General Assembly in New York where he rejoiced over the final action concerning the Revision of the Westminster Confession. On his way home, he was prostrated by an illness that proved to be pneumonia, complicated by pericarditis. This resulted in his death the morning of June 3rd, ten days later.

During his illness the anxious crowds before the bulletin board from seven in the morning until eleven at night, the grave faces and hushed voices of students, faculty, and townspeople bore witness to the love in which he was held. The students gathered in a mass meeting and sent him the following message: "We, the student body of Oberlin College, send to our dear president our fullest sympathy and our prayer in this great need. You have stood not alone for the Oberlin ideals of Christian character and democracy, but you have stood also for their realization in the broadest, most liberal, and most modern form. You have ever been to us all that a noble president could be, and we pray that God will spare you to us. We could not bear for our own sake that you should lack now this simple expression of our affection that is ever yours." Such messages as this and letters and telegrams from absent friends filled his last days with happiness. As he struggled heroically with pain, that farewell week, his devotion to the college for which he had spent himself, and his tireless thoughtfulness of almost countless friends, were hourly evident. He left loving messages for scores of people, remembering by name famous preachers, men of affairs, parishioners both rich and lowly, struggling students, his Oberlin faculty, his hosts and hostesses

in distant places, missionaries to far lands, and many more. He did not forget his little girls in his Lemon and Soda Society and requested that their yearly dues be doubled when his good-bye was sent them. He asked, too, that his body might rest in Oberlin and that Manning might be placed beside him. He faced death wittingly with the blessed peace of one about to gain the crown of life.

His burial was princely. For three days no college classes met, and all Oberlin business was suspended the morning of his funeral. This was held on June fifth, in the Second Church of Oberlin. The speakers were his minister, Dr. H. M. Tenney, the dean of the college, Professor Henry C. King, who has since become his successor, and Dr. L. C. Warner of Oberlin's Board of Trustees. Their loving words, the wonderful display of flowers sent from many places, and the strains of the Gounod Sanctus and Benedictus sung by grieving students helped to soften and ennoble the hard fact of death and to express the sorrow of the Oberlin community and of business men, educators, divines, and other friends who had assembled from afar.

The casket was carried from the church to Westwood Cemetery by seventy-two young men of the four college classes. As one of his faculty has written, "He showed to his students everywhere such courtesy, such an interest in their sports, their studies, their spiritual welfare they could not but feel that he was their friend. It was fitting that he should be tenderly borne to his grave by their strong arms,—relay succeeding relay, and all eagerly giving this proof of their love. As they passed through our streets between its crowds of spectators, their gracious



service reminded us of a similar scene depicted by Browning in 'A Grammarian's Funeral:'

'This is our master, famous, calm and dead,  
Borne on our shoulders.' "

On the first anniversary of his death, students covered his grave with flowers. The stone that marks his quiet resting place beside his oldest son, bears these words:

"He gave  
His body to this pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long."

"Looking steadfastly on him we saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

On the evening of his burial a special memorial service was held in the First Church of Oberlin, of which the speakers were Dr. Judson Smith, Hon. Charles Alling, Professor George S. Goodspeed, Dr. James L. Hill, Hon. Harlow N. Higinbotham, Dr. Charles S. Mills. We quote from Dr. Mills:

"He seemed to us to possess this first quality which Oberlin needed—an exceptional grasp upon the life of our own time.

"Few had mastered the art of public speech as he had; few had come to such a courtliness of bearing in social circles; few had become so truly known to the world as he. The many wide relations in which he had stood made it possible for him to bring the college into valuable connections which it had not before maintained. And so he has journeyed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, telling the story of the college, and seeking everywhere those whom he hoped to interest in its welfare. The pages



of the press were open to his facile pen, and in many ways he has delineated the heroic history and the strenuous struggles of this institution. Loving his home with all the devotion of the great heart of a noble husband and true father, and having, as we who knew him well understood, so much to love in that home, he allowed himself rarely to tarry long within its doors. Now east, now west, now south, he coursed as some brave eagle in its flight. What it has meant to have such a champion none of us can possibly measure; but that it has contributed mightily to bring the college into wide notice, to give it a new eminence among the colleges, to enlarge its resources and constituency, none of us can possibly doubt. May the seed that he sowed beside many waters spring up and bear an abundant harvest!

"Again, he brought to the college a new interpretation of the glorious Oberlin ideas and ideals. Into this town of hospitality he came, in the most natural way, and built a beautiful home, not for himself and his own merely, but for the community, that he might be of the largest social service.

"He brought, too, that trilogy of Christian graces which have ever been written upon the Oberlin standard—faith, hope, love. Faith, buoyant, inspiring faith, we have ever had. But here came a man, fresh from the Parliament of Religions, teaching us to see the best there is in other men's faith, and to build on that until it should blossom into the glorious flower of faith in Christ. And hope—how much it has meant that a man came into Oberlin, which must always struggle against material limitations, with that brave, radiant face, that unquenchable sunshine of his! He was, in the largest and most glorious sense, a Christian optimist. How he greeted and cheered every

one! How easy it is to feel the hand-clasp and see the kindly smile with which he ever met us. And love—When he came back from India it was to tell men that the ‘domain of fraternity is practically world-wide, and that the empire of good will is the most comprehensive’ the sun looks upon. How true it was that he saw the best there was in any man, and thus gave again a fresh interpretation to the Oberlin ideal of loving helpfulness. Perhaps his greatest service to us was through his lofty ideals of culture.

“When have there ever been grouped upon a single platform those who could testify to the place of one man in the life of such great world movements as have those who have preceded me to-night? A metropolitan pulpit, the greatest university of the West, the mightiest movement that has ever taken place among young people, our great American Board, the World’s Parliament of Religions, have been in turn represented. And these representatives have not come here simply to lay a flower upon the brow of this man, but to tell what he wrought through these world affairs.

“Who does not see—who has not seen—in these hours his joyous face? Who has not heard his words of eloquence, lifting us up, up, up, to the very gates of heaven? Oberlin is a holier shrine than ever before. Never will any of us come here without understanding that this dear place is the better for this powerful and noble life, and without in spirit thanking God that he came.”

Few men have been so beloved as this man cut down in his fifty-fifth year, at what seemed the height of his physical and spiritual power. From England, France, Germany, India, Japan and all parts of America there poured in letters of sympathy and grief too personal and

heart breaking to cite. Friends in Switzerland sent edelweiss to cover his grave. There is no need to recount the impressive memorial exercises and eulogies in other places, the gifts and verses in his memory, the pilgrimages to Westwood, the touching resolutions of sorrow from the organizations where his strength and love had been dominant, or the appreciations of him that have appeared in newspapers and magazines the world over. Their prevailing sentiment lives in the words of Professor Charles H. A. Wager of Oberlin, which close this record of a beautiful life.

“The light and fervor and convincing eloquence of his personal character!’ What more precise account of the method of President Barrows throughout his life? He was willing to use the world’s best achievements for his own high ends—the artistic genius of Milton and Rembrandt, the attractions of high place gained by patriotic statesmanship, the compelling charm of human wit and sympathy and eloquence. He gave us a spectacle of an abounding interest in life, in all its manifold expressions of grace and power, an interest that was only a handmaid to his devotion to that ‘favor which is life,’ and that ‘loving-kindness which is better than life.’

“Others think of President Barrows as the great preacher, liberal, eloquent, devoted; the ardent champion of great causes; the superb organizer; the captivating lecturer and writer. Those who knew him remember, perhaps first of all, his marvelous personal power, his quick, appreciative sympathy, the grace and charm of all that he did and was, his unsurpassed gift of making himself beloved. All this and much more might be said. Much of it is far too intimate and sacred to be said. But as members of an institution of learning and the liberal arts of

which he was the head, we may properly think of his eager and unfailing interest in all that is humanly 'lovely and of good report,' in all the noble activities that vivify, enrich, intensify, the common life of men. It was characteristic that in his address at the funeral services of President Fairchild, his mind dwelt almost exclusively upon the momentous events that President Fairchild had witnessed, of the wealth of life that his eighty years had seen. President Barrows' half-century, too, was a stirring time—and we may be sure that he rejoiced not only to live in such a time, but also to reflect that he was contributing his force towards the solution of the great problems of his day. It was not granted to him, as to some of his predecessors, to see the effect upon the college of a long presidency, but loyal and loving hearts will rejoice to perpetuate his influence and to aid in the realization of his ideal.

"One thinks of him sometimes as of Tennyson's Ulysses—an eager, though not a restless spirit, rich with the gifts of experience, yet still drawn on by gleams of 'that untravelled world, whose margin fades forever and forever.' Life in all its fulness was not too large for his eager spirit here, and into the fulness of life we believe that he has entered."



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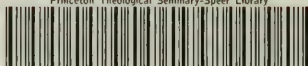


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